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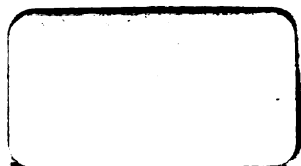


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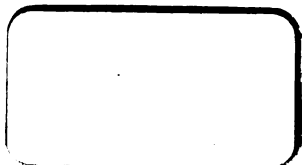


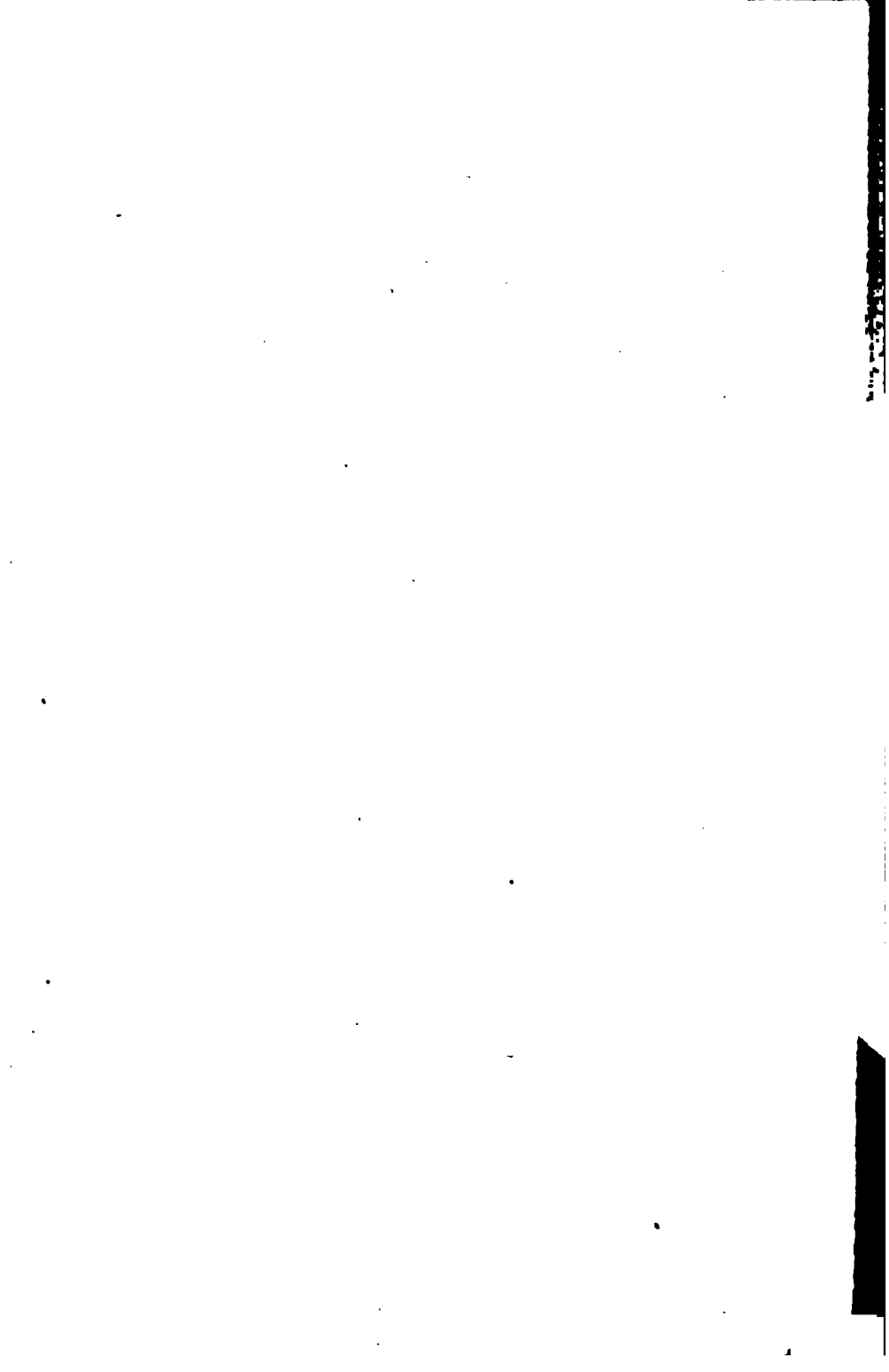
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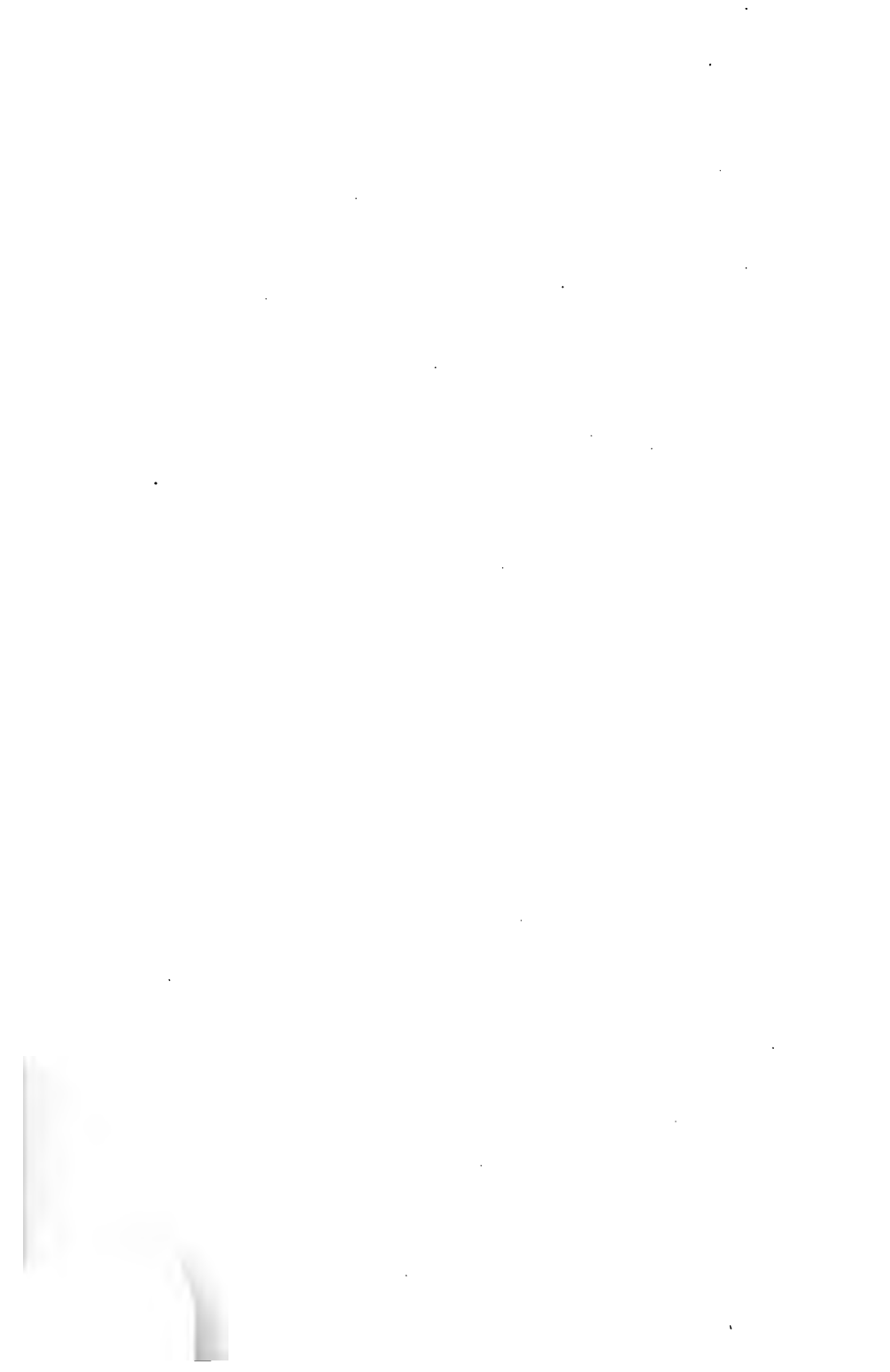
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THE

# Mason College Magazine

BIRMINGHAM.

CONDUCTED BY



THE STUDENTS.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

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Metre.  
Dramatic Performances.  
The Union.  
Scientific Societies.  
Poetry Club.

Our Contemporaries.  
Football.  
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Common Room.  
Haslop Memorial.

College Notes.

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# Mason College Magazine.

(Conducted by Students of Mason College, Birmingham.)

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**FEBRUARY, 1887.**

PRICE 6d.

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## CALENDAR.

- MARCH 3.—Thursday—Physical Society.  
" 4.—Friday—Students' Union.  
" 8.—Tuesday—Poesy Club.  
" 11.—Friday—Students' Union.  
" 16.—Wednesday—Chemical Society.  
" 18.—Friday—Students' Union.  
" 25.— " " "

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## METRE.\*

I APPROACH the subject of my paper, this evening, with a degree of diffidence verging upon dread. This, if my memory serves me rightly, is by no means an unusual frame of mind among readers of papers at the Poesy Club; but the three several reasons to which my dreadful diffidence must be attributed are distinctly peculiar, and extremely discreditable to myself. In the first place, I must cry *peccavi* for selecting a subject, which is essentially dry; in the second place, I must plead guilty to a very superficial acquaintance with my dry subject; and in the third place I must confess to a defect of ear and a deficiency of poetic soul which render me a most improper person to deal with the nice mysteries of metre. But as, at our last meeting, you were generous enough to give even Mephistopheles his due, so I feel confident you will accord me the fullest measure of indulgence which is compatible with your character of an "intelligent" audience.

Poetry, like music, has two sides: one scientific and teachable, the other spiritual and incommunicable. It is, perhaps, unfortu-

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\* Being a paper read before the Poesy Club, by Miss BRIERLEY, on December 7th, 1886, and published by request.

nate that the science of poetry is less difficult than the science of music. If metre were as incomprehensible to the million as harmony and counterpoint, we should have fewer pseudo-poets in the world, and less of the trash that smothers excellence. It is the comparative simplicity of the *modus operandi* which tempts even the intelligent to perpetrate poems at some period of their existence, and enables every lover to produce a woful ballad to his mistress's eyebrow.

When the divine afflatus is upon him, the true poet probably forgets the very existence of a science of poetry. With eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, and a brain teeming with heaven-born ideas, he stays not to make a deliberate choice of measure; he troubles himself little whether trochees, or iambics, or dactyls set their distinctive seal on his verse; he is concerned only to deliver himself of the "music of noblest thought in harmonious sounds."

The pseudo-poet or poetaster, however, goes to work in a much more business-like way. He makes up his mind in cold blood to enrich English literature with a poem, and then, to use his own expression, "invokes the Muses." This is how he performs that interesting operation: He first racks his brains for a subject. Shall he sing of Spring, or pipe to the tune of the month of June? Shall he rhyme on Nature or Human Life, on Pastoral Peace or on Civil Strife? Shall his Muse immortalize Heaven's grace, or describe, like Dante's—the other place?

These subjects are probably rejected one after another as common-place and hackneyed, and the poetaster is about to resign himself to the fate of being a "mute inglorious Milton," from lack of sufficiently glorious materials, when suddenly there flashes through his brain the suggestion of a theme, which, though not unknown to anterior poets, seems to offer infinite possibilities of treatment, and causes spontaneous generation of Promethean fire. The theme in question is *Love*. Matthew Arnold, in one of his essays, dilates on the immortal strength of a great subject: "the most gifted poet," he says, "may well be glad to supplement with it that mortal weakness which, in presence of the vast spectacle of life and the world, he must for ever feel to be his individual portion." The poetaster's experience is an instance in point. So powerful is the strength and inspiration possessed by his theme, that, although he has long since passed what is termed the "susceptible age," he is soon fathoms deep in love with a fair creation of his brain, whom he resolves to immortalize under the name of *Phæbe*. He assumes that he has made her acquaintance at

a ball, and that the providential occurrence of the 14th of February shortly afterwards affords him an opportunity of informing Phoebe of the strong impression she has produced upon his heart.

Being thus happily provided with materials, the poetaster next turns his attention to the science of verse-manufacture. He gets down vol. vi. of his Chambers's Encyclopædia, and on page 428, reads as follows :—

METRE (Gr. measure) is that regulated succession of certain groups of syllables in which Poetry is usually written. . . . . In the classic languages metre depended upon the way in which long and short syllables were made to succeed one another. English metre depends, not upon the distinction of long and short, but upon that of accented and unaccented syllables. . . . . The groups of long and short syllables composing the metres of classic verse were called *feet*, each foot having a distinctive name. The same names are sometimes applied to English measures, an accented syllable in English being held to be the equivalent of a long syllable in Greek or Latin, and an unaccented syllable of a short.

Every metre in English contains one accented syllable, and either one or two unaccented syllables. As the accent may be on the first, second, or third syllable of the group, there thus arise five distinct measures, two disyllabic and three trisyllabic, as seen in the words—1, fo'lly (corresponding to the classic trochee); 2, reca'll (iambus); 3, te'rribly (dactyl); 4, confu'sion (amphibrachys); 5, absen'tee' (anapest).

These measures are arranged in lines or verses, varying in length in different pieces, and often in the same piece. The ending measure of a line is frequently incomplete, or has a supernumerary syllable; and sometimes one measure is substituted for another. All that is necessary is, that some one measure be so predominant as to give a character to the verse.

I will spare my hearers the remainder of this really admirable article on metre, though, as will be seen from the context, our friend, the poetaster, read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the whole. Being naturally exhilarated by the invention and felicity he has displayed in his choice of a subject, the poetaster resolves to write his valentine in the first of the five varieties of metre, on account of the superior sprightliness possessed by trochees over iambs, dactyls, amphibrachs, or anapests. Further, to ensure correctness, he resolves to "do" his verses to the pattern line given in Chambers, and having ascertained by a reference to a Dictionary of Quotations that the line in question—"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," occurs in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, he borrows a copy of that poem from a literary

friend, and conscientiously sets to work to imitate it. My limits will not permit me to give the whole of the resulting effusion, but I must quote two or three verses as examples of the trochaic metre, as well as of the poetaster's genius :—

TO PHOEBE.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mated with another maiden—what to me were sun or clime ?  
I whose favoured eyes have feasted on the fairest of her time—

I that rather hold it better men should perish one by one,  
Than that thou and I should never bask beneath love's tropic sun.

Not in vain let invitations summon thee and me to balls,  
Let us meet to dance together, and together pay our calls.

Oh ! beside thy diamond-beauty other charms seem palest pearls :  
Better half-an-hour with Phœbe than a year of other girls.

A fatal feature of the pseudo-poetic energy is its resemblance to the contents of that miraculous pitcher belonging to old Philemon and Baucis. It is not merely inexhaustible, but actually increases with expenditure. The poetaster has no sooner perfected one poem, tested every trochee, and counted every syllable on his fingers, than he is seized with an irresistible desire to invoke the Muses again. This time, however, he is spared the trouble of selecting a subject. He knows that the elastic monosyllable "Love" can be expanded over considerably more than 400 lines, and that the poetic capabilities of a girl like Phœbe are not to be exhausted in a single work. It would be absurd, for instance, if he were to leave out of consideration the certainty of so transcendent a damsel having at least one other admirer, and therefore of *his* having to deal with a deadly rival. Accordingly, he resolves to address to Phœbe a poem based on the hypothesis that she has treated him with coldness and cruelty at a ball, and danced three times with another ! For this purpose he selects a measure in which the graver iambus prevails, and chooses as his model that part of Coleridge's great poem in which the Ancient Mariner describes his experiences among the dead bodies of the mariners. His selection of this particular poem is determined by the fact that it contains a variety of poetical feet—in other words, an irregularity of metre—which promises, not only to afford greater scope to the wildness of his despair, but also to convey the impression that he is a master of the metrical art. It is genius alone that dares deviate from rule, and so profound is the poetaster's

respect for genius that he is even anxious to copy the "glorious offences of great wits." After hours of strenuous effort, he succeeds in excogitating the following lines :—

Alone, alone—all all alone,  
Alone in a gay gay crowd,  
And never once did'st thou pity me  
In sorest anguish bowed.

The many maids, so beautiful !  
On the wings of the waltz did fly ;  
But a dozen dozen wall-flowers plain  
Danced not—and nor did I.

I looked upon the radiant sea  
Of dancers, young and gay ;  
Twice, twice, I saw thee dance with him,  
Then drew my eyes away.

I fixed them on the ceiling then,  
To shut thee from my sight ;  
But still thine image came and filled  
My soul with rare delight.

I closed my eyes, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
But thy face and thy form, and thy form and thy face,  
Lay on my weary soul like a grace,  
And the dance swept round my feet.

I ope'd my eyes, I looked, I saw ;  
Ah me, I rued the glance !  
Phœbe ! I saw him lead thee forth—  
*A third time—to the dance.*

An orphan's curse might drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Was the sight which met my eye.  
Three times, three times, he danced with thee,  
And yet I did not die.

The poetaster would indeed be modest beyond all other men if he did not attribute to these verses the power of melting a maiden's heart, and extracting from her a vow never again to dance thrice with another. We are, therefore, not surprised to find him speedily re-invoking the Muses, and this time selecting a measure peculiarly adapted to express the rush of pleasant emotions through the heart of a triumphant lover. Once more—to quote the metaphor of, I believe, a distinguished member of this club—a single brick

must suffice to represent the noble architecture of the temple which the poetaster now raises to his *Love* :—

O, Phœbe, once more shines the sun in the skies,  
No longer a deluge of tears dims my eyes ;  
I see thee in all thy perfection again,  
And know thou art flawless in heart as in brain.  
So faithful in love and so fit to adore,  
There never was maiden like Phœbe before.

After stringing together some thousand amphibrachs, with the sincerest flattery of Lochinvar, the Poetaster considers he has expended sufficient Promethean fire in the courtship of Phœbe, and resolves to marry her without delay. In view of this event, he composes an epithalamium in dactyls, employing the Ettrick Shepherd's "Skylark" as his model :—

Maiden most beautiful,  
Noble and dutiful,  
Sweet be the morrow o'er moorland and lea !  
Shine forth the sun to bless,—  
Emblem of happiness !—  
When the good parson unites you and me.

Wild is my lay and loud,  
Yes ! of the fact I'm proud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Ring forth the bells, and bake  
Mountains of wedding cake—  
O, let the universe echo our mirth !

Although the composition of the epithalamium costs the poetaster considerable pains, he is still loath to part with Phœbe, especially in the common-place way of "and so they were married and lived happily ever after." He, therefore, develops a more exciting catastrophe from a suggestion contained in the second masterpiece of his Muse, and finds in the anapestic metre of Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib" a useful and suggestive model :—

"Another" came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his pockets were teeming with silver and gold ;  
And he wooed her with jewels like stars on the sea,  
And Phœbe, alas ! sold herself, and sold me ! &c., &c.

From these last lines it is obvious that the poetaster has now come to the end of his tether, and that having introduced us to the five fundamental measures of English verse he can render us no further service. We must, therefore, go to some real live or dead poet for instruction in a few of the multitudinous elaborations and combinations to which "metre" is susceptible in the hands of a

master. Let us first consult the poet who, I believe, is to enjoy the distinction of being discussed at this club next term—Sir Walter Scott. We find the majority of his poems written in *octosyllabics*, a measure consisting of eight syllables, or four iambs. This measure is admirably adapted to the light narrative of Scott's verse, but it possesses neither the stateliness nor the scope which are needed for the delineation of an epic. To judge of its inadequacy we have only to put the opening lines of the "Paradise Lost" into octosyllabics:—

Of man's first disobedient act,  
And that forbidden fruit, whose taste  
Brought sorrow in the world, and death,  
With loss of Eden, till the Christ  
Regain at last the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the top  
Of Sinai did'st once inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the seed  
How heaven and earth from chaos rose.

Compare the sound—ignoring if you can the mutilated sense—with the wonderful resonance and dignity of the heroic measure in which Milton's poem is written:—

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, did'st inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth  
Rose out of chaos.

Shakespeare's plays and most metrical dramas are also written in what are called blank heroics, to distinguish them from another variety of heroic verse which rhymes in couplets. Rhymeless heroics generally exceed the regulation ten syllables of rhymed heroic verse, having an extra syllable tacked on to the end of the line. Occasionally it happens as in the Spenserian stanza, that

A needless Alexandrine ends the song  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

In Gray's *Elegy* we meet with another variation of heroic verse, termed "elegiacs." The measure is the same, but the rhymes are



alternate, and divide the poem into quatrains instead of couplets, thus :—

The town-clock strikes the hour of parting day,  
The leaden sky pours down an endless flood,  
The student homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the town to darkness and to mud.

It would be impossible within the limits of this or any other paper to describe all the forms of versification to which the boundless invention of poets has given rise. They are, in fact, as various and innumerable as the idiosyncrasies of the poets themselves. Modern bards especially are apt to deal in a very arbitrary way with the laws of metre, and, instead of casting their thoughts into some acknowledged mould like that of the elegy or sonnet, allow them to flow into whatsoever forms are most convenient.

In the presence of classical scholars, I, who have long since discovered that Greek and Latin would always remain Greek and Latin to me, however much I might study primers and lexicons, will not venture to attempt any criticism of classical metres. The Pindaric ode, the Sapphic and Alcaic measures, including the iambic diameter hypercatalectic (whatever that may be), are probably as familiar to most of you as "household words;" while for hexameters—the measure of the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Æneid*—you have doubtless the finely critical ear which comes of much scanning. It is admitted on all hands that the English language does not lend itself very readily to hexameters. It is weak in spondees—in words of two long syllables—and the poet who will imitate Homer's mighty line has to make unaccented syllables do the work of accented ones. Hence to write good hexameters requires a consummate management of words. It is no child's play to marshal six several measures—the last of which must be a spondee and the penultimate a dactyl on a spondee—into that stately and harmonious order which is an indispensable characteristic of this kind of verse. Among the few English-writing bards, who have shown themselves equal to the task, Longfellow bears the palm. The first lines of his "Evangeline"—"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks," &c., are invariably quoted as pattern English hexameters. Next to Longfellow ranks Clough, whose long-vacation Pastoral, "The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich," though its flow is occasionally as rugged as its title and the scenes amid which it plays, must, on the whole, be regarded as a triumph of the poet's art over the stubbornness of English vocables. We of the Mason College, however, need not go so far afield as the works of

Longfellow and Clough for brilliant examples of hexameters. For have we not a *Mason College Magazine*?

Here I intended to bring my remarks on "metre" to a close, but it was suggested to me, only a few hours ago, that a word or two in reference to the sonnet might not be wholly superfluous. It appears that in quite well-informed minds very vague ideas may prevail as to the nature of sonnets, so that many intelligent people believe it is possible to write them long or short to order. Mr. William Sharp, in the admirable critical essay with which he has prefaced his collection of the sonnets of this century, states that he has heard the sonnet described as any short poem of one or more stanzas, used for filling up blank spaces in magazines—a definition, by the way, which would not strike the members of an editorial board as at all wide of the mark.

The sonnet, as Mr. Sharp has proved in the essay just mentioned, is fully deserving of a paper all to itself, and will, I hope, be discussed at length at some future meeting of this club. I shall, therefore, content myself with giving, in conclusion, a recipe for the construction of the Petrarchan sonnet, which is the form most in vogue at the present day:—

Take, first, a single feeling, thought, or fact ;  
Then, fourteen-lines, ten-syllabled, prepare,  
With nicest ear and arithmetic care,  
To hold that one selected theme compact.

Next, choice of rhymes will need your utmost tact ;  
The first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines all must share  
The self-same sound, and those between them bear  
One other rhyme—harmonious, exact.

The grandly swelling octave ended, next  
The sestet must be built of tercets twain,  
The second rhyming with the first—and here

The Sonnet's thought, no longer chafed and vex't  
By tyranny of rhyme, grows calm again,  
And ends as perfect as a "big round Tear."

---

### DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

OUR natural terrors at attempting a critical report of the most important event of the Union Year are in this instance greatly increased by the dread that we shall come under the condemnation of the leading lady, *Miss Richland* who says: "I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer!"

We have the authority of more experienced critics than ourselves for pronouncing the performances of "The Good-

natured Man" which took place at the Mason College on January 13th and 14th to have been, on the whole, a decided success. It is somewhat significant that Goldsmith makes use of that same qualifying phrase "on the whole," in acknowledging the favourable reception accorded to this play when it was represented for the first time at Covent Garden, on January 29th, 1768. It then ran for nine nights, but although the oracular Dr. Johnson thundered forth its praises, and the "sublime and beautiful" Burke bestowed upon it the highest encomia, not the most good-natured of critics (including, as we have seen, even its author himself) could claim for "The Good-natured Man" an unequivocal stage-triumph. Such a triumph was indeed prohibited by the very nature of the piece. Compared with "She stoops to Conquer," for instance, Goldsmith's first comedy is tame and feeble: the language is stilted, the plot is weak, and the hero is a fool. Compared with many modern plays, however, "The Good-natured Man" is a most interesting and powerful production, and as such it gave considerable pleasure to the large audiences which witnessed its recent performance under the auspices of the Mason College Union.

In our critique on "Ion," last year, we expressed the hope that the Mason College stage might be consecrated to dramas of a similarly high-class character. With all its defects, the present play must certainly be regarded as contributing to the fulfilment of that hope. It bears the stamp of genius, though its author shared many of the weaknesses which he has depicted in his hero. From Talfourd's heavy tragedy to Goldsmith's essentially light comedy has, indeed, appeared to some critics a very startling descent; but since there is only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, such a transition from grave to gay is surely the most natural and consistent possible. Personally, we commend the judgment of the Dramatic Sub-Committee in selecting, as the successor to "Ion," a play which defies those comparisons that are invariably odious.

The plot of "The Good-natured Man" must be so familiar to our readers that the usual "introductory sketch" can scarcely be necessary. We will therefore proceed at once with our task of criticism, only pausing to breathe a devout prayer to heaven that we may escape the melancholy fate which has pursued all dramatic critics, amateur or otherwise, from Lessing downwards.

Regarded from the histrionic point of view, this year's comedy certainly marks an advance upon last year's tragedy. Without perpetrating one of those odious comparisons which we have just

deprecated, we may, perhaps, venture on the general observation that the performance of "The Good-natured Man" showed a more uniform degree of excellence than that of "Ion." There was less to condemn and more to admire. Indeed, there was so much to admire that if the Mason College Students were given the same chance as professional votaries of the drama, and allowed to run their play some 365 nights, there is not the slightest doubt but they would achieve as finished a piece of acting as ever satisfied the requirements of the most fastidiously critical house.

To come, now, to individual performances: Mr. Charles Greene gave a very creditable personation of *Mr. Honeywood*, the hero, but, perhaps, least interesting character, of the play. It would be a doubtful compliment to Mr. Greene to say that he was well adapted to his part; but he successfully overcame many of its difficulties, and in appearance, at any rate, was a capital reproduction of the gilded youth of the period.

Miss K. Dixon made a charming *Miss Richland*. Her delineation of the character bore evidences of careful study, and almost every word and movement produced its due effect. She was especially successful in the scene where she and *Sir William Honeywood* make *Lofty* the instrument of his own discomfiture, and again in the capital scene where *Croaker* coerces *Leontine* into proposing marriage to his ward. Here Miss Dixon evinced a thorough sense of the humour of the situation, and, especially on the second night, was as playful and as cruel a *Miss Richland*, as ever completed the confusion of an unfortunate *Leontine*.

Owing to the unavoidable defection of the student to whom it was originally allotted, Mr. J. F. Jordan had to take the part of *Leontine* at a comparatively short notice. Special credit is therefore due to him for his very correct and conscientious performance, though the character obviously did not suit him.

Neither did Miss Hadley appear entirely at home in the part of *Olivia*. We have seen her to much greater advantage in other characters; but she always acquits herself with grace, and like Miss Dixon, has the supreme charm of a clear enunciation and musical voice. Both these ladies afforded their audience the rare pleasure of being able to hear without, as it were, the fatigue of listening.

The "inimitable *Croaker*" found an able exponent in Mr. Irvine. From his first appearance on the stage, when he comes to enjoy the perfect satisfaction of being miserable with *Mr. Honeywood*, until the moment when, with a face plainly predicting

the worst, he utters the valedictory hope, "Heaven send we be all better this day three months," Mr. Irvine's *Croaker* rose with almost equal success to the dramatic exigencies of every scene, and brilliantly sustained his reputation for being "as cheerful as a coffin and cross-bones."

Scarcely inferior to this impersonation was that of *Mrs. Croaker* by Miss Ehrhardt, who did the good-natured, easy-going, laughter-loving lady with a very close approximation to the life. Indeed, the admirable performances of *Mr. and Mrs. Croaker* contributed very largely to the success of the play.

To the profound regret and disappointment of every one, Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt was, almost at the last moment, prevented by serious illness from taking the part of *Jack Lofty*. Fortunately, the Union found a "friend in need" in Mr. James Neal, who, in addition to his arduous duties as stage manager, undertook this important and difficult character, and acquitted himself with astonishing ease. If Mr. Neal had had the benefit of all the rehearsals, his performance would have done him great credit; but taking into consideration the fact that he had literally only a few hours in which to study the part, his rendering of it deserves the highest praise.

Mr. B. W. Housman was a worthy representative of *Sir William Honeywood*, though he struck us as somewhat unduly depressed by the faults of his nephew.

Mr. A. H. Reynolds made a most efficient *Jarvis*. In fact, this character was as well sustained as any in the play, and, notably in the elopement scene, Mr. Reynolds showed considerable aptitude for comedy.

Mr. F. R. Howard as *Bailiff*, and Mr. F. H. Simpson as *Flanigan* (*Bailiff's* follower), literally brought down the house. In our opinion, the scene with the bailiffs, which so mightily shocked the susceptibilities of the 18th century audience before whom it was first performed, is one of the best in the whole piece: at any rate, the admirable acting of Mr. Howard and Mr. Simpson rendered it quite one of the most successful of the present performance.

Miss D. White gave a pleasing personation of *Garnet*, and Miss M. Keep was very successful as the *Landlady*. Mr. T. J. Baker, as *Dubardieu*, spoke broken English with all the skill of a real live Frenchman: Mr. Ward was sufficiently disreputable as the drunken *Buller*, and Mr. G. H. Housman acquitted himself very creditably in the small part of *Postboy*.

We shall not attempt to describe the beauty of the costumes by which the interest of the performance was much enhanced. Suffice

it to say that they were selected with a strict regard to 18th century fashions as well as to æsthetic principles, and materially assisted in putting back the clock of time for us a hundred years, and enabling us to hear, and see, and sympathise with our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers. The Union is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Simpson, of the Theatre Royal, for most of these dresses.

Mr. Clayton relieved Mr. Neal of some of the duties of the stage-managership, which therefore did not suffer because Mr. Neal had to combine that office with a loftier part. Miss M. D. Albright and Miss Fanny Hadley were the promptest of prompters; Messrs. Thomas, G. H. Housman, A. J. Mayne, Arthur Charles, and Ryder rendered valuable service as scene-shifters; and Miss L. J. Charles, Messrs. S. H. Perry, Love, and Jenkyn-Brown, were most efficient stewards. The acknowledgments of the Union are also due to Dr. Tilden for the use of the Chemistry Lecture Theatre, and to Professors Hillhouse and Bridge, for the use of their rooms.

We append the cast of performers:—

Mr. Honeywood .....	MR. C. GREENE.
Croaker .....	MR. A. G. IRVINE.
Lofty .....	MR. JAMES NEAL.
Sir William Honeywood .....	MR. B. W. HOUSMAN.
Leontine .....	MR. J. F. JORDAN.
Jarvis .....	MR. A. H. REYNOLDS.
Butler .....	MR. C. F. M. WARD.
Bailiff .....	MR. F. R. HOWARD.
Flanigan (Bailiff's follower) .....	MR. F. H. SIMPSON.
Dubardieu .....	MR. T. J. BAKER.
Postboy .....	MR. G. H. HOUSMAN.
Miss Richland .....	MISS K. M. DIXON.
Olivia .....	MISS HADLEY.
Mrs. Croaker .....	MISS EHREHARDT.
Garnet .....	MISS WHITE.
Landlady .....	MISS M. KEEP.

During the intervals between the five acts, selections of piano-forte music, which were much appreciated, were performed on Thursday evening by Miss Scott, and on Friday evening by Miss Loreille.

### THE UNION.

*December 17th, 1886.*—Political Debate:—“That this House strongly disapproves of the action of the Liberal Representatives of Birmingham on Mr. Gladstone's Irish proposals and on Mr. Parnell's Bill, and does not consider those representatives worthy of the confidence of their constituents.”

Mr. R. DELL, in opening the debate, interpreted the motion as a vote of censure on one of the members for Birmingham. He said we must face the facts that 86 out of the 103 Irish members were Home Rulers; that the enormous majority of the Irish people were in favour of Home Rule; and that the minority against it, as typified by the rioters of Belfast, were not so worthy as the Liberal Unionists would make out. The only alternatives were to give

the Irish what they wanted or to govern them by martial law. After criticising Mr. Chamberlain's action with regard to Mr. Parnell's Bill, Mr. Dell concluded by saying that the rejection of that bill, which did not go so far as Mr. Chamberlain's own suggestion to suspend all evictions for six months, had resulted in the present desperate state of Ireland.

Dr. LAWRENCE said that the prominence of the Irish question dated from December, 1885, when Mr. Gladstone, to the surprise of his own party, declared for Home Rule in the columns of a provincial newspaper. The action of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan, though at first sight strange, had been satisfactorily explained. They joined the government under the impression that Home Rule for Ireland would not exceed what could be given to Wales and Scotland. There were three points to consider :—Do the Parnellite party accept this Bill as a finality? Are the Irish fit to exercise the privileges demanded for them? Is the condition of Ireland what it is represented? Mr. Parnell's Relief Bill was simply a pretext to embarrass the Government. Events had justified the action of the representatives of Birmingham.

Miss EDWARDS maintained that the Home Rule party supported the only remedy against separation. The only way to test a future probability was to compare facts past and present, and, tried by this test, the fear that the majority would persecute the minority appeared groundless. Mr. Gladstone's Bill showed a thorough knowledge of the Irish people; Mr. Parnell's was in accordance with the natural instincts of humanity. The charges against the Unionists might be summed up thus :—Disloyalty to their leader; disloyalty to their constituents; disloyalty to their creed; disloyalty to themselves.

Mr. S. H. PERRY denied that Mr. Gladstone had any knowledge of the Irish people as a whole, and said that the Liberal party was now split up into so many sections that it was impossible to define disloyalty to it. He objected to Mr. Gladstone's Bill—(1) because it would involve the repeal of the Union; (2) because it was eminently Gladstonian in character—i. e., indefinite and negative, being largely composed of statements of what the Irish Parliament should *not* do; (3) because it was unfair to the taxpayers of England; and (4) because the parties in Ireland were far too divided to form a stable Parliament.

The debate was continued by Messrs. LARNER, SMYTHE, and WYATT in the affirmative, and by Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN, MARSTON, and B. F. JORDAN in the negative.

Mr. DELL having replied, the motion was put to the house. Votes :—Affirmative 26; negative 23.

About 120 members and friends were present.

BUSINESS MEETING.—*January 28th, 1887.* In the absence of Mr. EHRHARDT through illness, Mr. STERN was elected chairman *pro tem.*—Dr. TILDEN brought before the notice of the Union a request from the Trustees and Professors of the College, that the students should appoint representatives to confer with representatives of the Council and the Academic Board concerning the celebration of February 23rd, Sir Josiah Mason's birthday. During the Founder's lifetime the Trustees and Professors had on that day dined with him, and it was now desired that some jubilant kind of celebration should be held in which students also should participate.

Miss EDWARDS, Miss CHARLES, Mr. LARNER, and Mr. G. St. JOHNSTON were appointed delegates.—The Chairman then moved the following resolution on behalf of the Committee: "That visitors be admitted to Union Meetings only on showing a ticket, to be obtained from the Treasurer at the tea, and to be delivered up at the door of the Biology Lecture Theatre." The resolution was seconded by Mr. NEAL. Amendments were proposed by Mr. LARNER, Mr. W. L. O. WARD, Mr. LEWIS, and Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, and finally the original resolution, with a slight alteration suggested by Mr. Jenkyn-Brown, was carried by a three-fourths majority, becoming a rule of the Union. The revised wording runs as follows:—"That visitors be admitted to Union Meetings only on showing a ticket, to be obtained from the Treasurer at or before the tea, and delivered up at the door of the Biology Lecture Theatre."

Mr. LARNER gave notice that he should bring forward a resolution on the same subject at the next business meeting, and the proceedings then terminated.

Seventy members and one visitor were present.

*February 4th.*—Paper on "Photography," by Mr. A. L. STERN.

In the continued absence of Mr. EHRHARDT, Mr. LARNER was elected Chairman for the evening.

Mr. STERN premised that it would be impossible to treat the subject of Photography with anything like completeness in the limits of a paper. He proposed to give only a brief review of the more important of the modern applications of Photography, and to deal at greater length with the methods of the amateur. After giving a short historical sketch of the art, Mr. STERN described the modern dry-plate process, which was illustrated by experiments; he showed the different processes involved in producing a negative, and then described three methods of printing from the negative—*i.e.*, the silver print, the Argentic Bromide print, and the Platinotype Company's print. The various defects and disadvantages of Photography were then pointed out, and a comparison made between the artist and the photographer; after which, the more important applications of Photography were taken *seriatim*, portrait and landscape Photography being treated at length, and illustrated with specimens shown on the screen.

In conclusion, Mr. STERN expressed his thanks to Dr. TILDEN for the use of the Lecture Theatre and the loan of the lantern; to Dr. NICOL and Professor BRIDGE for the loan of apparatus; and to Messrs. T. J. BAKER and S. A. WARMINGTON for their assistance at the lantern.

A short discussion followed, to which Mr. NEAL contributed a very diverting account of the manufacture of a photographic apparatus from materials at the command of a schoolboy with a weekly income of sixpence.

Miss BRIERLEY proposed, and Mr. F.-H. SIMPSON seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. STERN for his extremely able and interesting paper.

About 140 members and friends were present.

*February 11th.*—Debate:—That the programme of the Government as set forth in the Queen's Speech and in the Rules of Procedure is worthy of the support of the Union.

In the absence of Mr. EHRHARDT, Mr. J. F. JORDAN was elected Chairman *pro tem*. Owing to an insufficient response to the invitation of the Academic Board, it was announced that the supper with which it was proposed to celebrate Founder's Day would not take place.



Mr. JENKYN-BROWN began the debate by discussing the Foreign Policy of the Government. Towards Bulgaria that policy was to avoid war, and to take no part which was not imposed by the Treaty of Berlin. In annexing Burmah, England had done that country a great service, because Justice and Civilization as well as Trade, followed the British flag. The subject of the Estimates was a painful one, especially for Birmingham people, because Lord Randolph Churchill was said to have retired on a question of a farthing in the pound on the Income Tax. Mr. Smith was too good a man of business to be guilty of reckless expenditure, and, although, as Lord Churchill discovered, our military and naval expenditure had increased, it had not increased nearly so much as that of the other great Powers. In fact, our expenditure was still inadequate, as was shown by the miserable state of our armaments. In reference to the Irish Question, Mr. Jenkyn-Brown said that he was a Home Ruler when Gladstone was not, but he could not support Home Rule which did not settle the Land Question.

Mr. LARNER, after criticising individual members of the present Government, said that since the defeat of the Liberal party last July, all the genius was reported to have gone to the Conservative side. From a Government thus constituted we had a right to demand a broad and generous policy, whereas a meaner, more niggardly, and more contemptible programme was never presented by any Ministry. The Rules of Procedure were not a party question, so the Government could claim no credit for them. The Irish Policy amounted to nothing save a guardedly-expressed intention to introduce a new Coercion Bill; and the Home Policy was even less satisfactory. Two-thirds of the Speech were occupied with Commissions, yet no mention was made of a much-needed Commission to enquire into our naval and military expenditure, the extravagance and abuses of which were the real cause of Lord Churchill's retirement.

Mr. MARSTON complained that we had had too much of hurried, headlong legislation, and said that the Queen's Speech foretold great reforms. Two of these were absolutely necessary. The House of Commons, as was said of the House of Lords, must be mended or it would soon be ended; and in Ireland the Conspiracy Bill must crush out a system of paid agitators. Those who approved the Plan of Campaign struck at the fundamental laws of civilized society. In conclusion, Mr. MARSTON exhorted his hearers to support the Government for the sake of the Union, and called on all who loved their country to rally round the Union Jack and save Ireland from her oppressors.

Miss LINDSAY, referring to the Egyptian Question, said that one could not help asking why England should undertake so colossal a task on behalf of Turkey. Were our opponents in Burmah brigands and marauders? Their resistance wore, rather, the appearance of a lawful warfare against foreign invasion. Justice ought to precede, not follow, the flag. Nothing in Lord Churchill's political life became him like the leaving it, and no Government deserved confidence which did not carefully watch over its expenditure. The Irish Plan of Campaign took the place of Parnell's Bill. It was undoubtedly illegal, but so were Trade Unions until they were legalised. Coercion was only the policy of sitting on the safety-valve.

The debate was continued in the affirmative by Messrs. MINERS and MARTINEAU. Mr. JENKYN-BROWN then replied, and the motion was put to the House. Votes:—Affirmative 27, negative 32.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—*December 10th.* Professor HAYCRAFT in the chair.

For this meeting invitations were issued to the members of the Midland Medical Society, and to other members of the medical profession in Birmingham, many of which were accepted.

Dr. HAMILTON, of Aberdeen, read a paper, in which he brought forward evidence to show that the fibres of the corpus callosum of the brain, instead of passing between the two cerebral hemispheres, as was generally believed, constituted the commissure between the cortex of the hemisphere of one side, and the corpus striatum and optic thalamus of the other.

After some discussion, in which Dr. FOXWELL and Professor HAYCRAFT took part, a vote of thanks to Dr. HAMILTON was proposed by Dr. CARTER, seconded by Dr. BLAKE, and carried unanimously.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*January 26th. Annual General Meeting.* Dr. TILDEN in the chair. The Secretary read the report and balance-sheet, which were accepted and ordered to be entered on the minutes. The Committee was then elected as follows :—Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT (Chairman), Mr. T. J. BAKER (Hon. Sec.), Miss GOODMAN, Messrs. LIVERSEGE, WARMINGTON, MARSTON, and STERN.

Dr. NICOL then delivered a lecture on "Chemistry before 1800," illustrated with the aid of a magic lantern. He first gave an account of the chief alchemists prior to 1800, and then a more particular account of a few of the alchemical books still extant, from which some extracts were read and explained.

A vote of thanks having been given to Dr. NICOL, the meeting terminated.

The President (Dr. TILDEN) very kindly invited the members to tea in his room prior to the meeting.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*February 3rd. Annual Meeting.* The report of the Committee and the Treasurer's balance-sheet having been read and adopted, Mr. LOVE, on behalf of the members, asked the chairman (Professor POYNTING) to take into his custody the first volume of the proceedings of the Society, which had been handsomely bound. Professor POYNTING expressed his willingness to undertake the charge, and hoped that the papers which would be forthcoming during the ensuing year would be not less worthy of the interest and attention of the members than those of the past, many of which were accounts of original work. Mr. LANGFORD was then elected Treasurer, and the following were elected members of the Committee without opposition :—Miss CHARLES, Miss LEWIS, Messrs. T. J. BAKER, DICKINSON, JAMES, MAYNE, STERN, and W. L. O. WARD.

The Chairman next called upon Professor SONNENSCHN to give his address, entitled "An Old Darwinian."

After referring to the thrice-honoured custom of the Society of making merry once a year with "scientific dissipation" rather than "science," Professor SONNENSCHN turned to the subject of his paper "Darwinianism," by which he meant a certain method and attitude of mind rather than the special theory of development; (Mr. Labouchere speaks of the difficulty in the present crisis of keeping the Grand Old Man Gladstonian). He knew of no reason why admirers of Darwin should resent his being placed in the same category with Empedocles, Democritus, Goethe, Lamarck, and Emerson

As his typical Darwinian he had selected Lucretius, because he had embodied the work of greater thinkers than himself, becoming by the gift and graces of literary skill, their expounder and prophet, bringing their austere doctrine within the range of the popular imagination. By a Darwinian he meant a naturalistic philosopher. The naturalist's world must be, not created, but developed. This is the keynote of Darwinianism; the naturalist believes that the ox butts because he happens to have horns, the supernaturalist that he has horns to butt, adopting the position called teleology—the doctrine of final causes. Lucretius takes up a truly Darwinian attitude: Nature was not made for man, who is only one of her later products. Then arises the much-debated question as to how far we have in Lucretius an anticipation of the Theory of Development. He conceived of species as produced by the action of matter itself, which after trying various combinations at last finds some that are stable and fitted to live, thus giving a shadowy idea of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest; but he relied on a fortuitous concurrence of atoms for the production of every separate kind; heredity played no part in his process of evolution. Whether he anticipated Darwin or not, the doctrine in its old form could never have laid hold on the scientific world. Professor Sonnenschein went on to show how the theory of development has even extended its influence to the sphere of Grammar—no longer the application of a few rules mechanically learnt by rote, and sometimes tattooed upon the skin, but the investigation of the development of usage in turning the material of language to the service of expressing thought. He then dealt with the account of the development of man, his speech, his law and society, as conceived by Lucretius, and also his attitude towards religion. In one sense Lucretius is an atheist, in another he is not; he believes in gods, but they dwell apart in the luminous mansions of ether, and live a life of unruffled calm without interfering in the course of nature; they were not the creators of the universe, which sprang from elements existing from everlasting. For the gods, he thought, must be reserved that perfect life which philosophers might emulate on earth—the Lucretian ideal expressed in Tennyson's fine phrase, "the wise indifference of the wise." His opposition to current religious views, like Schiller's, was based on religion; but the chief worship of his heart was reserved, not for the gods who dwelt on icy pinnacles apart, but for Nature herself. There is in his work a sense of contact with a higher power or law of which the old religion knew nothing, and he is confident that this new faith is adequate to regenerate the world and free it from its sin and suffering; not in the way of a triumph by man over nature and the growth of material comfort—for he looks upon these as dangers to the life of philosophic simplicity, the Epicurean's standard of plain living and high thinking—but rather as freeing the mind from a superstitious fear of death, which is sufficient to render life unhappy. He has no promise of immortality to hold out; death is with him an extinction of the soul, a relapse into unconsciousness—the real Tartarus is that which we make on earth by our evil passions and foolish imaginings. The attitude of Lucretius towards physical science is an indifference to details; his interest in Nature is not truth for truth's sake, but the desire to purify and ennoble the life of man by freeing him from superstition and evil passions, for which the study of Nature is the first necessary step. Yet we must recognise in him one of the early thinkers who handed down the torch of science to our times—a kindred spirit to every true and earnest enquirer of the present day.

A hearty vote of thanks to Professor SONNENSCHIEIN for his interesting address brought the proceedings to a close.

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*POESY CLUB.*

*January 18th.* Professor ARBER in the chair.

The following were elected members of the Committee:—Misses BISHOP, BRIERLEY, LEWIS, and NADEN : Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN, LEDSAM, LOVE, and MARTINEAU.

Professor ARBER delivered a very interesting address on "Madrigals," in the course of which he expressed a hope that a society for the practice of madrigals and other part-songs might be established in connection with the College. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, the ability to join in a madrigal was one of the necessary qualifications of a gentleman, and the revival of the custom of part-singing within the walls of the College would tend to foster and perfect its social life.

On the conclusion of the address, a vote of thanks to Professor Arber was moved by Mr. C. P. LARNER, seconded by Miss LEWIS, supported by Mr. LEDSAM, and carried unanimously.

*February 8th.* Professor ARBER in the chair.

Miss LEWIS read a paper on "Marlowe." After describing the principal events in his life, so far as they are known, she vindicated Marlowe's claim to the title of "Father of English Dramatic Poetry," and showed that his work in literature was to inaugurate the period which gave us Shakespeare. Marlowe established blank verse as the measure of the English poetical drama. His tragedies were on a grand scale, and made an epoch in the history of the drama, although they were full of imperfections and crudities, owing both to the extreme youth of the writer and to the conditions of the theatre at the time. They were saturated with Marlowe's personality, and characterised by vastness of design and simplicity of execution. Through all Marlowe's plays there ran one theme, on which each turned as on a hinge: the struggle after something the attainment of which was impossible. This was Marlowe's life, and he had given it us in all his works.

Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU then read a paper on "Browning as a Dramatic Poet." He introduced his subject by an enquiry into the essential qualities of a dramatic poet, and showed that there were two great classes into which dramatists must fall. One class gave us the drama of human action, the other the drama of human thought; and the perfection of dramatic art was attained when these two forms were blended, as in the plays of Shakespeare. Browning belonged to the latter class; he was rather a mental dramatist than anything else, and his works had a more philosophic interest than those of other writers. Action was introduced to show how it would affect the workings of a man's mind, and this was presented to us in great detail. Among the general characteristics of Browning's plays, Mr. Martineau instanced (1) their, "difficulty," in respect of style; (2) the small number of characters introduced; (3) the fact that each play had as its object the disclosure of some particular vein of thought, or the working out of some mental problem; and (4) the conspicuous absence of underplot, which, for acting purposes, was a fatal mistake.

A short discussion followed each paper.

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### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

*The Pioneer Journal* has been wedded to a new and symbolic cover, and has, as is appropriate on such occasions, changed its name. The new title is *The Pioneer*, and the number before us (January, 1887) is an exceptionally good one. It opens with a most interesting article on "John Ruskin and Modern England." Taking as the three great activities which occupy men's minds now-a-days, Democracy, Science and Commerce, the writer traces Mr. Ruskin's views on each, showing how he has resisted the too-hasty conclusions to which the world has rushed. In Democracy he has striven against the force of party spirit; in Science he has taken larger views, declaring "that the rightful pursuit of science has been prejudiced by crude notions, and its legitimate attractions made lustreless by the dulness of some of its professors;" and in Political Economy he has affirmed "that men are not to be treated, in any system, as if they were machines; that their humanity must be frankly recognised and allowed for." This is followed by an interesting paper on Thoreau, one of the curiously eccentric products of Individualism carried to excess. Having not a whit of ambition, he was content with the absolute necessities of life, and had he possessed the energy to write it, he would, we imagine, have been the fittest person possible to publish a book on "How to live on one penny per day." "The True Nature of Rent" and the question "What is Justice?" form the keynotes to two other papers, which, with a poem on "Fairyländ" and some miscellaneous notes, make up an excellent number.

We have received three of the four numbers forming the first year's issue of the *Liverpool University College Magazine*, and we offer our hearty congratulations to the editors upon the success which has attended their efforts. We trust they will be able to maintain the excellence of their first numbers, but it is no light task to fill some sixty or seventy pages four times a year. The articles cover a wide range of subjects. Professors Bradley and Conway discourse respectively upon "The Study of Universality" and "The Succession of Ideals." Miss Melly not only criticises "Shelley's Treatment of Nature" in an interesting paper which corresponds to one equally able by Mr. Wellington on "Wordsworth and Nature," but also gives us a complete analysis of Portia's character, in which she says that Portia's married life would probably not be happy, as Bassanio was such a weak fop—an idea which seems very reasonable, but which had not occurred to us before. Mr. Fairfax, in an essay on "Browning, the Poet of Individuality," claims for his subject that he has taught that individuality rightly understood will elevate egoism, and by improving the unit will raise the mass as well. The lighter vein, which is always so welcome in a magazine, is supplied by a very satirical account of "The Spiritual Telephone," into which, through a wicked plan of Prince Bismarck's, an inferior quality of "mind" had got, and which consequently did not work as smoothly as might have been wished. There are several contributions of poetry, perhaps the best being some of Mr. McLintock's translations of Heine's lyrics. These are but a few of the many interesting articles in three excellent numbers. We noticed two printer's errors, which altered the sense in each case, and marred the pleasure of reading.

We also acknowledge with thanks, *The Cliftonian*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *Clever House School Magazine*, *The Naturalist's World*, *The Institute Magazine* (3), and *The Haileyburian*.

### FOOTBALL.

**MASON COLLEGE v. QUEEN'S COLLEGE.**—This match was played on the County Ground, on February 9th. Numerous spectators were present, Queen's College being particularly well represented. BULLOCK won the toss and chose the end opposite to the pavilion. After some loose play, Queen's pressed their opponents and kicked the ball over the line. GOODWIN falling on it, obtained the first try, which JORDAN converted into a goal. The ball hit one of the spectators before Goodwin fell on it, but unfortunately neither the referee nor the Mason's umpire saw the incident, or the try would have been disallowed. For some time nothing further was scored, but before half-time COX, by a fine run, got a try behind the posts. The kick at goal failed. Soon after half-time, CHARLES ran round all the Queen's backs and obtained a try, from which COX kicked a goal. On resuming play the ball was kept in the Mason's half, and FELLOWES got a try after a scrimmage on the goal-line. JORDAN kicked another goal from this try. The play throughout was loose, the College forwards and half-backs being over-matched by those of Queen's, while COX and CHARLES were too good for the Queen's backs. For Mason's, CHARLES and COX played brilliantly, but were handicapped by the loss of the third three-quarter, who had to retire hurt before half-time. DAVIES, MORRISON, and THORNTON also put in good work. For Queen's RENNIE, JORDAN, and CLAYTON, showed best form. Mason's touched down six times, and Queen's twice. Thus Queen's won an exciting match by two goals to a goal and a try. The teams were as follows:—*Mason College*: G. DAVIES (back); A. D. CHARLES, W. M. COX, G. H. BAKER (three-quarters); AINSWORTH, T. J. BAKER (half-backs); MORRISON (captain), THORNTON, BARCLAY, SMYTH, SUDBOROUGH, HOMFREY, PHILLIPS, and T. CHARLES (forwards). *Queen's College*—SNELL (back); BULLOCK (captain), BEST, MCGEE (three-quarters); RENNIE, GOODWIN (half-backs); J. F. JORDAN, CLAYTON, SIMPSON, F. B. HOUSMAN, HOUSMAN, FELLOWES.

### TENNIS CLUB.

*December 14th. Special General Meeting.*—Dr. TILDEN in the chair.

On the motion of Mr. N. E. SMYTHE, seconded by Mr. R. E. DELL, it was resolved: "That an additional subscription of 2s. should be levied on all members, (except those who had joined this year), to cover the expenses of the past season."

It was proposed by Mr. J. H. CLAYTON, seconded by Mr. A. L. STERN, and resolved: "That the annual meeting be held in December instead of January." The Officers and Committee then tendered their resignation, and, on the motion of the chair, the meeting resolved itself into the Annual General Meeting.

The annual reports of the Committee and Treasurer having been read and adopted, the Officers and Committee were elected as follows:—President: Professor W. A. TILDEN, D.Sc., F.R.S. Vice-Presidents: Mrs. SONNENSCHNAIN, Professor E. A. SONNENSCHNAIN, M.A., Professor J. B. HAYCRAFT, M.B., B.Sc., Mr. WALKER. Treasurer: Mr. A. L. STERN. Secretaries: Miss J. CHARLES and Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT, B.Sc. Committee: Miss J. EDWARDS, Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT, Messrs. A. E. HART, and C. P. LARNER.

A vote of thanks having been passed to Mr. WALKER for the use of the ground during the past year, the meeting terminated.



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BIRMINGHAM

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CONDUCTED BY



THE STUDENTS.

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MARCH, 1887.

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## CALENDAR.

**MARCH 28.**—Monday—Spring Term Examinations begin.

**APRIL 2.**—Saturday—Spring Term ends.

" **26.**—Tuesday—Summer Term commences.

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## *MARCH 23rd, 1887.*

Forgotten is the thought of labour keen ;  
The sun from heaven darts his brightest ray ;  
The busy city puts its work away,  
And gathers flowers of Spring to deck the scene ;

To greet the Lady who, as England's Queen,  
Surrounded by the light of purest day,  
For lustres ten has ruled with gentle sway  
The greatest Empire that the world has seen.

And, as in half-forgotten legend lore,  
The Enchanter's wand once lifted to the sky,  
A fairy palace is disclosed to view ;  
So, on the spot that she has lingered o'er,  
A Hall of Justice rears itself on high,  
The home of what is right and good and true.

M.

*"L'HABIT C'EST L'HOMME."*

THIS old proverb is, like many another aphorism, true or false according to the principle with which we confront it. Our friend is our friend whatever apparel he is arrayed in ; yet had he first come before us in mean attire, actual or metaphorical, he might never have become our friend. So it is with thought ; and it is interesting to note how one thought clothes itself in various garb according to the fashion of the day or the need of the moment, like a man who now appears in fine linen and broadcloth, now in rough, much-enduring homespun, now in serviceable and necessary mackintosh. Or it is like that one force, which is now heat, now light, now motion. And, as at one time it is all-essential that force should be in the form of heat, and not in that of light, so truth itself would be rejected as useless, or even as untrue, did it at any special epoch appear in a form unsuited to the use or apprehension of men living at that epoch. There is one thought which writers are never weary of presenting to us, and which, in spite of its sameness, may be accepted or rejected according to the dress in which it comes. In Sir Henry Drummond's book, "*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*," one of the most striking ideas, and one which seems to wear a new dress, is the spiritual environment of man. He says that the organism contains within itself only half of what is essential to life ; the other half is contained in the environment, and the condition of life is simple union between the organism and the environment. The conditions of living in the natural and the spiritual world are the same. This idea is also expressed by the old writer, who, speaking of the organism and its environment, says, "In Him we live and move and have our being." The same truth in yet another garb is taught by that great American whose modern spirit is, in some respects, so unlike the theological spirit of eighteen hundred years ago. Emerson, too, recognises a power which environs us and dwells within us, as the air we breathe is around and within us. This power he calls the "Over-Soul."

Every man's particular being is contained in a Unity, an Over-Soul, "in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere." His belief in the reality and inspiration of the Over-Soul is felt as the ground-tone of all his exhortations to self-reliance, truth, heroism. Of this all sincerity is worship ; to this all right action is submission. "The Soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs ; is not a function like

the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet ; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will ; is the background of our being, in which they lie."

"When the Soul breathes through man's intellect it is genius ; when it breathes through his will it is virtue ; when it flows through his affection it is love." And our perception of the Soul is infallible ; we know its revelations as we recognise the light and distinguish it from the darkness.

Tennyson's song of "The Higher Pantheism" is in the same strain. We think of ourselves as something different, and existing apart from the environment, the Over-Soul, and the world is therefore dark to us ; yet—

. . . . "Spirit with Spirit can meet—  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer  
Than hands and feet."

If this persistence of ideas were more generally recognised, it would be a consolation to many who deplore the spirit of intellectual independence so characteristic of our time, and who shudder for the fate of those presumptuous enough to require a spiritual sustenance other than that which they themselves accept as the true bread of life. There still linger good, simple people who regard George Eliot's books as dangerous. Yet where can be found a more impressive lesson on the peril of yielding to the first whisperings of base desires than in "Romola," where we see the beginning and fatal progress of the disease which finally destroys Tito's soul. "The way of transgressors is hard" is writ large on every page of that terrible story. Victor Hugo, in his "Histoire d'un Crime," insists on the same point. He says—

"La préméditation hante les criminels ; c'est par là que la forfaiture commence. Le crime est longtemps en eux, diffus et flottant, presque inconscient ; les âmes ne noircissent que lentement. De telles actions scélérates ne s'improvisent pas ; elles n'arrivent pas du premier coup et d'un seul jet à leur perfection ; elles croissent et mûrissent, informes et indécises, et le milieu d'idées où elles sont les maintient vivantes, disponibles pour le jour venu, et vaguement terribles."

Written as a comment in the margin of the copy from which this quotation is taken were these words :—"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." It would not be difficult to give other instances which at the same time prove and disprove the old proverb,—prove that many of us seeing a different

outside cannot detect the identity of the inner reality, but turn coldly away from an old friend in a new dress, and justify the cynical saying, 'L'Habit c'est l'homme;' disprove it by showing that ideas are really very limited in number, and that their tenacity of life is so great that with regard to them the doctrine of the transmigration of souls is indisputably true.

L. L.

---

### *THE HATRED OF PARODY.*

Breathes there the man with soul so sad,  
Who thinks it altogether bad  
To parody a poet's song!  
Whose solemn sides it never shook  
To read some interesting book,  
Who frowns at jokes and thinks them wrong?  
If such there be, go, mark him well;  
He hates to hear the "Dear Gazelle,"  
And other pieces parodied!  
He often will his wrongs rehearse,  
He hates the author and his verse,  
He hates him as the sparrow did  
The bird of ancient rhyme,  
He'd shoot him as the arrow did  
That bird of ancient time:  
He finds the comic version cling  
About the most romantic thing  
His favourite poet wrote:  
He tears his hair, he shuts his eyes,  
He rends the air with awful sighs,  
Apostrophizing thus—  
"Oh! spoiler of the ancient lays,  
Annihilated be thy days,  
Forgotten be thy verse!  
Oh! owner of the mocking tongue,  
I prophesy thou shalt be hung  
With comic lines, that will not scan—  
A fitting end, O funny man!"

T. M.

---

*THE FRAUNHOFER CENTENARY.*

"Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess, the most radiant being in the whole world, and all the neighbouring princes were in love with her, and wanted to marry her. But they were all disappointed, for the princess had a glass heart, and the king, her father, decreed that she should only marry a glazier. One young prince, however, loved her so dearly that he disguised himself as a poor boy, and bound himself apprentice to the trade; the first year he had to wash the children and sweep the room; the second year he was allowed to clean the windows; the third year he was a master-glazier. And then . . . ."

The fairy princes and princesses now clothe themselves in everyday garments, and in this prosaic grown-up world are far more real and wonderful than even in the dream-world of childhood. The birth-day was recently celebrated of one who, a prince among glaziers, was not merely a glazier among princes; who devoted his life to the winning of a radiant prize, and whose success far out-distanced the efforts of his contemporary rivals.

Joseph Fraunhofer was born at Straubing, in Bavaria, March 6th, 1787. The tenth child of a poor glazier, he early lost his parents, and in the twelfth year of his age was apprenticed to a mirror-maker in Munich. Of education Fraunhofer had scarcely any, being taught only the bare elements of reading and writing. He was a delicate boy, and suffered great privations at the hands of a hard and inconsiderate master, who forced him to do housework, and placed every difficulty in the way of study and self-improvement. An almost fatal accident proved, however, the turning point in his career. His master's house fell down, and he was for many hours buried in the ruins. His providential rescue attracted the attention of the Kurfürst, afterwards King Maximilian I., who presented him with eighteen ducats, and placed him under the protection of Utzschneider, the Hofkammerrath. His patron discovered that the heart of young Fraunhofer was set on becoming an optician, to which end he had already contrived a rude machine, and spent his Sundays in grinding lenses. Utzschneider pointed out to him the necessity of acquiring geometrical and physical knowledge, and placed him in the way of getting books. The boy spent his small fortune partly in fees for instruction in the Sunday school, partly in buying a glass-grinder at an auction, and the remainder in cancelling the last six months of his indentures. An attempt



to earn a livelihood by engraving on glass and metal was unsuccessful. Recommended by Utzschneider to the notice of Professor Schiegg, in 1807 Fraunhofer was installed as optician in the recently founded instrument works of Reichenbach and Utzschneider. This institution had the object of producing astronomical and geodetic instruments capable of competing with those manufactured abroad ; the results had been in every respect satisfactory, except so far as the lenses were concerned. Fraunhofer accordingly applied himself to the task of producing achromatic lenses, which, half a century earlier, had been shown by Dollond to be possible by means of a combination of crown and flint glass. The first step was to devise mechanical means of insuring against the incapability and carelessness of the operator in the process of lens grinding, and a great advance was made by an ingenious adaptation of the phenomenon of Newton's rings as a test of accuracy. By means of the spherometer and other mechanical tests invented by Fraunhofer, he was enabled to measure a deviation of  $\cdot 00001$  inch. The refined methods, however, now employed to test the purity and homogeneity of the glass revealed that Utzschneider's glass smelting process was as far from yielding a theoretically perfect result as had formerly been the case in England and France. Fraunhofer accordingly assumed the direction of the glass foundry, and instituted a systematic process of smelting which eventually gave completely satisfactory results, both with crown and flint glass. In 1812 he manufactured a standard achromatic lens of 176 mm. diameter, but being imperfectly satisfied, determined to investigate further the refractive power of different kinds of glass. Accurate determinations had hitherto been rendered impossible by the fact that in the spectrum the different bands of colour overlap, and fail to define a separate area for the different rays. After many attempts at artificial separation and limitation of the bands of colour, Fraunhofer succeeded in making that discovery of the dark lines in the solar spectrum which has immortalised his name. Each of these lines occupies a definite position, and thus the foundation is laid for a method of calculating an achromatic system of lenses. And now, in 1817, Fraunhofer could confidently hope to compete with the foremost of the foreign telescope makers.

Meanwhile the improvement of other instruments had not been neglected ; in 1811 achromatic microscope lenses were produced, and in 1816 a large microscope, having a magnifying power of 150 diameters, was completed.

In the same year Fraunhofer constructed his heliometer for measuring sidereal distances. The great Dorpat telescope, with its elaborate clock-work for registering the daily motion of the stars, was completed in 1824, and was the subject of a brilliant eulogium from Sir David Brewster. Fraunhofer's theoretical work, in spite of his increasing practical activity, was of the highest importance, especially his work on Diffraction ("Die Beugung des Lichtes.") An accident directed his attention to the fringe of colour which surrounds a flame observed through the edge of a feather. To investigate this phenomenon he constructed a dividing engine capable of drawing 8,000 lines in the breadth of an inch, or 330 in a millimetre, and with this he determined the wave-length of the different coloured rays. In 1821 he submitted his results to the Academy of Munich; his work on the foundation of the wave theory of light, his explanation of the phenomena of halos and parhelia, and his determinations of star spectra, are of the greatest interest. Fraunhofer's life is bare of external events; he lived quietly, entirely absorbed in his work, until at the early age of 39 this was cut short by an illness brought on by over-exertion. His biographer tells us that he died unmarried, and without an enemy in the world. On his tombstone is engraved the Dorpat refractor, and the inscription

"APPROXIMAVIT SIDERA."

The Berlin celebration is interesting from the light which it throws on the position of the modern German skilled mechanic. On Sunday, March the 6th, the great hall of the Municipal Buildings was thronged by an assembly consisting mainly of the mechanic class, together with representatives of every department of the world of physics, ministers of state, councillors, leading military men, and world-renowned scientists, who had met to do honour to the memory of a member of the workman class.

Professor Helmholtz, in the opening address, described Fraunhofer as an ideal operative, in that his work affords an example of the highest degree of precision, accuracy, and reliability. In these respects he remains a model for all followers of his calling, but is further a brilliant illustration of what endurance, thoroughness, and devotion, united with keenness of perception, are capable of accomplishing. He was in one respect a contrast to Faraday, with whose career his own is in many ways closely comparable. Faraday in later years devoted himself, except when occupied with work of public importance, to theoretical investigations; but it was not until

the end of his unfortunately short life that Fraunhofer turned his attention to purely theoretic science. The moral weight of Fraunhofer's exertions consists in the fact that the splendour of his achievements demonstrates the inherent capability of his fellow countrymen, and confirms the verdict of his English biographer that national greatness, founded upon military pre-eminence, cannot be consolidated apart from the cultivation of the arts of peace.

Professor Foerster continued the same line of thought by citing Fraunhofer as a representative of the special genius of the German nation. In contrast to the Roman and Slavonic races, whose natural talent lies in the direction of the decorative arts, the Germanic peoples are distinguished by their aptitude for the severer art, mechanics, by virtue of their characteristic powers of endurance, and of concentrated thought. An eloquent address was concluded by an appeal to his hearers to follow in the footsteps of so noble a forerunner.

Herr Fuess, as the representative of the skilled mechanics, reported on the foundation of the Fraunhofer Institute, for the benefit of needy talented German operatives. The definite recognition of the fact that operative and philosopher are but standing on different rungs of the same ladder is of considerable importance as regards the position of the German workman, and the stimulus that such a recognition gives will widen the gap already existing between the German and the English standard. The question of raising the entire level of the skilled workmen by scientific training and increased opportunities of self-improvement is one which, if not as satisfactorily answered in England as abroad, will leave us in the undesirable position of being beaten out of the field,—a position which, in some directions, it is by no means certain that we do not already occupy.

I. C. E.

---

### *THE ERRAND BOY.*

With what feelings do we generally think of the errand boy? Do we regard him as a public benefactor, helping to accelerate the pace at which the business of the world is transacted, and fulfilling cheerfully many disagreeable tasks? Or do we not more frequently think of him, (if we deign to give him a thought at all), as "that troublesome errand boy!" "that little nuisance!" or "that lazy little thing!" Poor Tom—(he always *is* named Tom, you'll find)—is expected to be half the time going an errand that any other person would be; to have his eyes and ears always on the alert for

orders ; never to make a mistake ; never to want to leave his work for play ;—in short, to have all the quick movements and ready obedience of the child combined with the steady self-possession and strength of the man ! Of none other is so much expected, and none other gets so few thanks for his services. The sailor, the policeman, the railway porter, are all in turn admired and commiserated. People's attention is called to them by long articles in the daily papers and the leading magazines, describing their virtues and their hardships ; and all eyes are turned on them in grateful admiration. With the errand boy it is quite different. No one feels thankful to him, no one has even a good word for him : he is generally scolded, snubbed, and ordered about by everyone.

Although the class, as a whole, has the same characteristics, yet there are various sub-classes in the world of errand boys, which are quite as marked as those of society.

We all know the doctor's boy, a prince in his class, in all the glory of blue cloth and brass buttons. You can see by his pompous air, by the manner in which he hastens along, as well as by the pitying glances he bestows on those of his comrades who are weak enough to indulge in an occasional game of marbles or leap-frog, that he considers himself superior to the general run of errand boys. Does he not often bear, at least in his own opinion, the means by which people are snatched from the very clutches of death ? Besides, is he not in a "profession," and is not that fact all sufficient to ensure for him the respect of the world at large ? Indeed, I know that he sometimes looks upon his own importance as scarcely second to that of the doctor himself.

Then there is the baker's boy ! Who does not know him ? Why, in one walk down Broad Street or the Bristol Road, we may meet some eight or ten, as like to each other as if Nature kept them in "packets of a dozen each," and turned them loose as they are wanted. In fact, if it were not for slight variations in physiognomical expression, one might almost imagine that it was the same individual upon whom one was continually stumbling. There are the same leggings ; the same white apron, reaching just below the knees ; the same coat, with the collar turned up ; the same basket, with the handle threatening to give way, slung over the right arm ; the same dishcover-shaped hat, well jammed on the back of the head, (very like the kind of head-dress, minus the wings, with which Mercury is usually represented) ; and even the same tune issuing, in a cheerful whistle, from the lips. It needs but one glance to see that the baker's boy has not to do with matters

of life and death, (although the "staff of life" is in his basket). His business is less pressing than that of the doctor's "buttons," and he drags one foot after the other in a leisurely way as if he thought it good for people to learn to restrain their appetites and await his pleasure.

The butcher's boy hardly needs any mention. His blue cotton coat and meat-tray are as well known to us as the sight of beef or mutton itself. He, again, walks in quite a different manner from either the doctor's or the baker's boy. It is neither a self-important hurry nor a philosophical crawl, which he affects. He goes at a firm, decided, swinging pace, as though he knew the object after which he was striving and was determined to accomplish it. Whereas the paper boy generally goes at a nervous trot, taking seven or eight steps where three would suffice, and ringing the bells hysterically as he calls out from house to house, "Morning pa-par!"

But below him is yet another class, a class of lean, ragged, hollow-cheeked, eager-eyed urchins, who beg in pleading tones, "Let us go missus! Do 't all the way for a penny." There is no importance about *their* movements; their sole object is to "get a job," and so put a few pence into their *mouths*—I say mouths advisedly, for their pockets are so unsafe that the "knowing ones" never trust their money there; and, if they were to do so, it would soon be changed for something more digestible and nourishing to the human frame than the little round copper coins. It makes one's heart sore to see so many of this order hanging round stations or warehouses in the too often vain hope of finding temporary employment.

But, be he liveried, gaitered, or ragged, the errand boy's lot remains essentially the same. His is no smooth life. Instant obedience (the principal quality required) it is no easy matter for any of us to learn; neither is it easy for us to keep our tempers when we are reprov'd (justly or unjustly), or to pursue the path of duty without occasionally stopping, figuratively speaking, to play marbles or leap-frog. Then next time we are tempted to look upon him as the embodiment of all mischief, let us pause and consider for a moment how we run *our* errands; and, bearing in mind his many trials, let us think gently of THE ERRAND BOY!

E. B.

---

## THE UNION.

*February 25th.*—Readings and Recitations.

After Mr. A. L. STERN had been elected chairman in Mr. Ehrhardt's absence, the following programme was performed :—

Recitation, "Scene between Hubert and Arthur," from *King John*. *Shakspeare.*

Miss M. JOHNSON.

Reading..... Extracts from "The Innocents Abroad" .....*Mark Twain.*

Mr. G. F. DANIELL.

Recitation ..... "Virginia" .....*Lord Macaulay.*

Miss BROWN.

Recitation..... "The Passing of Arthur" .....*Tennyson.*

Mr. W. R. JORDAN.

Reading ..... Extracts from "Walden" .....*H. D. Thoreau.*

Miss GERTRUDE SOUTHALL.

The unusual number of recitations in the above programme is certainly a matter for congratulation. Although at the present day it is the fashion to disparage "mere verbal memory," no one can deny that it is a most desirable and delightful thing to be able to commit to heart, and render with accuracy and dramatic force, the masterpieces of our master poets. The Union will not have existed altogether in vain if it cultivates this gift amongst its members, and raises the art of reciting to the rank of a social accomplishment, like playing or singing. We can imagine that many a musical "At Home" would escape the reproach of dullness if the strain on the musical sense were occasionally relaxed by an effective recitation. We would, however, recommend the selection of pieces a little less hackneyed than one or two of those recited on the present occasion.

A hearty vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to the evening's entertainment was proposed by Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, seconded by Miss NADEN, and carried unanimously.

About 150 members and friends were present.

*March 4th.*—Debate :—"That the last fifty years have produced the greatest writers of English Prose."

Miss EDITH JORDAN opened the debate by premising that her difficulty lay, not in finding arguments, but in so presenting them as to carry conviction to those who preferred Addison to Ruskin, Burke or Dean Hooker to Cardinal Newman, the "Vicar of Wakefield" to "Vanity Fair." Modern style was the natural outcome of what had preceded it, time adding finer development and easier grace. It was a disadvantage to support something of the present as opposed to something of the past, because we practically required a lower standard from the past. It was also a disadvantage to appear to say anything against deservedly honoured writers. Before the time of Anne, prose style had been cumbersome and unavailable; the writers of that age formed a style of regularity and precision, but lacking feeling and imagination. Addison had feeling without vigour; Burke was vigorous but heavy; Goldsmith said well what he had to say, but he did not say much; Scott narrated clearly, but had little sense of the exquisite accuracy and appropriateness of which words are capable. Ruskin was the great English classic; unequalled in grace, purity, and picturesqueness; possessed of a magnificent

vocabulary, a perfect and unerring sense of expression, a wonderful instinct for rhythm. But the very master of grand and dignified English prose was Cardinal Newman, whose style was grand in its impressiveness, magnificent in its dignity, sublime in its passion. The speaker also referred to Emerson's delicate and sensitive style, to Froude, Macaulay, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë, and read selections from Ruskin and Newman.

Miss M. C. ALBRIGHT, in opposing the motion, said that the question was not, "Who were the most popular authors of the present day?" but, "Who were the greatest writers of English Prose?" No one would deny that Ruskin was a great author, but, considered as a great literary work, "Modern Painters"—which might be taken as a type of Ruskin's style—had great faults. It was too long, the writing monotonous, and marred by dogmatism and conceit. Addison was not, and did not pretend to be, magnificent; but his mind was large, his writings concise, graphic, and abounding in good-natured satire. Burke, the great master of eloquence, expressed strong feeling in measured words. Charles Lamb, the master of fancy, grace, tenderness, humour, pathos, would never lose his power over those who knew how to laugh, how to pity, and how to love. Miss Albright also instanced Milton, Johnson, Goldsmith, Swift, and Scott, in proof of the superiority of earlier English prose.

Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU found himself met by the difficulty of contending against an overgrowth of the spirit of veneration for the past. This conservative instinct arose from too great modesty; what was wanted was an unbiassed judgment. The last fifty years had produced prose writers as great as the best of past times, while the prose of John Ruskin was worthy to rank beside any written since English was a language. Such names as Macaulay, O. W. Holmes, and John Bright were worthy to stand beside Addison, Goldsmith, and Burke. Not only were the great names as great and as numerous—even omitting Carlyle, George Eliot, and Thackeray, who were famous for matter rather than style—but we had the advantage of a host of minor writers and essayists, all of whom wrote as pure and as polished English as the best of the second-class writers of former periods. Queen Elizabeth presided over the Golden Age of English Poetry. Victoria had seen the highest summit yet reached in English Prose.

Mr. W. L. O. WARD remarked that present-day writers ran in the groove created by old authors. The greatest art was to conceal art, whereas in Ruskin's works beauties were obtruded on our notice.

Mr. B. F. JORDAN said that the great features of the modern style were simplicity, directness, and graphic power; the eighteenth century prose showed the same qualities but stood in the same relation to the former as the child to the man. Ruskin's dogmatism and conceit marred his character, but did not affect his style.

The debate was continued by Mr. JENKYN-BROWN and Miss NADEN in the affirmative, and by Messrs. LOVE, LARNER, and JONES in the negative. Miss JORDAN replied, and the motion was carried by 50 votes to 38.

About 160 members and friends were present.

*March 11th.*—"Evening with a Novelist." Paper on Thackeray, by Miss BRIERLEY.

The Union usually spends one evening in every term with a musician, but this was the first time in its history that it entertained a novelist. On the whole, the experiment must be regarded as sufficiently successful to warrant its repetition, and, if future readers of papers will only bear in mind the "dreadfully finite" nature of Union time, and regulate the extent of their criticisms and the number of their illustrations accordingly, we venture to predict that the evenings with a novelist will rank among the most attractive of the Union programme.

After briefly narrating the story of Thackeray's life, Miss BRIERLEY proceeded to deal with the stories which Thackeray wrote. These were not novels in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but studies of life and character, representing human existence so faithfully that we were scarcely conscious of plot or plan in them. Thackeray hardly availed himself of the natural average of remarkable events, but was content to take any commonplace page out of the book of life, and so interpret it that the dullest of mankind must see how pregnant with meaning and interest it really was!

Miss BRIERLEY described at some length the characters of Becky Sharp, Amelia Sedley, and Captain Dobbin in "Vanity Fair;" the characters of Arthur Pendennis and Laura Bell in "Pendennis;" the characters of Colonel Clive and Ethel Newcome in "The Newcomes," and the characters of Henry Esmond, Beatrix Esmond, and Lady Castlewood in "Esmond." In conclusion, Miss BRIERLEY pointed out that the scene of all Thackeray's novels was "Vanity Fair," and dwelt on the extraordinary knowledge of human nature displayed in his pages. Thackeray's style was a wonderful blending of satire with tenderness, humour with pathos. Cynicism was the last intellectual sin of which he could have been guilty. He never put his deadly weapons of satire and irony to an unlawful use, but waged with them a ceaseless war against the world, the flesh, and the devil. We rose from the study of his books with an increased contempt for whatsoever things were contemptible—for snobbishness and humbug and worldliness and vanity; with an increased love for whatsoever things were true, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.

The paper was illustrated by extracts from Thackeray's works, admirably rendered by Misses HADLEY, NADEN, and SOUTHAL, and Messrs. DANIELL, MARTINEAU, and NEAL.

On the motion of Mr. LARNER, seconded by Miss LEWIS, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Miss Brierley for her paper, and to the ladies and gentlemen who had so largely contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by their effective readings.

About 150 members and friends were present.

*March 18th.*—Paper on "Birmingham Statuary," with comparisons and illustrations (magic lantern), by Miss ALICE HADLEY.

Miss HADLEY prefaced her account of Birmingham statuary with a very interesting and comprehensive historical sketch of that branch of art which consists in the enduring monuments of stone and bronze. The first beginnings of plastic art were lost, but it certainly flourished co-existent with science and literature in Egypt—as the bas-reliefs of the temple of Karnak and the decorations of the Palace of Luxor at Thebes abundantly testified. Thence it passed through Assyria, Syria, and Lycia into Greece, where it reached its high-water mark in the masterpieces of Pheidias. After a time beauty and



technical skill began to be worshipped for themselves alone, apart from the expression of any of the higher attributes of mind and character. The Greek artists ceased to represent only the monumental or everlasting side of life; and Art was already languishing when it was carried into Rome by conquest. Here its decadence continued: it became less noble in spirit, and the purely ideal conceptions of early Greek art were superseded by portrait statues. A blank now ensued in its history, until the age which produced Michael Angelo, when plastic art again lifted its head for a time. Italy was still the home of plastic art; but even here it was enslaved and degraded by greed of gain. Miss Hadley impressed on her hearers that the great lesson underlying the history of art was this:—Great art could not exist except where it was loved for its own sake, and made the expression of the highest thought. In Birmingham we were indisposed to think anything worthy of serious study which did not bear on the face of it, "Conducive to money-getting;" nor did we set up our public statues because we desired to embody a beautiful idea in a beautiful form. Art was the most enduring representation of the thought of any given age, and unless our plastic art rose to something better than it was now, Miss Hadley said she shuddered to think of the tale we should tell to future ages. After criticising the various statues of Birmingham, and dealing with the peculiar difficulties which beset modern sculpture, Miss Hadley contended that art was something more than a pastime, and that the love of the beautiful was a reality, indispensable to perfect existence.

The paper was admirably illustrated by photographs, exhibited by means of the magic lantern, some of the most important slides having been kindly lent by Mr. WHITWORTH WALLIS. Mr. EHRHARDT having briefly discussed the paper, a hearty vote of thanks to Miss HADLEY brought the proceedings to a close. About 140 members and friends were present.

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### *MASON COLLEGE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.*

President: Professor H. SMITH.

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. MYERS, HOUSMAN, and HAMILTON.

The above society, which already numbers about 60 members, was formed on the 16th of February last, and the first working meeting was held on Wednesday, the 9th inst.

After the report of the Managing Committee regarding rules and by-laws had been discussed and accepted, the PRESIDENT read his inaugural address, pointing out that the society was a means of keeping up college friendship, and a means whereby practical and theoretical men might learn from each other.

He then proceeded to explain the subject of Boiler Horse Power, and showed the necessity there existed for measuring it upon somewhat the same basis as Engine Indicated Horse Power.

A short discussion then followed, which, on account of the time being somewhat limited, was adjourned till next meeting.

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**COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.**

**CHEMICAL SOCIETY.**—*February 16th.* Dr. NICOL in the chair.

Four new members were elected.

Mr. LIVERSEEGE read a paper on the "Detection of Sulphur Dioxide in Air." As the result of the experiments which he had made with this object in view, he said he had found a solution of Potassium Periodate, mixed with starch paste, to be the most useful reagent. Mr. LIVERSEEGE then read a note on Glyptic Formulæ, which he illustrated by models.

A short discussion followed each paper, and the meeting terminated after passing a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Liverseege.

**CHEMICAL SOCIETY.**—*March 16th.* Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Mr. A. L. STERN read a note on the "Estimation of Magnesium in the Presence of Alkalies," describing the method by which use is made of Mercuric Oxide to decompose the Chloride of Magnesium and form Magnesia, which is weighed. He also described experiments which he had performed to determine the influence of Sodium Chloride on the solubility of Magnesium Ammonium Phosphate in ammonia water.

Mr. STERN then read a note on the "Estimation of Arsenic." He described two new methods which he had investigated, and had found unsatisfactory.

Dr. TILDEN then gave a note on the "Petroleum Oil Industries," and described the methods of boring for oil, the transit of the oil, and the refining of the oil in America. He also gave a short description of the Russian and Egyptian Petroleum districts. The note was illustrated by some very admirable lime-light views. A short discussion followed these notes, and the thanks of the Society having been tendered to the readers the meeting terminated.

**PHYSICAL SOCIETY.**—*Thursday, March 3rd.* The chair was taken by Mr. E. F. J. LOVE.

Miss CHARLES read a paper on "The Uniformity of Nature," in which, after giving a more precise definition of her title, Miss CHARLES criticised the opinions of Mill and Jevons on the Law of Causation, and on the distinction between Induction and Deduction. A discussion followed, in the course of which Professor POYNTING said he preferred the phrase "Similarity of Nature" to "Uniformity of Nature." The CHAIRMAN, and Messrs. STERN and DANIELL also took part in the discussion. Mr. T. J. BAKER then read a paper entitled "The Life of the Sun," and gave an account of the various theories which have been advanced to account for the continuance of solar radiation. A long and interesting discussion followed, in which Professor POYNTING, the CHAIRMAN, Messrs. HOUSMAN, BAKER, WARMINGTON, STERN, and DANIELL took part.

**PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—*February 8th.* Professor HAYCRAFT in the chair.

The report of the Committee for the past year and the Treasurer's balance-sheet were read and adopted.

The following Officers and Committee were elected:—President: Professor HAYCRAFT; Vice-Presidents: Dr. HOGGEN and Dr. WILLIAMSON; Treasurer: Miss SOUTHALL; Secretary: Mr. S. H. PERRY; Members of Committee: Miss NADEN, and Messrs. CLAYTON, FEATHERSTONE, J. F. JORDAN, and A. J. GREENK.

Miss NADEN then read a paper on "Volition." Under the term actions Miss NADEN included every modification of the organism which results from its own internal activity. Thus, an action may be a muscular contraction, a secreting process, or a neural process, or the inhibition of any of these. What, in common parlance, we call a "voluntary action" is simply an action accompanied or preceded by a conscious mental effort in its own direction. Involuntary actions fall into two great classes: the automatic and the impulsive. Automatic actions may be primary or secondary, the latter being excito-motor, sensori-motor, or ideo-motor. They imply the existence of a more or less complete muscular mechanism, which renders the exercise of certain functions easy or inevitable. Impulsive actions follow on unusually strong internal or external stimuli. The most striking examples of these are shown in cases of violent passion, insanity, and intoxication. In automatic action, the absence of conscious mental effort is due to the easiness of the track; in the other, to the energy of the stimulus. Voluntary actions may be initiatory or inhibitory, and are always preceded by, or bound up with, an act of attention, which is itself volitional, and both initiatory and inhibitory. The initiatory volition is non-automatic, and may be described as a comparatively faint impulse; the inhibitory volition is a mixture of impulse and automatism, in which automatism preponderates. A powerful impulse may be inhibited by a comparatively faint counter-impulse, setting to work the moral machinery. There is thus no separate physiological class of voluntary actions, although in psychology such a class might still be admitted. The sense of effort brings more prominently into consciousness the mental factors, as opposed to the mere stimulus, which in automatic or impulsive actions seems to carry all before it.

A discussion then ensued, in which Professor HAYCRAFT, Dr. HOGGEN, Mr. BROWETT, and Mr. CULLIS took part. A cordial vote of thanks to Miss NADEN, proposed by Dr. HOGGEN and seconded by Mr. HUGHES, was carried unanimously. Miss NADEN having briefly replied, the meeting terminated.

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### POESY CLUB.

*March 8th.*—Professor ARBER in the chair.

The poet selected for special study during the present term was Scott, and at this meeting papers dealing with Scott's poetical works were read by Mr. E. F. EHRLHARDT and Mr. JENKYN-BROWN.

Mr. EHRLHARDT introduced his subject by quoting a poem called "The Violet," which was written by Scott in early life, when under the influence of a love disappointment. His great poems were the first fruits of his genius, and impressed one with a stronger sense of individuality than those of any other poet with whom he (Mr. Ehrhardt) was acquainted. Scott's description of the battle of Waterloo, although by no means one of his best pieces, was (in Mr. Ehrhardt's opinion) infinitely superior to Byron's description in "Childe Harold" of the same event, which ranks among that poet's finest productions. Hence Matthew Arnold was mistaken in his estimate of the two poets, and Scott should take rank before Byron. Scott had a wonderful power of describing the supernatural, and no author was so successful in dealing with imps, ghosts, devils, &c. His villains also were delineated most powerfully. "The Lady of the Lake" was his masterpiece.

He approached the creation of that poem in a spirit of awe at his own temerity, and lavished much care upon it.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN dwelt on the Homeric or epic element in Scott's poetry. This characteristic was especially marked in the opening lines of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," than which nothing more truly Homeric had been seen since the days of Homer. His descriptions of battle were unmatched in English poetry. Scott did more than amuse: he let in new light upon history, and presented men real and living before our eyes. His portraits of James IV., James V., and Robert Bruce were striking examples of his power of "vitalising" character. Scott's poetry was free from maudlin introspection, and characterised by perfect directness and straightforwardness. Vice was held up to scorn; and valour and generosity, self-sacrifice, purity and patriotism were held up to admiration.

Messrs. LOVE, EHRHARDT, and MINERS, and Professor ARBER took part in the discussion with which the proceedings terminated.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

*The Marlburian* (2) is publishing a revised edition of Euclid and Geometry, suitable to the more pressing needs of the nineteenth century. We quote a few of the definitions—

"An untruthful boy is that which lies evenly."

"Friends *de convenance* are those which meet and do not cut one another."

"A line is that which must be drawn somewhere."

"A school joke is that which has no point and no end."

"Friends, which are friends to the same, are not friends to one another."

As usual there is a mass of correspondence, besides that which the Editor has suppressed, ranging, he tells us, over such varied subjects as "Illuminated face to Clock, Pegs in Hall, and Jampot Cupboards." A youthful epicure suggests that the best way of celebrating the Jubilee would be to allow sugar to porridge. Such a suggestion surely ought to be considered.

*The Owen's College Magazine* contains a very interesting article refuting Macaulay's dictum that poetry declines with the advance of civilization. The writer boldly contends that there is no antagonism between poetry and science. "Illusion, if it is beautiful, is poetic truth. Is the song of the morning stars silenced because science has 'meted out the heavens with a span?'" The modern poets certainly choose earlier times for their material, but what age is picturesque to itself? "The common grey mists of this age will be the sunset glories of the next." One gentleman writes on Spinsters; he is especially frightened by the sentimental type, who "make you write your name in an innocent-looking book, and then read out for the benefit of the company an insulting quotation, remarking 'That's yours! isn't it suitable.'"

*The Reptonian* does not like our ode on the Business Meeting. It complains of the long words, although it admits their sonorous qualities. We would advise the Editor to consult his dictionary and improve his vocabulary. The soporific element in the air, to which we referred in

December, has not yet cleared. The Debating Society is torpid, and the contributions, except athletic news and correspondence, are few. We quote, however, the last two verses of an excellent ode "On the Death of my Pipe":

"For all thy services, my pipe,  
What better can I do  
Than bring thee in half a pound  
Of first-class honey dew.

"And this shall be thy epitaph :  
'Here lies a faithful friend,  
Whose life the malice of a cat  
Brought to an early end.'"

We also acknowledge with thanks *The School Magazine* (Uppingham) (2), *The Haileyburian*, *University College of Wales Magazine*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *The Institute Magazine*, and the *Naturalist's World* (2).

### DEUTSCHER ABEND.

An eminently successful "Deutscher Abend" was held in the Examination Hall on March 17th, exactly a year and a day since the experiment of such an entertainment was first tried within the walls of the College. We remember how the "meteorological powers that be" strove in vain to chill people's enthusiasm on that occasion, and in the present instance the cruellest of east winds did not prevent a very large attendance. After a few introductory remarks by Dr. Dammann, the following programme was performed:—Deklamation, "Johanna's Abschied," Miss E. BROWN; Duett, "Ich wollte mein' Lieb'," Miss BRIERLEY and Mrs. HOLLIDAY; Deklamation, "Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar," Miss NADEN; Lied, "Mein Liebster ist ein Weber," Miss MARRIS; Trio für Clavier, the Misses GAUL; Clavierbegleitung von Miss DARE, Lustspiel, "Eigensinn," Misses E. BROWN, JOHNSON, and TYNDALL; Messrs. KANNREUTHER, KEEF, and PHILLIPS.

Although every item of the programme appeared to be much appreciated it was reserved for the Lustspiel, "Eigensinn," to bring down the house! Dr. Dammann had most thoughtfully prepared a sketch of the play in English for the benefit of those who were unable to follow what was said, and thus no one was excluded from the full enjoyment of an exceptionally clever performance. We have seen the same amusing little comedy performed in Germany by "real live" Germans, but we never saw the fun of the various situations brought out so effectively before.

The proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the performers, moved by Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, seconded by Mr. E. F. J. LOVE, and carried unanimously.

### CYCLING CLUB.

February 24th.—Annual General Meeting. Professor POYNTING in the chair.

The Report of the Committee and the Treasurer's balance-sheet having been read and adopted, the Committee for the present year were elected as follows:—President: Professor POYNTING; Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. HAMILTON; Captain: Mr. LANGFORD; Sub-Captain: Mr. MAYNE; Com-

mittee : Miss EDWARDS, Messrs. HOUSMAN, DANIELL, and STERN. The meeting then resolved itself into a social evening, and a programme of music was performed by the following ladies and gentlemen :—Misses RUBERY, BRIERLEY, BROWN, and KNOWLES, and Messrs. DANIELL, LANGFORD, WYATT, and AMPHLETT. Mr. NEAL contributed a paper on Cycling Experiences. The meeting terminated with the customary vote of thanks.

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### PROFESSOR HAYCRAFT.

We learn with very mingled feelings of regret and pleasure that Professor HAYCRAFT, who has occupied the chair of Physiology since its establishment in 1881, is about to leave us, in order to fill a similar position in the University of Edinburgh. Dr. RUTHERFORD, Professor of Physiology in that University, is compelled by ill-health to take a long rest, and Dr. HAYCRAFT, who was a distinguished student of Edinburgh, and formerly demonstrator of Physiology there, has been appointed Professor substitute, with the promise of a permanent post on the University staff in the event of Dr. Rutherford's return. We venture to offer our hearty congratulations to Dr. HAYCRAFT on his appointment to so important a chair, and, at the same time, to express our deep sense of the loss which the College will sustain in his removal to another sphere of activity.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the degree of Doctor of Science has been conferred upon Professor POYNTING by the University of Cambridge.

We note with interest the birth of a new Society, the *raison d'être* of which must be admitted by everyone. Although societies already too awfully abound within the walls of Mason College, yet none of them meet the peculiar needs of the Engineering Department; and the growing number and importance of its students renders it very desirable that they should have the opportunity of discussion, and the advantages of that stimulus to private effort, and that friction with kindred minds which a special "Society" alone can give.

We regret that we were not supplied with a longer account of the inaugural meeting.

Last month it was our painful duty to announce the resignation of our Secretary, Mr. STERN. This month we regretfully record the retirement of Mr. A. D. CHARLES from the office of Treasurer. But "*Le roi est mort. Vive le roi !*" We are pleased to be able to add a cheerful postscript to the effect that Miss LEWIS has undertaken the duties of Secretary, and that Mr. C. P. LARNER is invested with the insignia of the Treasurership, and will be happy to receive subscriptions, which are now due.

The next number of the Magazine will appear in May, and contributions, which are earnestly requested, should reach the Editor before the 1st of the month.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be written on one side of the paper only, and be fully signed; names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Madam,—At the present moment, in this loyal town of Birmingham, the Queen is the one subject of interest, the one topic of conversation. In view of Her Majesty's visit, the Midland Metropolis, usually staid and sober to a fault, has been converted, by the skill of decorators and the art of designers, into a city of quite Parisian brilliancy. The meanest building hangs out a gay flag in token of loyalty, and strives for the nonce to be ornamental as well as useful; while the Council House and Lewis's would vie with Aladdin's palace in splendour. A particular interest attaches to the Queen's present visit because it occurs in the fiftieth year of her reign, and may be regarded as Birmingham's peculiar share in Her Majesty's Jubilee. Moreover, our attention has been forcibly drawn of late, by the Jubilee Collections to the fact of the Queen's existence, which, at other times, unless we conscientiously study the *Court Circular*, we are in danger of forgetting. These collections, especially the house-to-house collections for the Women's Fund, have thrown considerable light on the attitude of people in general towards the Queen and Royal Family; and some of us, remembering how seldom in the course of our peregrinations we have succeeded in finding "loyalty" which would run even to the minimum amount of one penny, will lend a somewhat sceptical ear to the cheers and other demonstrations of enthusiasm with which Her Majesty will be greeted. Jubilee anecdotes have been related *ad nauseam*; nevertheless, in the interests

of posterity, I should like to be allowed to put one or two on record in the immortal pages of this Magazine.

By way of preface, let me say that most people regard the collections for the Queen's Jubilee in what I consider an entirely false light—i.e., as a birthday present, not to her Majesty, but to themselves. Personally, I don't sympathise with the Queen's desire to increase and multiply the statues of the Prince Consort; but, on the other hand, I think, if we are not content that the Queen should make that use of the money which will give her most pleasure, the presentation is a farce, and a blot on our character for generosity. *Appropos* of statues, one of our revered professors relates a good story. A lady of his acquaintance having spent several hours in collecting for the Women's Fund, in a not very fashionable part of the town, with the magnificent results of 4½d., was delighted at last to meet with a good-natured old dame who unhesitatingly proffered twopence. "But mind," she said earnestly, "it mustn't go to a statoo. Them statooes ain't truthful. There's that 'un of George Dawson. I've 'eard 'im preach many's the time, and he allus wore a flower in his button 'ole, and 'ad trousers on 'as fitted 'im." Much embarrassment has been caused to collectors by the difficulty of distinguishing between the daughters and the domestics at houses of a certain order of gentility. To obviate this difficulty, one lady determined to enquire always for the "Mistress," but, in the very first instance, the person to whom this enquiry was addressed, replied "I'm *her*!" Occasionally, the experiences of collectors are humiliating as well as embarrassing. A lady was on one occasion shown into a fashionable drawing-room, where some sort of social function was taking place; the hostess, indicating the hapless intruder with a patronizing wave of the hand, remarked to her guests, "A Jubilee person, I suppose!"

Yours jubilantly,

X. Y. Z.

Mason College, March 21, 1887.

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## CALENDAR.

JUNE 2.—Thursday—Physical Society.

" 3.—Friday—Union.

" 7.—Tuesday—French Debating Society.

" 14.—Poesy Club.

" 17.—Friday—Union.

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## THE FUTURE OF POETRY.

IN the last number of our *Magazine* were published some interesting extracts from an essay in the *Owens College Magazine*, the object of which was to prove that science and poetry are not hostile to each other, that poetry does not necessarily decline and die out in proportion as civilisation advances and is brought to perfection. The question, "What will be the future of poetry?" seems to me an interesting one.

When we cast a glance over the prosaic, work-a-day modern world—the hard and fast life which most of us lead, the drudgery, mental and social, which has become a necessity in this late stage of the world's history, when materials are used up, and everywhere men are straining with convulsive eagerness after something new and original—when we consider the cold, sceptical, utilitarian spirit which at every turn is ready to "freeze the genial current" of the poet's soul; when we realise the high tension of every nerve, social, political, intellectual, moral; then we are forced to ask ourselves, "Is poetry, indeed, the bright-winged nymph, with the sources of eternal life and youth in herself, such as we have been accustomed to imagine her? or is there danger that, at a more or less remote period, she may become a dead fossil of other ages?"

Perhaps there are already in this nineteenth century some "with soul so dead" that they are ready to cry, "And what if

it be so? Would not the world get on quite as well without poetry?" A modern writer has said, in paradoxical form, "The beautiful is as useful as the useful—and, perhaps, more useful." Let us consider some of the uses of poetry. Though its chief object is no doubt to please and delight, yet it is not, therefore, a vain or unprofitable study. It refines and elevates the soul no less than it charms the imagination and gives polish and elegance to the mind. A pure taste, though it can never supply the place of moral virtue, or compensate for its absence, forms, nevertheless, the proper complement of virtue: like the chaste ornament on a fair maiden, which seems to enhance the perfect beauty from which it borrows lustre. The cultivation of a taste for poetry develops in us a love of the beautiful, the good, and the true. It gives dignity and elevation to the thoughts, and delicacy and vivacity to the imagination, enabling us to throw over the bare, harsh details of life a thousand tender graces and ideal charms, which lovingly cover up all that is prosaic and unlovely; and thus Poetry serves as the handmaid of Philosophy, helping to reconcile us to every lot, and enabling us to bear with equanimity and cheerfulness the stern realities of life. Take poetry out of the world, and you take the soul out of the body. All the relations of social life, if they lost their ideality, would become gross, interested, selfish. Peace would lose its most beautiful ornaments, and war—once strip it of the ideal virtues of loyalty and patriotism—what is it but a hideous butchery, in which men lower themselves to the level of savage beasts? Even religion, which is the highest form of ideal life—could it long exist in a society so materialised as we have imagined? The refining influence of religion is an idealising influence; the sublimest truth is also the sublimest poetry. In proof of this, much might be said on the poetry of the Bible. Where shall we find all that constitutes true poetry—lofty sentiments, bold and striking metaphors, noble language, the richest and most varied imagery—in a higher form than in the prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel, in the Psalms of David, or in the luxuriantly beautiful Song of Solomon? This ancient Hebrew poetry has been recognised by the most learned as a source whence the highest poetical motives are to be derived; while, on the other hand, by the single study of this Book, the rudest, most uncultivated minds have become sublime. The Bible has matured a Milton, it has inspired a Bunyan: while some of those who have most attacked its doctrines have often, consciously or unconsciously, owed to its influence much of

their vigour and elegance. And this sublimity of the Biblical poetry comes from the sublimity of the subjects it treats. Take away religion, and poetry must suffer; take away poetry, and, perhaps, religion must suffer.

Such, then, being the importance of poetry, it is surely worth while to consider the question of its future. Do we indeed live in an age when poetry, and with it the love of the beautiful and true, is on the decline? when the rich mines of thought and feeling have been so worked out and exhausted that it is hopeless to expect new treasures?

I remember having once heard quoted the remark of an eminent musician, who, with regard to his own art, said that, however airs and melodies might be multiplied, yet such endless variety was possible in the combinations of tones and modulations, that the science of music was absolutely inexhaustible and infinite. The same speaker called into question whether this could be said of poetry too. Have we any ground for supposing that it can? I think we have, and gladly turn to the brighter view. Though the world is old, and far advanced in that experience and shrewdness which old age acquires—too often, perhaps, at the expense of the nobler and more generous impulses of youth—yet individual life is ever young; and whether a man lives in the nineteenth century or in Homer's time, he is born with more or less of the germs of poetry in his soul. Love, patriotism, religion, the noblest motives of poetical inspiration, are not limited to any age or nation. Though they may be more conspicuous, more fully developed, at one epoch, under certain conditions of society, than at another; nevertheless, these impulses which, expressed or unexpressed, are the poetry of the soul, are, in a greater or less degree, universal; they are instincts graven in the human heart by an eternal Hand, Whose impress neither time nor circumstances can wholly obliterate. Whether Æschylus stirs our soul as with the sound of a trumpet, by the solemn yet exultant pæan of the heroic little band at Salamis, when, in the name of all dear to them—their country and their country's gods, their wives and children, and the tombs of their fathers—they press forward to roll back the sweeping tide of barbaric invasion which is insolently threatening to overwhelm and submerge Europe; or whether our Saxon forefathers raise a wild song of triumph to celebrate a victory at Finnesburg or Brunanburh; or whether, in the nineteenth century, a Byron or a Scott sings in martial strains the deliverance of Europe from tyranny by British valour at Waterloo—

the song of each is inspired alike by that touch of nature which makes akin, not only the whole world, but also its most widely-separated ages.

As, therefore, the seeds of poetry are found in the human soul throughout all ages, to suppose that these will not from time to time germinate and produce a beautiful and stately growth would be like supposing the possibility of a time when earth will cease to bring forth her flowers and fruits. Yet it must be allowed that certain conditions and phases of society are more favourable than others to the healthy growth and development of poetry. In an age like the present, when the aspirants to fame are multiplied; when the world is inundated with literature, good and bad; when books are written mechanically, and read sometimes, perhaps, scarcely less mechanically; when, both in literature and society, we find much that is cold and cynical, more that is shallow and artificial, or trite and insipid, and much false or exaggerated taste; it is not without reason that we ask what fate awaits the poetry of the future.

We cannot better counteract these unfavourable influences than by cultivating in ourselves a pure taste by the conscientious and diligent study of good models—the ancients, in whom is the fountain-head of true poetry, and the best moderns—and also by resisting that tendency of the age to look down with cold, sceptical indifference, and even contempt, on all that is spiritual, beautiful, and sublime.

But what kind of poetry may we expect in the future? To look for new thoughts and sentiments at this late day is hopeless. By originality and elegance of form and expression alone will the modern poet be able to make common property his own individual possession; but in seeking after originality he will need most carefully to guard against affectation and a new euphuism. This difficulty, felt, indeed, by the so-called correct poets of the early part of last century, is still greater in the century in which we live, and it grows with every succeeding literary age; so much so, indeed, that we are sometimes almost tempted to raise the question whether there will ever be an epoch when, all having been said, all having been written, the author's profession will be no more, and a happy posterity will sit down to enjoy the "spoils of time" without seeking to add to them—like a young prince who succeeds peaceably to the heritage which his father won by much toil and many a wound. Yet we must not forget that history will supply new subjects, if it cannot supply new thoughts. Who



knows but our apparently prosaic age may yet furnish materials for some future Shakspeare? It is by no means destitute of stirring events, and these, when seen through the long perspective of ages, will win a poetic beauty of their own; for, as the writer of the essay in the *Owens College Magazine* very aptly remarks, "The common grey mists of this age will be the sunset glories of the next." The truth of this is borne out by the analogy of moral experience in individuals, as anyone who has lived long enough to enjoy the retrospective pleasures of memory well knows. Events seen through the mellowing light of years have about them a fairy glamour of poetic illusion, which the events of to-day never have.

"Past and to come seem best, things present worst." This inexhaustibility, then, of dramatic materials, together with the modern love of the drama, seems to promise an immortal life to dramatic poetry; and if only at any future epoch a great dramatic genius and a pure popular taste, resulting from the wider diffusion of education and a more general study of the best English models, should coincide, why may we not, even after Shakspeare, yet hope for great things in this department of poetic art?

Then, an age of high civilisation, refinement, and luxury will always furnish abundantly the materials of satire. Indeed, satire is the creation and necessary attendant of such an age; and, although in its own nature scarcely to be called poetry, it is capable of receiving effectively the poetical form, and is as useful when rightly used as it is dangerous when abused. For this kind of literature the chief requisites are: an intimate knowledge of society, with keen discernment of character to distinguish the false from the true, the foolish and absurd from that which does not deserve the lash of ridicule; a faultless taste, a refined wit, and grace and elegance of expression. Thus, the satirist is rather the poet of society than of nature, the exponent, in lighter or graver tones, according to his own character or the requirements of his age, of common sense, good taste, truth, and right. His object is, by polish and elegance, to commend moral truths to men who need to learn them, but are too deeply immersed in a luxurious refinement to love truth for its own sake.

Besides dramatic poetry and satire, for those who, with a loving heart and delicate hand, know how to detect and work out the rich vein of poetry that lies in humble or domestic life, there will never be wanting subjects for short narrative poems, the idyls of the common every-day world around us. In this kind of poetry



perhaps no age has been so rich as our own ; and we need only read poems like Tennyson's "Dora," his "Enoch Arden," or "Queen of the May," to learn that such subjects, in skilful hands, are susceptible of the most exquisite pathos, beauty, and poetic grace. Of the same nature, though more heroic in form, is Goethe's delightful little poem, "Hermann and Dorothea," which in naïve grace is perhaps the best model of its kind. This is a source of poetry which will exist as long as "the People" exist, and never be exhausted while there is a heroism in patient suffering and self-denying love, or hearts to sympathise with such heroism.

The talented author of the "Last Crusade" has shown us that poems of a more epic character are even now, in the nineteenth century, not impossible. But the age for the epic proper has passed away. In this busy, fast-living modern world, men have not time to write, scarcely to read, an epic. Besides, the world has lost its child-like faith, its heroic enthusiasm and love of adventure : conditions which are necessary to the birth of a poem of this kind. Epic poems may, indeed, even in a highly refined and sophisticated age, be artificially produced ; but then they lose much of the character of an epic, so that it is perhaps impossible for the world to have two or more epics that can rightly lay claim to the name. Already in Virgil's age it was difficult to write an epic, though his genius nobly accomplished the task. Yet, in order to perceive the difference between the epic of art and the epic of nature, one only need compare Virgil and Homer. Homer is simple, easy-flowing, natural ; Virgil, studied, polished, elaborate. If we knew nothing of the history of either, or of the circumstances under which they wrote, we should nevertheless feel that Virgil was the poet of an age of high culture, learning, and refinement, who reproduced, with the loftiest genius indeed, yet necessarily by an artificial process, an heroic age which no longer existed, and which he recalls in order to restore with a fresh breeze from the old poetic world men jaded with the conventionalities of a prosaic age. Homer, on the other hand, gives us the impression that the scenes and events he describes, the characters he so vividly, yet so naturally and unostentatiously, brings up living before us, were the very elements in which he lived and moved. He sings a naïve song to naïve men, in the world's youth, when the poet is unconscious of his own grandeur, and the warrior of his own heroism ; because all around them is poetry and heroism, it is the very air they breathe. Homer sings as the wild-wood bird sings—because God has filled his swelling breast with song, which

he *must* pour forth. Virgil also sings from true inspiration and love of song; but he sings for applause too. He sings to please well-cultured ears, to win the admiration of his prince, to transmit his name to posterity in immortal fame. To use a borrowed simile, "Homer has the beauty of the fresh, dewy flower: Virgil, that of the cut and polished gem."

Like the epic, lyric poetry too, in which the epic has its origin, flourishes best in a simple and unsophisticated state of society, and at an epoch when the poet may express himself freely and naturally, without feeling bound anxiously to consider whether the same thought has been expressed in the same form by another poet. Thus we notice in our earlier songs and ballads a native grace, which, for the most part, we miss in those of to-day. Indeed, judging from the majority of our quite modern songs, as well as from the indifference with which the poetry of a song is generally regarded in comparison with the music, we are led to augur somewhat unfavourably for the poetry of the future. But, however this may be, we have in our old songs and ballads a treasure on which we may always fall back.

What new forms of poetry the future may develop is a question too wide to be discussed here. Let it, however, suffice us to know that the poet's resources are not exhausted; that they are as various and multitudinous as the prismatic shades of thought and feeling within our hearts; that poetry is inseparable from human existence, and immortal as the human soul.

E. P.

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### HASLINGDEAN'S MYSTERY.

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Turn, turn, my wheel!

Turn round and round

Without a pause, without a sound.

—*Longfellow.*

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People in Smokington, people in Haslingdean village, all who know George Rivers, wonder how it is that a junior cashier can afford to live in so nice a house, and that in the best position in the pretty village. For cashiers, even the seniors, those who have grown grey or lost their hair in the service, have only, as everyone knows, £250 a year, yet here is the very "junior," who ought to have been single and eking out a genteel shabbiness in "diggings," in possession of a cosy home, a nice little wife, and

two, if not three, "olive-branches," and looking, as he is, happy and comfortable.

This is the conundrum to which the gossips of the neighbourhood have given their attention for five years past, and yet have they arrived at no satisfactory solution. And as the result of their annoyance at the lack of information, or by reason of that innate "envy and all uncharitableness" to which we poor humans are prone, you may be sure there are not wanting original explanations which do more credit to their head than to their heart, and suggestions made with shrug of shoulder and blinking eye in hotel parlour and across boudoir tea-table, that "one *has* heard of living beyond one's means," or that "embezzlement, like murder, will always out, sooner or later, you know, ma'am."

Now all this curiosity would have been speedily satisfied if our friends the gossips had gone the right way to work; for George is really a good sort of fellow, and if an acquaintance had only approached the subject in a proper spirit and informed him of the universal desire for explanation, the whole matter would, years ago, have been given an account of in George's open, straightforward way, and the soul of the scoffer and gossip in Midshire have been laid at rest. But the fact that his friends and neighbours took an interest in his affairs only reached him indirectly by the repetition of some idle talk concerning the origin of his improved position; and in his anger at their folly he swore never to enlighten them, and he never did.

But we, the chronicler of Mason College, can, with literary privilege, relate to our readers the romantic narrative for which all Haslingdean and most of Smokington would give their ears.

Five years ago, no one could have particularly envied George Rivers his frame of mind as he treadled his bicycle up Stepping Stone Hill, the last ascent coming from Smokington to Haslingdean. His face, bent over the handle-bar, wore a look of troubled thought and perplexity; but his thoughts were not of the road, nor did his gaze, though directed downward, pay any attention to the state of the macadam which he was traversing at a speed which seemed in unison with his condition. What was he conning over with so much anxiety? What? Why a problem that he was not now debating for the first or thousandth time, a problem that most of us have under consideration some time in our lives:—"Can a bare income for one keep two? Can it, can it really?"

His position at the present time was, to say the least, uncomfortable. When George's father suddenly died, his widow

found that her dear husband's generous habits had always been rather more than equal to the expenditure of his income, and that a very small residue would be the portion of herself and her only child. She was therefore glad to receive, a few days after George Rivers' decease, a letter from his brother Joseph, offering her a home at Haslingdean. Yet this occasioned her much astonishment. You will ask, Why? We hear every day of relatives showing the same kindness to one another. Well, you see, in similarity of feature Joseph and George Rivers were brothers indeed, but there the resemblance ended. Jolly indeed, and generous, Joseph *looked*, but alas! he was far from being so. His banker's balance, I can assure you, was excellent, for before he came to live in the snug home at Haslingdean, he had earned a competence by a 'cute speculation in wheat during the Russian War scare, and since then his insatiable *amor nummi* had ever urged him on, and he who could plead poverty on occasion never found himself in want of funds to apply in any undertaking promising cent per cent.

Now, Joseph had never married. "It was a risky speculation," he said, "and an investment for fools." And as luck would have it, just before his brother died he had suffered a serious loss in the decease of his housekeeper, a woman after his own heart, so far as thriftiness was concerned. Therefore, while he felt he was obeying a most extraordinary impulse of kindness when he offered his sister-in-law the vacant place, he yet considered it some recompense that he thereby secured faithful service at "something under the market price." So George had grown up in his uncle's house, and received all the care of a doting mother and the benefit of a good education. His good uncle had always kept him to his books, and had taken the first opportunity to put him into a bank at Smokington. For, said he to himself, "the better place the boy can get, and the sooner he gets it, the less expense he will be to me."

George had been docile as a boy, and as a youth quiet and hardworking, till lately. He could hardly believe it, he reflected on his way home that evening, that three months ago he had apparently no object in life beyond pleasing his mother and satisfying his taskmasters at Smokington, and that three months ago he had not even spoken to Carrie Wrentham. Why, he seemed to have known her, or at least her ideal, for ages; to have had her image, and hers only ever enshrined in the sanctuary of his heart. This same Carrie, a dark-haired, liquid-eyed Hebe, was responsible for much disturbance of a quiet existence: her

advent into the current of George's life had been as a stone casting out ripples which agitated it now from bank to bank, from source to sea. With happy intuition of its reciprocal nature, their love was declared, and it was only heightened by the later reflection that ways and means on both sides were but limited, and prospects dismal. For Carrie was the daughter of Haslingdean's perpetual curate, "passing rich" on little more than Goldsmith's Vicar; and George was not long in learning the hopelessness of any help from the benevolent-looking Joseph: *he* would not encourage improvident marriages. Besides, had he not set aloft for his nephew the beacon of a good example!

Day by day, and night after night, for weeks past, had George considered how he could redeem his pledge to Carrie without delay. "Shall I ask for a rise at the bank?" he soliloquised. "No; they're as obdurate as Uncle Joe when an increase of salary, and not of work, is concerned. Shall I 'list? There's no knowing, I may come back Governor of some Eastern Dependency, wealthy and honoured, to claim my Carrie. Bah!" he added in despair, "ere that I should be bald and toothless, and Carrie a decrepit spinster."

Anon, in better spirits, he continued: "I have a sufficiency for one now; I believe a good manager could make the money go twice as far, so that it would keep two. Such a manager (he was saying almost aloud) is ....." But his last words were drowned by a stentorian voice yelling, "Now stoopid! are yer going to run the trap down?" George looked up to find that in his abstraction he had overtaken, and was dangerously close behind, a trap which he had noticed on the hill in front. A very flashy vehicle this dogcart was—of a chocolate hue, picked out with yellow, and drawn by a high-stepping horse. Flashy, too, were its occupants. Their attitude, their dress, their speech, bespoke them "of the horse, horsey." "Fellows from Smokington races," thought George. Then he gave a gasp, for between them, evidently on good terms with himself and them, sat his respected uncle. "Halloo, uncle!" he exclaimed; "I didn't know you were in town to-day." "Business, my boy," replied his uncle, smiling—"unexpected; had to be attended to at once."

Reaching the top of the long ascent just then, the horse carried off the chocolate-yellow trap at a swinging pace, leaving George again to his reflections. In another quarter of an hour he jumped off his bicycle at the entrance gate of the villa, to see the gay dogcart standing there empty, in the charge of John, the man-

servant. Visitors were rare at The Laurels; they were much too expensive an item for uncle Joe to favour them. Therefore, on entering the house, George was considerably surprised to find the two sporting gentlemen comfortably ensconced in the dining-room, and evidently much pleased by the prospects of dinner.

"Let me introduce you, my boy," said his uncle. "Captain Greete" (a thin, active-looking man), "Mr. Joseph Ford" (a gentleman with features a credit to a member of the prize-ring); "my nephew George. George, these gentlemen have kindly consented to stay dinner."

And to dinner they stayed, and did more than justice to a really good meal; for a luxurious commissariat is uncle Joe's weak point. Mrs. Rivers, learning that strange gentlemen were to dine, contented herself with seeing the dinner well served, and did not put in an appearance. She scarcely missed an intellectual treat, though she might have gleaned some valuable "tips" about "future events" or the latest "movements on 'Change," from the Captain.

The Captain told them, that having witnessed the Smokington races, they were now driving across country to Rodingham to see some land he had heard was for sale there, "cheap, sir, dirt cheap!"

"Do you do anything in Rentes?" asked the Captain of uncle Joseph; "but I see you do—Trinidads at 30, eh? They're sure to rise."

"A little on 'Change now and then," said uncle in a deprecating way.

"Don't tell me, sir. I can see you are a knowing hand at that sort of thing."

"D-mme y'are," muttered Mr. Ford in emphasis.

"But perhaps," continued the Captain, "you don't know that the Mysore Debentures are worth holding just now. I have information I don't mind imparting to a good fellow—information," he added, lowering his voice and looking round as if to ensure privacy, "that a new vein, twenty feet thick, has been struck. Matter not public yet; company's engineer a friend of mine."

George saw that this conversation was highly interesting his uncle. He was, therefore, not surprised after dinner to hear him pressing his new friends to accept beds for the night. After some reluctance—perhaps assumed, judging from subsequent events—they graciously assented.

It was not till a late hour that the ill-assorted group separated. Uncle Joe, in the fulness of his heart, before retiring for the night, exclaimed to George, "Splendid fellows, aren't they? Offered to

give me a lift just outside town. What a well-informed chap the Captain is!" "Very," replied George, a tinge of sarcasm in his tone, "he seems to know something about everything and everybody."

"Just so, my boy!" said the uncle rapturously; "and so open, so good-natured! What he told me to-night I shall make splendid use of, for I went to town to get some cash for the Tontine scheme I had news of this morning, and I shall do so much better in Mysore. What luck! I shall certainly make you some little present at Christmas, George."

Two hours passed before George fell into a troubled sleep. For some weeks his sleep had not been of a thoroughly refreshing kind. No; "Nature's sweet restorer" and he were not on good terms just now. So, to-night, the capricious god mocked our hero, leading him in fancy through gigantic difficulties and exaggerated situations, all boding destruction, or at least trouble, to his dear one. But Morpheus at length forbore; for now George, with Carrie at his side, seemed to be driving fast across a lovely sunlit plain in a trap of chocolate hue picked out with yellow, having—no! yes it was!—Uncle Joe, bitted and curbed, in the tapering shafts. Everything looked promising for a speedy wedding in a fine church, distant yet, but getting rapidly into better view, when, behold! the sun went down o'er the plain, the steed abruptly stopped, and like Balaam's ass gave tongue:—

"Ge-orge, Ge-orge, my b-b-boy, George! Wake up! I'm ruined—ruined!"

George returned to a sense of the material world to find beside his bed his uncle, shaking as with a palsy (was it the coldness of the night air?), his jolly face of a dead white, his voice full of dire distress. "What's the matter," he exclaimed, sitting up in bed, rubbing his eyes, and looking earnestly at his uncle as if expecting to see the chocolate-yellow trap behind him. "Is it time to get up?"

"Time to get up!" groaned the wretched man. "They've robbed me, the villains!"

"What?" cried George, now fully awake. "Who?"

"The men I fed and entertained have burst into my room, broken open my desk—you know, the mahogany one—and whilst the Captain kept a pistol at my head, the other brute carried off all I possess. Before my eyes, my very eyes! Hark!"

He rushed to the window over the porch, as carriage-wheels were heard grinding on the gravel outside—"There they go!"

Whilst his poor uncle was jerking out the story of his betrayal George had slipped into his coat and trousers, and was now making for the stairs without definite aim or purpose other than to raise a hue-and-cry. But he could scarce have reached the stairhead when, to the dismay of the poor dupe, he turned and came back with slower step, and putting his hand on the old man's shoulder, said—

"Uncle, I'm very sorry for you ; and I'll try to catch the thieves, God helping me, but—but on one condition : that you give me the cash for the Mysore."

"Mercenary wretch !" screamed his uncle, in shrill unnatural tones, the excitement of the new situation bringing back the blood to his usually rubicund visage. "You're wasting time, when every minute's worth a sovereign. Have I brought you up all these years to have you fail me at a pinch ?"

This taunt made George flush in turn, but the righteousness of his object kept him to his purpose.

"I don't owe you much, uncle, if books were balanced," he said with a professional air, "and all I ask you now is a bill of exchange—a *quid pro quo*, you know. But, as you say, time is valuable. Say yes, and off I go ;" and he picked up his old-fashioned chamber candlestick, adding, "I think I can nab them yet."

The old man had sunk into a chair, his colour gone again ; thoroughly miserable he felt, and thoroughly miserable he looked, wringing his hands and making night hideous as he swung to and fro with groans and moans distressing to hear. "Ruined, undone, undone !" he muttered, "and none to help."

"Now, uncle, say yes."

Easily that little word may be spoken, and (my lady readers will perhaps bear me out) very readily under certain circumstances ; but it was a hard alternative which our thrifty old friend had before him. He must lose whole or part, when willing to lose neither ; he must sacrifice that which he had come to value more than comfort, kith, or kin. The beads of sweat, the clasped hands, and working features bore witness to the sharp pang it gave him to say "Yes, begone !" and he did so with threatening hand and muttered curse.

The words had hardly passed his uncle's reluctant lips ere George rushed through the door and reached the hall. But not so hasty yet. At that moment a thin white figure with grey dishevelled locks flung itself upon him. It was his mother. "George, dear,"



she said tremulously, "what is it? I'm so frightened." Now our hero, we know, was always tender of his mother, but at this crisis there was no time for dalliance. So he put her gently aside as he whispered, "It's all right, mother; I'm going to fetch Carrie home." Poor lady! His mysterious language completed her state of terror, and she sank down on the hearth-rug of the hall.

Out to the coach-house he rushed to find, as he expected, the doors wide open. Groping to the back, for the night was dark and starless, he grasped his iron steed, jumped into the saddle, still retaining the candlestick, then dashed through the gateway and round the corner into the main road.

His was, indeed, a hazardous task. To baulk of their prey two determined ruffians, well equipped for flight, and probably well armed, whilst he, half-dressed, had but his own courage and resource to trust to. But enthusiasm in a worthy cause has been known before now to nerve the arm and strengthen the hand of the few against the many, the weak against the strong; and George's enthusiasm was as boundless as his love, and his cause most worthy—for was not Carrie's happiness the guerdon of success? With his plan successful, he could demand from his uncle that which, sordid in itself, would remove the stumbling-block to their union.

Wild with excitement and hope, he sped down the road towards town, perfecting his plans as he went. "Yes, I must pass them before they reach Stepping Stone Hill; I can rush by in the darkness and *then for the turnpike.*"

He had in his mind a turnpike at the bottom of the hill, which was always closed at night, the custodian of which also held the office of constable for that district of the county. His heart beat quickly as five, ten minutes past, and he saw no signs of the trap. The vision of Carrie and the wedding seemed fading into thin air, when, turning the corner near the top of the hill, he heard the trap ahead. Such was his speed that he seemed almost immediately to come up with it, and, like a spectre invisible and unheard, he glided past his uncle's ungrateful guests.

Now the descent began. The machine previously urged along at speed, now took matters quite into its own hands. Despairing of brake or pedalling to safely check his career, down, down George spun, deafened by the rushing air; never had Stepping Stone Hill seemed so short or the way so steep. On and on his trusty bike carried him, as it seemed by Providence, avoiding stones and sticks; and now the turnpike loomed dark ahead. Closed as usual, but a

faint light within. This is the moment for daring deed and the prize is won! Running the bike on to the grass alongside the road, George grasps the saddle with both hands, steadies himself for a second and drops down behind—but on his feet, though driven inches down into the yielding turf; then he falls prostrate. Deftly he has done it, brave Britisher! and is stunned but for a minute, then makes for the door at which the custodian appears, aroused by the onslaught on his charge.

Luckily, the officer is unusually intelligent, and, recognising George, he is soon calm enough to take in the situation and help to prepare for the reception of our friends, the sound of whose trap is now heard descending the hill. Two minutes and the trap has halted. The occupants, thinking the pikeman asleep, commence to arouse him with loud-toned blasphemy. After a little delay he appears—"I give you good ev'ning, gentlemen." "Open the gate, idiot!" was the angry response. Dangling the keys, he passes the horse's head, apparently to open the gate, but takes the opportunity to slip the reins over a staple there. Then, as if he had forgotten, the constable or pikeman advanced to the side of the trap to take the toll. This diversion enabled George to come up unobserved on the other side. Perceiving this, D 37, dropping for the nonce his other character, jumped on the step, and putting a strong hand on the Captain's collar, uttered the unwelcome words, "In the Queen's name!"

"What the ——!" exclaimed Mr. Ford rising to smite the rude pikeman, "Open the gate, will yer!" But his blow never fell, though George's candlestick did—a mighty whack on Mr. Ford's occiput; and that worthy fell down into the trap streaming with gore.

Perceiving now how matters stood, the Captain, never a brave man, yielded himself a quiet prisoner. "A good job spoiled, Mr. Rivers," was all he said as he recognised George.

The pseudo-Captain was taken within, and his colleague carried there too. But at dawn of day George and the pikeman, who had mounted guard over them, were relieved of their charge, and the former had the gratification of returning at a slower pace on foot, but with his prize in his pocket, to Haslingdean.

May 6th, 1887.

N. E. M. E. D.

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### THE UNION.

*March 25th.*—Musical Evening. Paper on "Ballads," by Miss CHARLES, with illustrations.

In considering the ballad, Miss CHARLES said we were brought face to face with the earliest form of lyrical art; the first rude attempts at verse among all nations being of the nature of ballads. In some cases these primeval poems had been handed down to posterity in their original form, but in others they had become welded together into one continuous whole, forming an epic. Some Homeric critics regarded the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* merely as compilations of old popular ballads, and the *Nibelunglied* and the *Spanish Cid* had undoubtedly grown out of such simple beginnings. The name "ballad," of Italian origin, had, as its congeners, "ball" and "ballet," and meant originally a dancing song, the earliest authentic examples of which were the ballistea of the Romans. Our early lyrical outbursts, however, were no fosterlings of the Roman ballistea, but native products of the hardy Northern soil. They had already passed through the troubles of infancy before they were first designated ballads—a name which now signifies a poem that is narrative in substance, lyrical in form, and traditionary in origin. There was a certain degree of similarity between the ballads of England and Scotland. Both nations celebrated the deeds of the Douglas and the Percie; both laid claim to the same Border Ballad in more than one instance; both told the story of Barbara Allen, with no great difference as to words, though with entire dissimilarity as to tune. Of both nations, too, the harp was the favourite instrument, and the minstrel was as honoured an appendage of the Scottish as of the English Court. In course of time the clergy grew jealous of the influence and popularity of the minstrels, and put them under a ban, not altogether without reason, for they were too often associated with scenes of riot and excess. From this time they began to fall into disrepute, but it was not until Mary's reign that they were subjected by Act of Parliament to the same penalties as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. The minstrels were succeeded by the professional ballad-makers, whose works, for the most part, have fallen into well-deserved oblivion. Puritanism dealt a death-blow to the traditionary ballad, but the old tunes and songs lived on as purely oral compositions, preserved in the hearts and memories of the people, until collections of them began to be made and published during the last century.

Miss CHARLES then proceeded to give a very interesting account of some of the most popular English and Scottish ballads, and the following programme was performed in illustration of her remarks:—

"The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" .....	Miss BRIERLEY.
"Old King Cole" .....	Mr. AMPHLETT.
"The Miller of the Dee" .....	Mr. DANIELL.
"Sally in our Alley" .....	Mr. SADLER.
"Barbara Allan" .....	Miss S. MARRIS.
"Allen-a-Dale" .....	Miss GOODMAN.
	Miss L. J. CHARLES.
	Mr. SADLER.
	Mr. TAUNTON.
"Jock o' Hazeldean" .....	Miss GOODMAN.
"The Braes of Yarrow" .....	Mr. WYATT.

From "Oberon in Fairyland" (Part Song)...	{ Miss GOODMAN. Miss L. J. CHARLES. Mr. SADLER. Mr. TAUNTON. Mr. SPOONER. Mr. TAUNTON. Mr. MINERS. Mr. WYATT. Miss GOODMAN. Mr. AMPHLETT.
"Green-sleeves" .....	
"Black-eyed Susan" .....	
"The Willow-tree" .....	
"Lizzie Lindsay" .....	
"The Lincolnshire Poacher" .....	

Accompanists : Miss PEARSON and Mr. LEDSAM.

At the close of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks to Miss CHARLES for her very interesting paper, and to the ladies and gentlemen whose renderings of the above admirable selection of ballads had largely contributed to the evening's enjoyment, was proposed by Mr. LANGFORD, seconded by Mr. NEAL, and carried with acclamation. Special attention was called by Miss CHARLES to the services of Miss PEARSON and Mr. LEDSAM, who had assisted her in organising the entertainment, and who acquitted themselves of the difficult duties of accompanists with noteworthy efficiency.

About 200 members and friends were present.

March 6th.—Debate :—"That a Midland University is imperatively necessary."

Mr. J. F. JORDAN was elected chairman, in place of Mr. EHRHARDT, who has left England; and in Mr. JORDAN's unavoidable absence Mr. STEEN was elected chairman *pro tem*.

Mr. LOVE, in opening the debate, said he should define education as knowledge of one's self and of the world. Such knowledge could be best acquired in a University, whose members enjoyed a large amount of liberty, yet were so far under supervision as to be saved from making any serious mistakes. In a University exchange of opinion was more free than in ordinary society; a knowledge of the individual's comparative worth was there obtained, and also a knowledge of his relation to that part of the universe not consisting of human beings. A University had the advantage over a College in that it laid down a certain course of study, enforced residence, and was independent of external examinations, which were a hindrance to College work and conducive to "cram." In a University students were more likely to grow up who would study science for its own sake, and advance it by research. A University in Birmingham would appeal both to the mechanic and the leisured classes, and would evoke the public spirit for which the town was noted.

Mr. TURNER dwelt on the fact that existing institutions did not receive sufficient popular support, because they did not pay enough attention to popular requirements. What was wanted was a University for the people and supported by the people, but it must be preceded by a great expansion of present institutions. In conclusion he proposed the following amendment :—"That previously to the establishment of a Midland University, the resources and achievements of our existing educational institutions must be largely developed."

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN seconded the amendment, on the ground that the multiplication of Universities would tend to lower the educational standard, that external examinations were necessarily impartial, and that the expense of maintaining many Universities would be too great.

Mr. R. DELL moved a second amendment, to the effect that the need of the Midlands was not for a University, but for a Technical School. He, however, withdrew it on the Chairman ruling that it was out of order, and spoke against the motion.

Professor SONNENSCHNEN deprecated putting the social advantages of University life before the primary objects for which a University was founded. The strongest argument for a University was its freedom from external examinations, which tended to crush originality in teaching. That the multiplication of Universities did not necessarily involve deterioration in the value of degrees was seen in Germany and America.

Messrs. REYNOLDS, LAWRENCE, ROBINSON, LARNER, and LEDSAM also contributed to the discussion. Both the amendment and the original motion were lost by large majorities. About 120 members and friends were present.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The April issue of *The Pioneer Journal* (published by E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.) does not in any way detract from the high character which that review has already obtained among people who are interested in seriously discussing the questions of the day. It opens with a very pretty little poem, "The Misanthrope." The theme, as the title would suggest, is somewhat gloomy, but it is treated with much originality of thought and expression, and the result is a production distinctly above the ordinary magazine standard. "Joseph Skipsey, Poet and Miner," forms the subject of an interesting and sympathetic article—partly a criticism, partly a biography. Mr. Skipsey, whose name is possibly unfamiliar to some of our readers, is a Northumberland miner, who, notwithstanding the severe labour of his life, has written poetry of a character which has won the admiration of men like Rossetti. Several short extracts are given—enough to show that, despite many defects, Mr. Skipsey has in his nature much of the true poet; and we can only regret that "fickle fortune" has not been kinder to him in material things. The *pièce de résistance* of the number is furnished by Mr. Percy Chubb in an article entitled "From Old to New." We are not sure if Mr. Chubb would confess to the gentle indictment of being a Socialist, but whether he would plead guilty or not to this charge, he is able, in the space of about a dozen pages, to give us a very clear and succinct account of the views and aspirations of many who would not shrink from accepting the somewhat terrible name. The article is thoughtful, eloquent, and philosophic, and utterly devoid of rant or cant of any kind, and to every one who is at all interested in the solving of the greatest problem of the age we cordially recommend it. The other papers are:—"Spelling Reform," in which our present illogical and unscientific system is unsparingly condemned; "Handicrafts," a strong and earnest appeal for the development of Home Art; a paper on the effect of Matthew Arnold's teachings, by a gentleman who, judging from his article, has not drunk at the fountain of "sweetness and light" in vain; and a short paper on the all-engrossing Irish Question, in which the writer defends the granting of Home Rule to the sister island, instancing with what success the limited form of self-government in its municipalities has been carried out.

The Editor of *The Magazine of the University College of Wales* has an interesting programme to offer his readers. The first article is styled "Farrago Atheniensis," and is an interesting and amusing sketch of public

and private life at the Greek City about the time of Demosthenes. Those interested in the public life of our own day will feel satisfaction in learning that, notwithstanding the present almost fever heat of party controversy, so far as the courtesies of debate are concerned our politicians compare very favourably with the Athenian orators. Miss Carter discourses learnedly on Sub-consciousness, and Dr. Ethé contributes the first part of what promises to be a somewhat gruesome story. In the portion set apart for College news we note the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" last February, but no criticism of it is given.

*The Uppingham School Magazine*, in its April number, maintains its high position among contemporaries. The list of contents is of a most varied nature, ranging from Earthquakes to Concerts, and from Poems to "Fives." Perhaps we ought specially to mention the lively account of the Boat Race and the "Grace before Meat," though with respect to the latter we think a little less of the royal anecdote would not have lowered the value of the paper.

We suppose that Girton has no desire that its magazine should shine as a centre of "light and leading" among other productions of a similar nature. Certainly, if one may judge from the March number, there is no remarkable evidence of literary ambition among its students, for with one exception the contents of the *Review* are terribly dull. Of the more serious contributions, one which takes as its text "Wisdom," is thoughtful, but decidedly prosy. The one exception to the heavy monotony is the Prize Song at the celebration of the Passing of the Graces—whatever this strange festival may be. We are sorry that space will not permit of our giving it in full, so our readers must be content with one verse, which will convey an idea of the general drift:—

"There are dons beyond Cambridge and brains beyond Caius;  
If you've men by the Cam, we've maids by the leas;  
And hard-working students, full fourscore and three,"  
Will cry 'Justice to Girton, come grant the degree!'"

We also acknowledge with thanks *The Central Literary Magazine*, *The Reptonian*, *The Marlburian*, *The King Edward's School Chronicle* (2), *Our Magazine*, *The Midland Institute Magazine*.

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### POESY CLUB.

*April 26th.*—Professor ARBER in the chair.

This meeting was devoted to papers on the works of Edmund Spenser, the poet selected for special study during the Summer Term. Owing to an insufficient response to the appeal for quotations, no quotation competition was held.

Mr. LEDSAM, who had taken the place of Mr. WYATT at a short notice, told the story of Spenser's life, prefacing it with a brief description of the glorious epoch which produced the "poet's poet." Born of poor parents, in London, between 1551 and 1553, Spenser entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a sizar in 1569, proceeding to the degree of B.A. in 1573, and to that of M.A. in 1576. About 1578, he was appointed private secretary to the new Lord-Deputy of Ireland, Lord Grey, whom he accompanied to the scene of his duties. In 1586, through the influence of friends, he obtained a grant of land in Kilcolman, in County Cork, and produced the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* in the midst of that Hibernian wilderness. Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he submitted the poem, was so delighted with

it that he compelled Spenser to come to England, and introduced him to Queen Elizabeth, who received him with high favour, and conferred on him a pension of £50 a year. In 1591, he returned to Ireland, and, two years later, married. In 1598, the Queen nominated him High Sheriff of Cork, and a month afterwards the rebellion of the treacherous Tyrone burst out with great fury; Kilcolman Castle was attacked, Spenser obliged to flee hastily away, and in the confusion one of his children was left behind and perished in the flames with which the rebels surrounded the castle. Spenser, broken-hearted, returned to London, and died in the following January.

Miss LINDSAY gave a paper on the *Faerie Queene*. She described the poem as an enchanted land, peopled by knights and ladies. Some of the former were brave and true, battling for right, for honour, for justice, for the cause of the oppressed, and with ladies as good as fair; others were bold and bad, or braggart and cowardly, or proud and tyrannous, with ladies whose fair seeming hid foul deformity. Satyrs, nymphs, dragons, monsters, dwelt, too, in this wondrous land. Now we were bidden to a revel of the gods of ocean and stream to celebrate the bridal of Thames and Medway; anon we were present at a tournament, where the prize was Florimell's magic girdle, which, by strange irony, was adjudged to the false Florimell as Queen of Beauty; and yet again we found ourselves in the House of Holinesse, ruled over by Lady Cælia and her three fair daughters, Fidelia, Speranza, and Clarissa. This land of romance was a sort of glorified England; its capital was Cleopolis and its sovereign lady, Gloriana—a sublimated Queen Elizabeth. Spenser, in his introductory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, explained that the poem was a "continued allegory or darke conceit," whose general purpose was to "fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline." Miss LINDSAY described at some length the deeds of Prince Arthur, the hero of the poem, and the adventures of the several knights embodying those of the "XII. morall vertues" with which the poet has dealt.

Miss G. SOUTHALL gave an account of the rest of Spenser's works. His first attempts in literature were probably the "Sonnets of Petrarch," and "Visions of Bellay," which appeared in a miscellany called *The Theatre* in 1569; but his earliest work of note was "The Shepheard's Calendar," published in 1579. Surely no Jubilee Ode had yet appeared equal to the IV. Eclogue of this poem, which was entirely given up to the honour and praise of his most gracious Sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, abruptly termed "Elysa." Nine comedies written about this time were lost, but the praise bestowed on them by Gabriel Harvey informed us that they were no great loss. After brief but comprehensive descriptions of the nine "Complaints," "Colin Clout Come Home Again," and other minor poems of Spenser, Miss SOUTHALL concluded by commenting on his "View of the Present State of Ireland," which she said contained arguments in favour of coercion and against trial by jury in Ireland, which, in their one-sidedness and lack of all recognition of the rights and troubles of the tillers of the soil, might be recommended to the Unionists of to-day.

After a short discussion the meeting terminated.

### COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*May 18th.* Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Ten members present. Mr. T. J. BAKER read a paper on "The Syntheses of the Alkaloids." He briefly described the artificial production of the more

important of these alkaloids, which, up to the present time, had been produced from simple compounds; and indicated how these syntheses were discovered. Dr. TILDEN having made some further observations on the subject, the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to Mr. BAKER for his interesting and instructive paper.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*May 19th.* Mr. LOWE in the chair. After some verbal alterations in the Rules had been passed, the PRESIDENT read a paper on "The Electric Current, and its Connection with the Surrounding Field." It would be impossible, without long quotations, to give an adequate idea of Professor POYNTING's views, or to do justice to this valuable addition to electrical theory; and we are glad to say that a paper containing the subject matter of that which was read to the Society will be published shortly. Professor POYNTING pictured the state of things which is usually described as "an electric current in a conductor" as in reality a propagation of the strained condition of the medium—termed by Faraday Electrostatic induction—from the source of electric energy across the medium to the conducting part of the circuit; the existence of magnetic energy showing that the intervening medium is in motion, being the machinery which transmits the energy. The wire is therefore regarded as the axis to which the energy is converging, to be there dissipated, rather than as an axis of power from which the energy is diverging. Explanations were also given of electric discharge, absorption, and secondary currents. Professor POYNTING described the action of a telegraph cable as illustrating the theory. A discussion followed, in which the CHAIRMAN, Messrs. WHITEHOUSE, HOUSMAN, HAMILTON, and DANIELL took part. After the PRESIDENT had replied, the meeting concluded by passing a vote of thanks to the President for his valuable paper.

### *TENNIS CLUB.*

Disappointment and sadness are the only feelings which the opening of the present tennis season can excite in the members of the Mason College Tennis Club, for it can only serve to make them realise their unfortunate position, their anomalous situation—a Lawn Tennis Club without a ground. It would be an ungrateful task to relate all the efforts which have been made to obtain a suitable field, all the hopes which have been raised only to be crushed, in spite of the energy and patience displayed in the cause by our President, Dr. TILDEN. A new Sub-committee was elected on Friday, May 13th, at the General Meeting of the Club to renew the attempt in view of next year; but in such a case the student seems powerless. Influence is necessary if success is to be attained, and we can only hope that the Council of the College will do all they can to assist Dr. TILDEN in his endeavours to give our Club once more a "local habitation."

On Saturday, May 14th, a match was played with the Beaufort Club, at Beaufort Road, which resulted in a victory for our opponents, after a hard-fought contest by 6 sets to 4, or 53 games to 51. The games were as follow:—Miss ANNIE and Mr. G. F. GOODMAN beat Miss L. J. CHARLES and Mr. L. H. CLAYTON 2 sets to 1 (6-5, 5-6, 6-2); Miss ANNIE GOODMAN and Mr. G. F. GOODMAN beat Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT and Mr. J. F. JORDAN 2 sets to 0 (6-5, 7-5); Miss SAMUELS and Mr. BIVEN beat Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT and Mr. J. F. JORDAN 2 sets to 1 (6-5, 4-6, 7-5); Miss L. J. CHARLES and Mr. J. H. CLAYTON beat Miss SAMUELS and Mr. BIVEN 2 sets to 0 (6-3, 6-3).



### CYCLISTS' CLUB.

"Oh! to be a cyclist, now the roads are fair!"

Such, we may reasonably suppose, was the fervent longing of the favoured individuals who witnessed the meet of the Mason College and Queen's College Cyclists' Clubs at Cannon Hill Park on the afternoon of Saturday, May 7th.

The cyclists of both Colleges had been anticipating with pleasure the first of a number of "inter-club" runs, which had been arranged for the season, and considerable relief was felt when the weather, which had been so aggravatingly unfavourable during the week, cleared up for the occasion.

The party, which consisted of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, under the captainship of Dr. LAWRENCE and Mr. W. M. LANGFORD, resolved itself into two detachments, one of which—the more muscular—scorched, and the other—the more reasonable—advanced, along the Alcester Road to Alvechurch.

To the enjoyment of a very pleasant ride was added, at the journey's end, the no less hearty enjoyment of tea, at the close of which Mr. LANGFORD announced that the M.C.C.C. had offered a medal to be awarded to the member who had attended the greatest number of club runs during the past season, and that Mr. NEAL had not only fulfilled that condition but had been present at every run held by the club. He therefore presented Mr. NEAL with a silver medal, beautifully engraved, and expressed the wish that it would serve to convey to their late Captain the appreciation which the M.C.C.C. felt for his valuable services.

Mr. NEAL gracefully acknowledged the presentation, and referred to the satisfaction which he felt, and which he believed to be general, at the friendly relationship which existed between the clubs of the two Colleges.

At 7.30, after the village of Alvechurch had been properly inspected, the start for home was made, and a fine spin along the Pershore Road furnished an enjoyable end to a most enjoyable day.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

We have much pleasure in announcing that Dr. TILDEN has been appointed Examiner in Chemistry, and Professor ARBER Examiner in English Literature, at the University of London.

We learn with much regret that Mr. ALLPORT has resigned the offices of Curator of the Geological Museum and Librarian of the College, which he has held since October, 1880. The Council have made Mr. ALLPORT an Associate of the College, and in other ways have given expression to the great respect and warm regard which are entertained for him by all.

Our readers will learn with equal interest and pleasure that Miss NADEN is about to publish a second volume of poems. The new book is announced under the compound title of "A Modern Apostle, The Elixir of Life, The Story of Clarice, and other Poems"; and will be out about the end of this month. The nucleus of the principal poem appeared in this *Magazine* some months ago, in the form of a novelette; and from our recollections of the story, as well as from the specimen-verses of the poem which we have read, we predict a great intellectual "treat in store" for all lovers of philosophical poetry.

The next number of the *Magazine* will be published in June. Contributions are earnestly requested, and should reach the Editor before the 10th of the month.

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And to inspire confidence all round,  
That is the top of poetry."  
—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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No. 1

THE

# Mason College Magazine

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THE STUDENTS.

JUNE, 1887.

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MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

# Mason College Magazine.

*(Conducted by Students of Mason College, Birmingham.)*

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## CALENDAR.

JUNE 27.—Monday—Summer Term Examinations begin.

JULY 6.—Wednesday—Summer Term ends.

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

“Good wine needs no bush.”

MR. CARLYLE has well defined man as “the tool-using animal,” and with his definition we have, on consideration, no inclination to disagree. We had thought, at first, of defining him as “the advertising animal”; but doth not the peacock flaunt his gorgeous tail in the eyes of all beholders? does not the gallant cock parade, with military bearing, his streaming feathers before his admiring dames? and there are hosts of other animals who will display such graces as they possess and perform such feats as they are capable of, in order to attract attention.

But if man is not the only advertising animal, yet this present age may well be called the Advertising Age. It is impossible to escape from the sight of an advertisement. Not only are all our walls covered with posters, not only do “sandwich-men” parade our streets, with slow and sullen mien, bearing hideous devices or tempting invitations on their boards, but there are more subtle and delicate ways of practising the art. Capricious goats, harnessed to reversible perambulators, gaily trot up and down the principal thoroughfares; light booths, erected on tricycles, glide noiselessly along like ghostly will-o'-the-wisps, impelled by an unseen inhabitant—the very papers at the restaurants are interleaved with pages of advertisements, and we have heard that the drop scene of a local theatre has been hired by some enterprising manufacturer who has painted thereon the well-known picture always associated with a particular kind of soap.

It would be extremely interesting to trace back the history of advertising, and to ascertain the first use of this seductive art.



We have been at some pains to look into this matter, and we will give our readers the benefit of our researches, as far as they have yet proceeded. It appears that early in the 4th century B.C. there was a priest in one of the north-west provinces of Hindustan who was particularly pious and singularly superstitious. There dwelt in the same province a native who, partly by possessing an extremely idle and lazy disposition, and partly by being gifted with a vivid imagination and a fertile genius, managed to live without much trouble, and to obtain food and necessities, no one knew how. His father had been a breeder of birds which were used by the priests for sacrifice, and Johnsnooksyâna pursued the same occupation. The priest, however, appears to have had some prejudice against this native, and usually bought his sacrificial birds elsewhere. Now, it fell out, as the priest was going to the temple one great feast day, that he chanced to cast his eye on a forest tree whose bark was hacked and cut about in a most dreadful manner. "Come hither," said he to his companion; "wherefore is this tree so visited?—it is indeed spoiled as to its bark." "Yea, verily," said his companion, "and methinks the carving much resembleth words and letters." "An you mention it," quoth the priest, "it seemeth so to me." Then the priest's companion knelt before the tree and deciphered the carved letters, which read as follows:—

"Johnsnooksyâna's birds are fattest,  
In Baltistan none so fine;  
They are eminently fitted  
For a sacrifice divine."

The priest was so impressed by this message from the skies that Johnsnooksyâna immediately became the sole purveyor of sacrificial birds for that province.

Early as is the date of this remarkable incident, we are not satisfied that it is the first use of advertising, as we cannot help thinking that Johnsnooksyâna must have got his "happy thought" from some one else, or adapted the idea of some early tradition. We prefer to believe in a gradual evolution of the art, and we will not hesitate to communicate the result of our further investigations to the Editor of this *Magazine*.

That advertising has a remarkable effect is beyond doubt; but the reasons for this seem difficult to find. There are people who will do anything they are told, and buy anything they are recommended, and, in general, forbear to exercise any will or discretion of their own; but such persons are few and far between. Even the strongest minded, however, can be gradually overcome.

*Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed saepe cadendo* ; and by constantly playing upon a man's senses with a recommendation, he can, by degrees, be persuaded to believe that the article whose praises he is so accustomed to hear sounded has really, if it is not all that it pretends to be, some claims to excellence. We can speak to this from our personal experience. We flattered ourselves that we were proof against the blandishments of any puffer. Tea which was accompanied by a beautiful and costly present was always avoided by us ; the sale at 50 per cent. below cost price of a bankrupt's stock was a reason for us to fly from the shop forthwith ; any entreaty " not to look at my back " was scrupulously observed and carried out to the letter. As Dick Swiveller, by obtaining credit at various shops, gradually reduced the number of roads along which he could pass until he had to go nearly a mile to get into the next street, so we found that the number of articles that we could purchase which were not the subject of an advertisement was daily becoming more and more limited. The temptation overcame us in the case of soap. We had been brought up upon " Brown Windsor," and we were well satisfied with it. But every week, when we looked at *Punch*, we found some new and fascinating advertisement of the productions of Messrs. Pears. Being short-sighted, we were induced to try the test of colour-blindness, to see if our eyes were worse than we had imagined. We measured the heights of Mr. Gladstone and Lord R. Churchill to verify the truth of the optical delusion ; we admired the grace of the monks in the picture by Mr. Marks, R.A. ; we were astonished at the ease with which, by the aid of this marvellous production, the modern Ethiopian was enabled to change his skin—and we withstood all this. The recommendations of " Lillie Langtry " and Madame Marie Roze fell upon a heedless ear, but at last Messrs. Pears procured a testimonial from Miss Mary Anderson. " Could the fair Galatea," thought we, " be subpoenaed to swear to a lie ! " Our very soul abhorred the thought. Our respect for this gifted lady and our belief in her integrity prevailed, and we purchased a cake of Pears' Soap. We are compelled, in justice to the makers, to record our pleasure at finding that the article was really worthy of much praise, and we have used it since with considerable satisfaction. (N.B.—We have *not* been paid for the preceding remark.)

There is a certain sense of pleasure in watching the development of this art. It affords a field for the display of the highest genius and the most fertile imagination. The competition is keen, and the best man is bound to win. No slavish copy of a former type,



no pedantic following of a well-worn precedent, no travelling along lines which have been traversed before, will succeed. The advertiser's motto is ever "Forward." "To-morrow, to fresh woods and pastures new," is his favourite quotation. Originality is the only road to success, and an independent imagination is a *sine quâ non*. The virtues of Patience and Perseverance are also largely brought into play and developed. We believe that the late Mr. Holloway started life in London with a threepenny bit, but, by judicious puffing and patient waiting, he amassed such colossal wealth that, after founding and endowing a magnificent college for the higher education of women, and placing upon its walls some of the most costly pictures of the best modern painters, he has left a fortune of between two and three millions sterling, the litigation with regard to which has only just concluded. The praises of Eno's Fruit Salt have been sung in every language under the sun, and there are many of us who keep as a curiosity the paper with the advertisement repeated in some five-and-twenty tongues. Again, in the case of drugs, they should all be panaceas, and their qualities should be almost as numberless and varied as those of the Yankee's patent in Mr. Pemberton's play:—

"It's a stimulating sedative,  
Seductive and aperitive,  
It's useful as a hairwash, a syrup, dye, or sauce;  
Unequalled as a pectoral,  
Our sparkling Alconectoral  
Is a lotion for the nursery, a wine for every course."

Unless, however, it is handled by a capable man this necessity for originality may sometimes land the advertiser in a quagmire, and only succeed in exposing him and his wares to ridicule. We remember a case in point. A Birmingham tailor, who shall be nameless, had adopted the sandwich-man method. Some three or four of his minions were parading the streets together, bearing on their boards the confident and gratuitous information that "— is my tailor!" Now Mr. — had not taken the precaution to array his servitors in new apparel, presumably from a fear that, if he had done so, they would forthwith decamp with a good suit of clothes apiece; and the consequence was that when we looked to see how Mr. —'s goods appeared upon his living models we beheld only slop jackets and fustian trousers. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme, and we mentally registered a vow that Mr. —'s establishment should never be patronised by us as long as we had any desire to look respectable.

Numberless instances could be given of the ingenuity of advertisers, and countless examples of their originality might be quoted, but we venture to think that the palm must be, at present, awarded to the gentleman who used a churchyard, of all places, as his "coign of vantage." This individual inscribed upon his father's tombstone the following touching and affecting epitaph :—

" Here lies in blissful hopes of Zion,  
John Taylor, landlord of the Lion ;  
Submissive to the Heavenly will,  
His son conducts the business still."

There exists a large number of persons who have a rooted dislike to the system of advertising, and there is a still larger number who deplore the extent to which the science has been developed. For our part, we accept it as one of the necessities of the 19th century, and we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that it will, in all probability, be still further extended. We are extremely pleased, however, to notice that the tone, so to speak, of advertisements has risen considerably during the last year or two, and that much more artistic productions are now employed than formerly. We regard this as one of the most encouraging signs of the progress of Art among the people. Instead of ugly posters with huge groggy letters, looking like a diseased and deformed alphabet, we are now confronted by copies of works of art. Reckitt's Paris Blue gives us a refreshing glimpse of the Lake of Geneva ; the Waterbury Watch has copied Falero's well-known picture " L'Etoile Double ;" Cleaver's Soap is recommended by a most charming picture of a maiden on the sea beach who has, with a cake of it, "washed herself ashore." The curious-minded can beguile their time by trying to "find the cat ;" the admirer of beauty can feast his eyes on the luxuriance produced by Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer ; while the posters of the theatre proprietors supply us weekly with an ever-varying panorama of all shades of human life, from the aristocrat down to the convict and the pauper. The only disadvantage is that there is almost too much variety. "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom ;"—yes, but in the multitude of advertisements there is perplexity. We, therefore, for our own part, inexorably steel our hearts to the influence of posters, and live upon the experiences of our friends. We would recommend our readers to do the same.

One more word of advice, and we have done. There are hosts of young men and women now-a-days who do not know what to do

to earn their bread. University men are driving cabs and collecting tram fares ; we hear of cultured scholars sweeping crossings or begging alms. Why not, then, eschew Latin and Greek, forsake Mathematics, abandon Science, and take up in their place the study of Art and Advertising ? There are plenty of openings, there is ample scope for ingenuity, and there is, probably, a very good remuneration to be derived from it. If a determined effort were made, we doubt not that Oxford and Cambridge would institute an " Advertising Tripos ;" and in course of time a college might be founded to foster this new study, which would, probably, have no difficulty in obtaining a Government grant. Meanwhile the fields are growing ripe for the harvest. The cry of the ecclesiast is " Ritualise ! Ritualise ! "—the cry of the politician is " Organise ! Organise ! "—the cry of the whole commercial world is, and is likely to remain for years to come, " Advertise ! Advertise ! "

C. E. M.

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### A NEW ELAINE.

(A VIGNETTE.)

Elaine was born, not in the time of King Arthur and his knights of the Table Round, but in that of Queen Victoria, whose later age does not lack knights pure as Sir Galahad, brave as Sir Lancelot. Taken with the soft-sounding name, though Tennyson was known to them by hearsay only, her parents called her Elaine. Perhaps the name may have had some subtle influence on her character, for from a little child she showed a tendency towards dreaming and romance. For hours she would pore over a book, or walking alone would weave for herself new stories on the model of those she read. Many bitter tears she shed when her schoolfellows teased her for " walking about with her head in the clouds," for her nature longed for love and sympathy and was sensitive to contempt and ridicule. Poetry soon became her soul's food ; Scott and Tennyson opened for her the golden gate of faëry-land, where she lived and moved as one at home among deeds of devotion and high worth. Quick at most kinds of learning, she soon won the respect of her schoolmates, who, in view of her " cleverness," could afford to overlook her impracticalness in other matters ; and, as her mother despaired of ever making her a pattern housewife like herself, it was determined to " let the child have her own way, and make a scholar of her." So Elaine was free to read what she chose and as much as she chose, and she read nearly all that came

in her way, became confirmed in views directly opposed to the faith and practice of those around her, and imbibed ideas which would have caused them to shudder with horror.

Then a new world opened upon her. A visit paid to a school-fellow in London, whose home was a resort of many men and women engaged in literary, artistic, scientific, and philanthropic work, brought her into contact with a different race of beings from those she had known in her secluded country home—beings who inhabited a rarer air, an atmosphere more nearly resembling that ether of romance where dwelt her soul's most constant comrades.

Among these visitors at her friend's house was a young barrister of philanthropic and socialistic tendencies, who attracted by some remark of this shy, soft-eyed, earnest-looking girl, sought a closer acquaintance with her. Instead of discourse upon the weather, the crops, the doings of the neighbours, the delights of tennis—the themes of conversation to which Elaine was accustomed—they talked of Browning and Herbert Spencer, of Ruskin and Darwin, of Carlyle and Rossetti, of the duties owed by the cultured and the rich to the poor, to whom culture has been denied. Soon Elaine's visit ended; a friendly goodbye was said between these two. He, with a kindly memory of their short and pleasant acquaintance, pursued uninterrupted his course of work and philanthropy; Elaine awoke from a happy dream to consciousness of loss and bitter pain. In silence she struggled. Ought she to crush this love out of her heart? To him it could do no harm, as it could do no good, for in this nineteenth century, in commonplace, conventional society, there could not conceivably come an opportunity when love might find its consummation, and in some act of self-sacrifice serve the beloved. Even to hope for such a thing would be treason; it would be to hope for danger, need, unhappiness to Lancelot. No; if the love could be cherished without wrong, it must be pure from taint of self. She must desire that his life might be first good and noble, next happy. She must be ready, with regard to him, to be as though she were not. Then, if love could reach that height, perhaps it might be worthily retained; and in any case it could only do hurt to herself. O for light! whereby to see if this were a struggle between love and selfish shrinking from pain, or between love and aspiration and endeavour after nobleness and purity of soul. Had she the power to crush it? She could not tell; if not, the only way was to treat it like the grain of sand which the oyster cannot expel, but can turn into a pearl. To think

of love for Lancelot becoming merely a means of adding worth and value to self was intolerable. This pearl of great price, this dearly-bought water of life—bought by blood and tears—could be fitly used only by being poured out into a cup of cold water to be held to the thirsty lips of suffering Humanity. Her life must be one of duty and service; all duty and service that came in her path should be well and lovingly done. Of such a lowly servant the service might be little worth, but those who received it would be served by Lancelot, though they and he knew it not, and thus his life would be somewhat more beneficent, more exalted, through her means.

\* \* \* \*

Was Lancelot really that spotless Knight she dreamed him? Did Elaine love him her whole life long, or did her love's intensity fade out with time? This only is certain: the impulse did not wholly die away. Lancelot blessed her, and blessed the world, in making it richer by one more life devoted to the Service of Humanity.

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#### *MISS NADEN'S NEW VOLUME.\**

"Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh," quoth Solomon of old; and although the science of education now endeavours to make study enjoyable, and has, to a great extent, succeeded in doing so, yet the first clause of the sage's remarks is more awfully and terribly true than ever. Prose and poetry, novels and philosophy, essays and encyclopædias pour forth from the publishers in a never-ending and ever-increasing stream. Yet, amid all this abundance of literature, it is seldom we meet with a work of such superior merit and such splendid promise as the volume which lies before us.

The longest poem in the book is the first, from which the book derives its name. "The Modern Apostle" is a fervid and earnest youth who has been brought up in the old narrow orthodoxy, and has entered the ministry of one of the straitest of sects—a sect which would not face the world or consider modern thought for fear that it should be too strong for its tenets. But Alan's mind was of a higher order; he loitered at wayside bookstalls and read

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\* "A Modern Apostle; The Elixir of Life; The Story of Clarice; and other Poems." By Constance C. W. Naden. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

and purchased, and again purchased and read, until he became deeply versed in the thought of the century :

"Carlyle he conned, and—guilt of dye intenser !  
Dallied with Darwin and with Herbert Spencer."

The effect of all this reading was to make him dissatisfied with his creed and with his work. He longed for freedom, and, at length, despite the strong opposition of his parents, resigns his charge and accepts the pastorate of a "Free Church" in the same town. Here he works in a much more congenial atmosphere, preaching with great earnestness his new faith, the Brotherhood of Men, and their equality by reason of all being inspired by the spirit of God—a creed which soon became known as "Pantheistic Socialism."

Ella is the daughter of the principal man at Alan's new chapel :

". . . . She had found  
That those about her merely thought of thinking,  
And felt they ought to feel."

And so she had devoted herself to mathematics and science in which windy verbiage has no part :

". . . . no vague talk of liberal views  
Can alter cosine and hypotenuse."

Alan and Ella, of course, fall in love, but Miss Naden does not allow them a long spell of happiness. The verse but one after we hear of the engagement we find that Ella is gradually discovering that Alan's mysticism is founded rather on dreams than on exact scientific results, and she realises, with the bitterest pain, that she is not the true spiritual companion which he needs in a wife. With noble heroism she breaks off the engagement, and sets herself to suffer and endure in silence. Alan plunges still deeper in work, and takes up the cause of the starving poor during a very severe winter. At length he hears, while he is writing a tract on "Dives and his Dogs," that a mob is bent upon vengeance on Dives, and is making for the quarter where Ella lives. He hurries to the place, mounts a wall, and thunders forth his spiritual creed and warning to the infuriated crowd :

". . . . all human hopes and lives  
Are truly one ; no man can harm another  
But blindly with his proper self he strives,  
His own soul in the body of his brother !  
.  
.  
.  
To hate is atheism ; and to steal  
Is sacrilege ; to murder, suicide."

Naturally a crowd of starving desperate men could not appreciate high spiritual truth of this order: an angry roar arises, a stone

strikes Alan on the head and he falls forward. The mob is touched, and Alan is carried to Ella's house, where he lies unconscious for some time. He revives only to say farewell :

“ . . . . I hear a dirge  
 Wailing that Vision which of old I saw ;  
 Yet not in darkness but in glory merge  
 My dreams, and yield to some transcendent Law,  
 I know not how ; for all is plunged and drowned  
 In the bright waters of this peace profound.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I cannot think, and scarcely can I feel—  
 But you are strong, and now again you shine  
 Truth's radiant herald, come to wound and heal  
 A generation hungry for a sign—  
 Be no sign granted, saving to unseal  
 The meaning of the ages, and unshrine  
 All errors, all illusions—theirs, my own :  
 For though the wine-press that I trod alone

“ Held blood-red grapes from the volcano's edge,  
 Yet the true purple full-ripe fruit I missed.  
 Seek you and find ; oh give this one last pledge—  
 Ella, my Love—my Wife !”

And so the curtain drops, Ella dedicating her future life to the Service of Humanity :

“ Myself I dedicate  
 To this great service : all my spirit's power—  
 Through joy and grief, in good or evil fate,  
 Whether the desert pathways bud and flower,  
 Or the fair fields be ravaged by man's hate—  
 Shall bear the superscription of this hour :  
 I give whate'er I have of strength and skill ;  
 Trust me in this—what Woman can, I will.”

In the second poem, entitled “The Elixir of Life,” we think Miss Naden shows considerably more power. A German alchemist, who has devoted his whole life to the quest, at last succeeds in discovering the potion which shall confer immortality upon whoever drinks it. Having quaffed the clear amber liquid, and felt again the pleasure of pulsating life and renewed youth, he feels the responsibility of his discovery, and determines not to keep this boon to himself :—

“ I must go forth, a happier Heracles,  
 With hydra-headed Death to strive alone,  
 Fill with new wine all poisoned chalices,  
 Anoint all wounds ; revengeful Time dethrone,  
 Crowning and sceptring in his stead at last  
 A perfect Present, that should ne'er be Past.”

But whom shall he find worthy to enjoy this blessing of Immortal Life. He goes to Italy, sees Michel Angelo, Luther, Leo and his Cardinals; journeys to Spain and England, where the chief point of interest is Stratford-upon-Avon :

"It was a midland village that I sought,  
Where daisy-banked a placid river ran  
Past a grey church, and near it dwelt and wrought  
A bard whose god-like eyes the heart could scan,  
Telling its dreams and humours; but I thought—  
'Nay, let the Poet live, and leave the Man  
To die in peace; he quaffs his own new wine  
Of Immortality—what needs he mine?'"

The Holy Land and India are next visited, then turning westwards once more he sees the French Revolution, and the slave struggle in America; but no one seems to him worthy to live beyond the usual span of human life. At length he finds a lovely woman, cultured and beautiful, a very Siren, and in his perfect love for her he sees the ideal that is fit to endure for ever. But he is doomed to disappointment. Marah, although she loves the sage with her better nature, cannot always be happy in the high life that he demands :

"I'd worship him, if he were carved in marble,  
And every morning I could come and kneel  
Before his sacred shrine, and softly warble  
The shivering adoration that I feel,  
\* \* \* \*

"At first, indeed, 'twas sweet and wonderful  
To feel my spirit floating, cradled soft  
As on some eagle's wings, who left the dull,  
Stale, petty world, and as he soared aloft  
Seemed all my meaner longings to annul;  
But after journeying sunward long and oft  
I hunger and grow faint; the naked glare  
Is too intense, the atmosphere too rare."

She falls in, unwillingly, with the plan of a fleshly coward, who by the way believes that *his* sensual love is worthy of immortal life, and plots to steal the potion, hardly realising that in doing so she must kill her lord. The plot is discovered, and the King is saved, but the illusion has fled. He cannot forgive Marah, although she implores him to do so in an agony of remorse. He has loved her spirit only, and she can never replace his shattered ideal. All that is left for him is to mingle his life with that of the ages and serve humanity with all his powers. We can only quote one verse of the fine ending of this poem. We wish we had room for more. Addressing Life, he cries :



"Surely thy end and meaning is not loss,  
Surely thou workest to some joy untold;  
Some Book of Life there is, not writ across  
With veins of woe and dirges manifold;  
Some fire thou hast, to purge away the dross  
Of death, deep grain'd in the purest gold:  
From all things save the quintessence of Thee—  
From Hate, from Love—oh Life, deliver me!"

Of the remaining poems some of the shorter ones have already appeared in the pages of this *Magazine*. Miss Naden shows a lighter touch and a happier tone in those entitled "Evolutional Erotics," of which, perhaps, "Scientific Wooing" and "Natural Selection" are the best. The sonnets also show some very good and careful work. We expressed our admiration of the three on "Heloise" in our notices of "Our Contemporaries" some time ago, and we think these decidedly the best.

We have not attempted in this paper to criticise the philosophy contained in the poems. With the whole of that philosophy we frankly say we do not agree, but the earnest thinker will find ample food for thought and reflection in the suggestions of the book. We repeat that we regard the volume as one of very considerable power, and, what is better, as showing promise of still more important work in the future. The "Elixir of Life" and the sonnets on "Heloise" are so much superior to anything in Miss Naden's former volume that we look forward with great expectations to her next. We are very pleased that such a book is the production of a Birmingham lady; we are very proud that we can number her among the students of the Mason College.

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#### THE MUNICH PALL MALL GAZETTE.

We have received, with much pleasure, a new contemporary—*The Munich Pall Mall Gazette*—edited by "Der verrückte Engländer." From internal evidence of an unmistakable kind we cannot but recognise under this most misleading pseudonym, our late revered chairman of the Union, Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt, B.Sc. As many of our readers are aware, Mr. Ehrhardt has recently left England to continue his scientific studies at the University of Munich. Here, true to the traditions of his *alma mater*, he does not selfishly immerse himself in chemicals to the exclusion of every other interest, but keeps an open eye and mind for all the characteristic features of Munich life, and faithfully records his

impressions for the amusement and information of his English friends.

*The Munich Pall Mall Gazette* is interesting, not only on personal grounds, but because it gives a graphic picture of the manners and customs and architecture of one of the most beautiful towns in the world. Were our space less limited, we should be tempted to "quote" the entire paper, and we much regret that it is only in our power to make a few brief extracts. The following description of a street scene enables us to sympathise with the inability of the stranger-spectator to control his risible nerves :—

"The commonest street scenes of Birmingham, if enacted in Munich, would, without doubt, attract crowds ; and foreigners here get the impression that the natives lack all sense of humour, as most ridiculous sights affect them not at all. When a procession of priests marches staidly along the streets in their long black robes, all other passengers stand aside devoutly, hat in hand ; and they preserve precisely the same attitude and expression, when the priests, finding it necessary to cross the muddy street, lift up their skirts, and dancing between the puddles, immodestly expose their black trousers beneath—a sight which moves a stranger to much laughter."

Carlyle's famous definition of the population of England is sometimes thought to apply with special force to English domestic servants ; but if we are to judge the whole genus by the two specimens to which Mr. Ehrhardt has introduced us, we should imagine the German Dienstmädchen would enjoy a reputation for foolishness even among the foolish. The following account of a fire affords us the gratifying consciousness that in England—whatever Carlyle may say to the contrary—a similar catastrophe would not bring to light quite so much general stupidity :—

"There was a large fire in Munich last week, in a house at the corner of the Ludwigstrasse (the second grandest street in the town) and a smaller street. A ladies' boarding school occupied part of the building, and on one of the flats there was a "Pension." A servant girl dropped a lighted petroleum lamp on the stairs, and put down a large can full of the oil beside the fire while she ran to fetch some water. On coming back, she threw the water on the flames and was most successful in spreading the liquid fire still further. Seeing this, she ran away without saying a word to anyone, and the fire progressed. It was soon discovered, independently of the girl, and everyone scuttled out of the house, quite forgetting three school girls who were ill in bed. When the fire had got well hold of the staircase, the fire brigade was sent for ; till this time, some of the people living in the house had made amateur efforts to quench the flames. After the staircase was destroyed, the servant who was with the invalids found out their position ; the four girls rushed to the windows and attracted attention by screaming and throwing down blankets, but there was no means of helping them, for the fire brigade had

not yet succeeded in catching their horses, which are used for other work all over the town, and have to be found and caught when there's a fire. One of the girls now threw down her bedding into a balcony one storey lower, and then jumped down on it : she escaped unhurt. A half regiment of soldiers was by this time keeping the admiring crowd in splendid order, while the fire burned on briskly. A lieutenant now obtained two tables, and, placing them one on the top of the other in the balcony, climbed up to the second floor and rescued the other girls. When the fire brigade arrived, three quarters of an hour after the fire broke out, it was so well advanced that they were even unable to prevent it spreading to the next house ; but only very little harm was done there."

Passing, perforce, over several interesting items, we come now to a column headed "Bits of Munich : No. II., The University Chemical Laboratory." Perhaps Mr. Ehrhardt may some day be induced to contribute a special article on this subject to the *Magazine*, and we therefore will content ourselves with quoting a single paragraph :—

"The customs of the Laboratory are of course very different from those at home, and appeared very strange to me at first. My next door neighbour on arriving each morning deposits four cigars on a certain sheltered position of his bench and smokes them during the morning ; he is never seen without a lighted cigar. Most of the students smoke nearly all the time as they work, and I have not seen Professor von Baeyer yet without a cigar in his mouth, or between his thumb and finger. Also a half-litre seidel of beer is deposited, morning and afternoon, on the bench of nearly every student, and with it is eaten in public a sandwich or roll. The beer is obtained through the Diener or storekeeper, who is decidedly one of the features of the place. He fetches beer twice a day. Most of the students have a standing order with him, but for the benefit of the others he calls loudly as he passes through the Saal "Wer hat Durst," rolling the 'rs' tremendously and pronouncing the 'st' most markedly like 'scht.' On a very hot day or during very wretched weather quite a chorus of "Ich, Karl !" bursts from all sides, and Karl grumblingly counts up the thirsty souls, and then proceeds with his box-like tray of seidels to one of the numerous Kellers in the neighbourhood."

The German student is evidently of Bishop Blougram's opinion, that the body must have its "sop" if the soul is to be free for thought and study.

In conclusion, we would congratulate Mr. Ehrhardt on the enterprise he has displayed in not merely editing but actually writing an entire paper. For ourselves we feel proud of this worthy scion of our *Magazine*, and heartily wish a long and successful career both to the *Munich Pall Mall Gazette* and its author.

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### THE UNION.

*May 20th.* Business Meeting. Mr. J. F. JORDAN, the chairman, moved the following resolution :—"That the subscription to the Union be increased to 6s. 6d., the extra 1s. 6d. being to provide for a copy of the *Magazine* to be supplied to each member of the Union."

Miss EDWARDS seconded the resolution.

Mr. IRVINE opposed the resolution on the grounds that such a course would injure the Union by causing a large secession from it of Queen's College students, and that it would be radically wrong to prop up a "financially cranky" *Magazine* by means of the Union. He considered this a genuine Coercion Bill.

Mr. STERN gave reasons for the course suggested. The pecuniary affairs of the *Magazine* and Union were at present combined and very complicated ; the Union paid any deficit of the *Magazine*, elected its officers, and conducted it as it chose. A great advantage would accrue in the easier collection of subscriptions. Former students, if entitled to receive the *Magazine*, would be more likely to continue members of the Union.

Miss BRIERLEY pointed out that the *Magazine* was the property and organ of the Union, existing primarily for its convenience, and said that if the *Magazine* were not thus regarded by the Union, it should cease to exist, since it had no longer a *raison d'être*. A larger circle of readers would tend to increase the number of contributors and raise the literary standard of the *Magazine*.

Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT could see no difference in principle between paying for the *Magazine* and paying for tea out of the general funds of the Union.

Mr. J. F. JORDAN thought, that if there were many secessions from the Union, the subscription would have to be again raised in order to maintain it.

Mr. MARSTON disapproved of the resolution as likely, if carried, to deteriorate the quality of the *Magazine*.

Mr. DANIELL met Mr. Irvine's objection by stating that there was no financial difficulty in the case ; therefore, the object of the motion was not to rescue the *Magazine* from such difficulty, but solely to increase its circulation.

Mr. NEAL opposed the resolution on the ground that it would considerably decrease the numbers of the Union.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. LARNER, LAWRENCE, W. L. O. WARD, R. DELL, CULLIS, and BARNEY, and Misses MARRIS and NADEN.

The resolution was rejected by 35 to 22 votes.

At the close of the proceedings Miss BRIERLEY gave notice that she should move the following resolution at the next Business Meeting :—"That the *Magazine* cease to exist."

About 76 members and friends were present.

*June 3rd.* Readings and Recitations.

Mr. R. DELL moved a resolution calling on the Committee to summon a special business meeting to consider the present condition of the *Magazine*.

Mr. LAWRENCE seconded the resolution, which was carried by a large majority.

The following programme was then given :—

- RECITATION ..... "The Tale of the Secret Tribunal" ..... *Mrs. Hemans.*  
Miss RATCLIFF.
- RECITATION ..... The first "Biglow Paper" ..... *J. R. Lowell.*  
Mr. JENKYN-BROWN.
- READING ..... Selection from "Rhymes à la Mode" ..... *Andrew Lang.*  
Miss SMITHSON.
- RECITATION..... "Satan's Address to the Sun" ..... *Milton.*  
Mr. B. F. JORDAN.
- READING..... { "Resipiscentia"  
"Scientific Wooing" } ..... *C. C. W. Naden.*  
Miss EDWARDS.
- RECITATION..... "In the Workhouse" ..... *G. R. Sims.*  
Mr. F. H. SIMPSON.

A vote of thanks moved by Miss S. MARRIS, and seconded by Mr. W. L. O. WARD, was carried unanimously.

The humorous pieces appeared to meet with most favour from the audience, and were well rendered, notably Mr. JENKYN-BROWN's vigorous and racy enunciation of Mr. Hosea Biglow's views on the Mexican War, and Miss SMITHSON's quietly effective account of the progress of Justice on a "seedy old velocipede." Mr. SIMPSON was also extremely successful in giving pathetic and forcible expression, without resort to exaggerated declamation, to the indignation and grief of the old pauper, whose wife's life might have been saved but for the refusal of the workhouse authorities to give out-door relief. An interesting feature of the programme was the reading of two characteristic poems from Miss NADEN's new volume. Mr. B. F. JORDAN had a difficult task in the recitation of Satan's "Address to the Sun," but succeeded in doing full justice to the dignity of the fallen prince.

About 120 members and friends were present.

*June 17th.*—Musical Evening. Paper on "The Birmingham Musical Festivals," by Mrs. ALFRED HARVEY.

The CHAIRMAN announced that the Committee, after due consideration, had decided not to call a special business meeting to deal with the affairs of the *Magazine*, in accordance with the resolution passed at the last meeting of the Union.

After remarking that as it took more than one swallow to make a summer, so for a town to be musical the art must be loved and supported, not merely by a minority of enthusiastic musical amateurs, but by the people at large, Mrs. HARVEY proceeded to sketch the origin and subsequent history of our world-famed Musical Festivals. During the early part of last century the Infirmary at the Workhouse was the only place where medical relief could be obtained by the poorer inhabitants of Birmingham. In 1765 the population had increased so largely that some extension of the medical charity of the town became necessary. Accordingly a project for the establishment of a General Hospital was set on foot by Dr. John Ash, and in support of its funds a "Musical Entertainment" was held at St. Philip's Church, and at the Theatre in King Street, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September, 1768. In 1776 a second musical performance was given on behalf of the Hospital, and this was followed by an entertainment approaching much

more nearly the scale of the festivals of to-day. Encouraged by its success, the Committee made still greater efforts for the Festival of 1787. On the Thursday morning Handel's "Israel in Egypt" was performed for the first time in Birmingham; and the splendid singing of Mrs. Billington in the "Messiah" led to a repetition of that oratorio on the Saturday. The year 1802 marked a new epoch. Mr. Joseph Moore now became the head of the Committee, and to his efforts was due in large measure the erection of the Town Hall. The hall and organ were used for the first time in 1834, and the success of the meeting testified to the wisdom of the undertaking. Being now in possession of a good concert room and an organ which held rank as superior in capacity and tone to any instrument then existing, Mr. Moore thought it would add greatly to the interest of the proceedings if the Committee would decide to produce new works by great composers. The result was the production of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at the Festival of 1837, Mendelssohn himself conducting his own work and contributing several pianoforte pieces to the programme. The year 1846, however, must be regarded as the red-letter year of these meetings, for at this Festival the "Elijah" first became known to the world. The great event took place on the Wednesday morning, and excited unparalleled manifestations of enthusiasm. The Festival of 1855, was rendered noteworthy by the production of Costa's "Eli"; that of 1861, the year in which Mr. Stockley was appointed chorus-master, was regarded by the critics as one of the most perfect on record from a musical point of view.

Mrs. HARVEY alluded to the beneficent changes which had taken place under the conductorship of Dr. Hans Richter, especially in the admission of local talent to the orchestra, and dwelt at some length on the excellent and patient services rendered to the Festival by the chorus-master, Mr. Stockley.

In the course of the evening, the following programme of music was performed:—Solo Piano, "Allegro Grasiozo," Miss RUBERY; Song, "Orpheus with his lute," Miss M. C. ALBRIGHT; Duet, "Friendship," Mrs. HOLLIDAY and Miss BRIERLEY; Solo Violin, "Elegie," Mr. W. E. BENNETT; Song, "When the heart is young," Miss TYNDALL; Solo Piano, "Saltarello," Mrs. HOLLIDAY; Song, Miss M. C. ALBRIGHT; Solo Piano, Valse (Chopin), Miss RUBERY; Solo Violin, Sketch, Mr. W. M. LANGFORD; Song, "Good Night, Farewell," Miss TYNDALL.

At the conclusion of the proceedings, a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. HARVEY for her most interesting paper, and to the ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to the programme of music, was moved by Mr. R. DELL, seconded by Miss ELLERMAN, supported by Mr. LÆDSAM, and carried unanimously.

About 106 members and 19 friends were present.

### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*June 9th.* Mr. HOUSMAN in the chair. Mr. LOVE gave a paper on "The Law of Propagation of Light." This paper dealt with investigations of which the greater part had been described in a paper read by Professor POYNTING and Mr. LOVE before the British Association in Birmingham. A discussion followed, to which the CHAIRMAN, Messrs. WHITEHOUSE, WARMINGTON, and DANIELL contributed. After Mr. LOVE

had replied, Mr. DANIELL read a paper on "Coulomb's Researches in Electricity and Magnetism" (Part I.) This paper contained a full abstract of Coulomb's researches published in "L'Histoire de l'Académie des Sciences," 1785-6, and is probably the most complete English account of "Coulomb's Classical Researches." It was followed by a discussion, in which the CHAIRMAN, and Messrs. LOVE and WHITEHOUSE took part. A vote of thanks to Mr. LOVE and Mr. DANIELL concluded the meeting.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*June 14th.* Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Thirteen members present. Mr. C. F. M. WARD read a paper describing some little known methods of analysis which he had tried and found satisfactory. A short discussion followed the paper, and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. WARD.

### ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The third meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, *May 11th.* The PRESIDENT in the chair.

A letter from the Council was read by the CHAIRMAN, giving permission to the Society to elect, as its members, members of the existing Engineering Societies of the district, and already some gentlemen of the Birmingham Branch of the Institution of Civil Engineers have been elected. This seems a good step, and will no doubt do much to bring before the Students of the College more technical and practical knowledge than otherwise would be possible.

A paper by Mr. HOUSMAN, on "Steam Engine Governors," was then read.

The object of the paper was not to describe every existing form of steam-engine governor, but to draw attention to the principles underlying their action, and to discuss the characteristic features of the types most in use.

The usual function which a steam-engine governor is required to fulfil is to keep the speed of the engine constant, or nearly so, under varying loads. This, however, is not an invariable rule, for there are cases in which the speed of the governor has to be varied to keep constant some condition connected with the work, such as the electro-motive force of a dynamo giving a varying current. Of the constant-speed governors, the most important are those of the centrifugal class, in which the regulation of the supply of steam is effected by a mechanism in which there are two sets of forces balancing each other, one of which is dependent on the speed of the engine. The best form of governor is that in which the maximum variation of load is accompanied by the minimum variation of speed, either temporary or permanent. The three chief essentials of a good governor are—1st, Power; 2nd, Sensibility; 3rd, Stability. None of these essentials can be said to be more important than the others, though they are all inseparably connected.

Mr. HOUSMAN then went on to describe, though not in detail, the different kinds of governors, such as the "T. Porter" governor, the "Pickering" governor, &c., and the automatic expansion gear; he also explained a useful diagram for finding the speed of a governor, and the way in which the diagram may be made from the curves of centrifugal and centripetal forces.

A very animated discussion followed, in which Professor SMITH and Mr. HAMILTON joined.

The meeting was adjourned at a somewhat late hour.

### THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

After a period of quiescence, extending over exactly fourteen months, the Botanical Society began to germinate into renewed life in February last. At a meeting held at the residence of Professor HILLHOUSE, at which the eight surviving members of the Society were present, it was determined to alter its constitution, and to place it on the same level as other College Societies. This was accordingly done, and early in February the Society was inaugurated on its new basis by the President, who gave an address on "The Distribution of Plants in Time," his remarks being illustrated by fossils and fossil sections, among which was an interesting specimen of the pseudo-fossil *Oldhamia radiata*.

In the beginning of March the second meeting was held, when Miss CHARLES, who is noted for her good papers, gave a paper on "Insular Flora," as a companion paper to the President's address.

On March 24th, Mr. W. L. O. WARD gave a highly interesting paper on "Asexual Reproduction."

During the Summer Term two meetings only were held, at the first of which Mr. C. F. MYERS WARD delivered a very comprehensive paper on "Irritability, with special reference to its occurrence in flowers." At the second meeting two half-time papers were read—one by Miss CHARLES on "Æcidiumycetes," and the other by Mr. W. L. O. WARD on "The Supply and Expenditure of Energy in Plants."

All the papers read during the Session were freely discussed; and several members also exhibited clever sections which they had made from time to time in the Laboratory.

The funds of the Society were in such a flourishing condition that no subscription was levied during the past Session.

The following are the Officers of the Society:—*President*: Professor HILLHOUSE. *Vice-Presidents*: Mrs. HILLHOUSE and Miss CHARLES. *Honorary Secretary and Treasurer*: Mr. W. L. O. WARD. *Committee*: Miss MATHEWS, Miss SOUTHAL, and Messrs. CULLIS, C. F. M. WARD, HAINES, MORRISON, and STERN.

### POESY CLUB.

May 17th.—Professor ARBER in the chair.

Owing to the indisposition of Mr. W. R. JORDAN, the symposium, which had been arranged for this meeting, could not take place, and a debate on the following subject was substituted:—That form in poetical composition is equally important with matter.

Miss NADEN, in opening the debate, said that sins against form were unpardonable in a poet, because he was first an artist, and secondarily, if at all, a teacher. A poem, as a poem, was worth nothing if its form were bad, although its worth as a philosophical treatise or a *memoria technica* might be inestimable. Versification was of the essence of poetical composition; beauty of form was of the essence of successful versification. Therefore, beauty of form was of the essence of successful poetical composition—viz., of all poetry which did not deserve to be reduced to the ranks of plain prose.

Mr. LARNER contended that form was of secondary importance to matter, and that the power of a poem depended on the thoughts which



were evolved, not on the method of evolution. If form played the important part ascribed to it by Miss Naden, attention to metre, and a rhyming dictionary, would make a poet.

Mr. E. F. J. LOVE held that form was as essential to poetry as to architecture, and a metrical composition constructed without regard to form was no more a specimen of the one than an average barn was of the other. In those works of Browning which exhibited a studied disregard of form, he had given us noble thoughts indeed, but not poetry.

Miss BRIERLEY objected that the proposition was the outcome of the modern tendency to reduce everything to a rational basis, and oust imagination and all other non-scientific powers of the mind from the position they had hitherto occupied. We had already a Physical Politic, a Biological Sociology, a Scientific Religion, and now we were offered a poetry of a similar character: a poetry in which "form"—the observance of the laws of Metre and Rhyme—would be deemed of equal importance with "matter"—the heaven-born inspiration.

After a few remarks from the CHAIRMAN, the resolution was put to the meeting and carried by a small majority

*June 14th.*—Dramatic Reading: "Colombe's Birthday" (*R. Browning*).

This meeting must be regarded as one of the most successful which has been held under the auspices of the Poesy Club. The attempt to make a poem by Robert Browning intelligible and interesting to an audience, for the most part not connected with any Browning Society, was certainly a bold one; but it was more than justified by the result. The readers one and all acquitted themselves so admirably that anything like criticism is out of the question. Special mention, however, must be given to Miss JORDAN, Messrs. B. F. JORDAN, J. NEAL, and JENKYN-BROWN, whose interpretations of the difficult parts entrusted to them were deserving of the highest praise.

We append the caste of readers:—

"Colombe" (Duchess of Cleves) . . . . .	Miss JORDAN.
"Sabyne" (her Attendant).....	Miss SOUTHALL.
"Valence" (an Advocate) .....	Mr. B. F. JORDAN.
"Prince Berthold" (Claimant of the Duchy)	Mr. J. NEAL.
"Melchior" (Berthold's confidant) .....	Mr. LARNER.
"Guibert" )	(Mr. IRVINE.
"Gaucelme" ) (Courtiers) .....	(Mr. JENKYN-BROWN.
"Maufroy" )	(Mr. KANNEUTHER.
"Clugnet" )	(Mr. REYNOLDS.
"Adolf" (an Attendant).....	Mr. DANIELL.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The most striking article in the *University College of Wales Magazine* is one entitled "Perchance to Dream." The writer emulates Virgil and Dante, only in prose, and describes with considerable power a visit to that "bourn from which no traveller returns." He draws a curious distinction between Spirits and Shapes—the Spirits being those of the departed, while the shapes are those of persons still living, which are, as it were, part of the dreams of the Spirits, "and still in this land perform—mute, melancholy mimes—the acts that the Spirits trace." Some of the description is good; for instance, "Mirth here is but a horror-struck convulsive sadness; joy in

this strange land there is none." And the article concludes with a really powerful and pathetic passage. The "Unsolved Mystery" is concluded in this number, and there is a Welsh poem, which, we regret to say is Greek to us. We were also much struck with Professor Huford's translations of three of Bjornson's lyrics. We quote the last—

"SIN AND DEATH.

"Sin and Death, sisters twain,  
Twain, twain,—  
Quoth Death to Sin in the grey dawn dree :  
'If thou weddest, sister, I shall remain,  
Remain, remain,  
And keep house with thee still,' quoth she.  
"Sin was wedded, and Death laughed loud,  
Loud, loud,—  
And danced and danced on the bridal-day ;  
Evening came, and she in a shroud,  
In a shroud, in a shroud,  
Has carried the bridegroom away.  
"Sin wept and watched alone in her cell,  
In her cell, in her cell,—  
Cried Death to Sin through the grey dawn dree :  
'Him that thou lovest, I love as well,  
As well, as well,  
And I have him here,' cried she."

The *Hayleyburian* opens with an interesting account of John Evelyn, who won for himself immortal fame by keeping a diary. We did not know before, that after London was destroyed by the Great Fire, of which the writer says that Evelyn gives "a glowing account," the Diarist presented to the King a scheme for rebuilding the city, which was, however, not adopted. We do not begrudge to this courtly author one iota of his fame, but we would remind our many friends who keep diaries that that fact alone will not procure them a title to literary renown. We cannot say much for the poetry in this number. There is, however, a fairly good conceit in "Found Out." Speaking of the Delphic oracle the writer says:—

"Tell me truly, mother Priestess, was it really from the earth  
Those vapours came that in your brain to oracles gave birth ?  
Or was it not that, in the dark, and favoured by the gloom,  
You blew a cloud from Apollo's pipe, and filled with smoke the room ?  
Or, naughty Priestess, on the sly, Apollo's mouthpiece you  
Abstracted, and his very best Havannahs smoked there through ?  
And isn't it quite possible that if you smoked too long  
Your nerves were shaken ? And, perhaps, the 'baccy was too strong ?  
That must be why your sayings—like those of the Grand Old Man—  
Were so ambiguous and vague, that to fear them men began."

We also acknowledge with thanks *The Marlburian*, *The School Magazine* (Uppingham), *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *The Clewer House School Magazine*, and *The Owens College Magazine*.

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*COLLEGE NOTES.*

We note with much pleasure that the names of MR. JAMES HUXLEY BLAKE and MR. PERCY GROOM (past students of the College) appear in the second class in Part II. of the Natural Sciences Tripos, Cambridge; Mr. A. F. Kellett has passed in Part I. of the same Tripos.

A rumour has reached us that we shall very shortly see another new contemporary. Undaunted by the fate which seems to threaten this *Magazine*—perhaps, indeed, inspired by the desire to rise Phoenix-like from its ashes—the students of the Queen's College propose to establish a magazine of their own. We congratulate them on their enterprise, and shall look forward to the first number with interest.

We are pleased to see that Professor Heath has brought out a treatise on Geometrical Optics, and that Professor Hillhouse has also made a valuable addition to the list of scientific text-books by his translation of Strasburger's "Practical Botany." Professor Hillhouse has added several notes and re-cast the introduction.

Our readers will be interested to hear that Mr. T. TURNER (Demonstrator in Chemistry) is going to be married in Edinburgh, on August 2nd. We take this opportunity of offering him our hearty congratulations.

The circulars announcing the proposal to hold a Ball in connection with the Union, at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms, on September 30th, are by this time in the hands of our readers. We hope there will be a large and enthusiastic response, and we feel sure that, if this is the case, a most enjoyable evening will be the result. If any think it incompatible with the dignity of Science Students to do homage to the goddess Terpsichore, let them reflect that some of the greatest authorities have regarded the study of dancing as an essential part of education. Perhaps, if something in the shape of a "scientific" programme could be compiled for the occasion, it would be an advantage. Thus, to guard against the usual inanities of ball-room small-talk, a subject connected with the curriculum of the College might be selected for discussion during each dance. The first waltz, for instance, might be devoted to an interchange of views on "The Action of Bromine on Phosphorus Trichloride," or some similar chemical problem; the quiet of the succeeding quadrille would afford an admirable opportunity for seriously weighing the merits of the Theory of Evolution; and during the next dance, a galop, a few racy remarks on the comparative merits of Tennyson and Browning might be allowed as a relief from the strain of the severer conversation. But, after all, need we trouble ourselves about ways and means of justifying this ball to our intellectual conscience, when one fact alone would cover a multitude of such dissensions? Our readers cannot have forgotten that it is the Jubilee year.

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The next number of this *Magazine* will be published early in November. Contributions are earnestly requested, and should reach the Editor before the first of the month.

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THE portion of this essay is stated rather than suggested. The facts of Cromwell's personal life are suggested, so far as they are known, and the most polished version from the *Life of Wolsey* is substituted for Cromwell, are interestingly described. The *History of England*, and the *History of Anne Boleyn* have been carefully studied. The *History of the Reformation* has been examined, and the *History of England* which had so much influence upon the Reformation and the *History* has been fully explained. By the chief part of the *History* of the *History* survey at the *History* of the *History*, of the *History* of the *History* has, especially in the *History* in *England*, from the *History* of the *History* Company at the age of *England*, and of the *History* *History* and *History* which *History* offered.

THE

## CHARACTER AND TIMES

OF

THOMAS CROMWELL:

*A CRITICISM OF THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF THE  
ENGLISH REFORMATION.*

BY

ARTHUR GALTON,

OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BIRMINGHAM:

CORNISH BROTHERS, 37, NEW STREET.

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THE STUDENTS.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

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## CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER 16.—Wednesday—Chemical Society.

" 18.—Friday—The Union.

" 23.—Wednesday—Botanical Society.

DECEMBER 2.—Friday—The Union.

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## LORD BYRON'S "CAIN."

"We do not think that there is much vigour or poetical propriety in any of the characters of Lord Byron's 'Mystery.'"—*Quarterly Review*.

THE above extract is a fair sample of the contemporary criticism which was lavished upon a poem now generally allowed to be one of Lord Byron's best works, if, indeed, it be not *the* one in which his intellectual power attained its zenith. Lord Macaulay, in his "Essay" on "Moore's Life of Byron," looks forward to a time when the poet, then a "man, young, noble, and unhappy," will be regarded "merely as a writer," and judged accordingly. That time has now arrived, and his readers, after the lapse of nearly seventy years, find it hard to believe in, and still harder to understand, the terrific storm which, in December, 1821, was raised by the publication of Lord Byron's "Cain." Dr. Watkin predicted that the author of "Cain" would descend to posterity with the brand of the first murderer upon his forehead, and an "eminent churchman," "Oxonienensis," in a letter to Mr. Murray, Byron's publisher, among other sapient observations speaks of this drama as "obsolete trash," the "very off-scourings of Boyle and Voltaire;" alludes to its "blasphemous impieties," and winds up his *criticism* by naming, as one source of gratification its author is certain to have, "the satisfaction of insulting those from whom he differs both in faith and practice!"

The spirit of the nineteenth century has changed somewhat since such writers were dignified with the title of critics, and



such attacks, as stupid as they were ignorant, would be now almost an impossibility.

This strangely dense and unappreciative criticism was not, however, confined to insignificant reviewers, whose names are now forgotten. Bishop Heber, the writer of the review in the *Quarterly*, Jeffrey and Campbell, though less intemperate and unjust, have shown scarcely more literary judgment.

There were indeed some, among names since grown famous, who, with greater penetration, gave Lord Byron's genius the justice it deserved. Shelley said that "Cain contained finer poetry than any since *Paradise Lost*;" Sir Walter Scott called it a "grand and tremendous drama," in which Byron had "matched Milton on his own ground;" and the critique of Mr. Egerton Brydges is an admirable specimen of appreciative and thoughtful criticism. These, however, are exceptions, for the general feeling about "Cain" was one of extreme hostility; and there is no doubt that Lord Byron suffered severely by its publication.

"Cain" was begun at Ravenna, July 16th, 1821, completed September 9th, and published with "*Sardanapalus*" and the "*Two Foscari*" in December of the same year. So unfavourable was its reception, that, in the following February, Lord Byron wrote from Pisa to his publishers to take the entire responsibility of any blame or loss they might incur on account of his "Mystery," using the emphatic expression, "*Me, me; en adsum qui feci,*" and adding that he would, if necessary, come to England to meet any proceedings in his own person.

There are only two among all the charges brought against "Cain" that seem worthy of any consideration. The first is the *subject* which Lord Byron has chosen, and the second is his *method of dealing* with that subject.

With regard to the first, it is, perhaps, always a mistake to choose a Biblical subject for a composition like "Cain." Even if the writer himself has, conscientiously, no respect for the Book from which his materials are drawn, he should yet remember that to many, probably to the majority, of his readers such a use of its pages will be no less than sacrilege. Lord Byron has thought it worth while to defend himself against this accusation by citing, as precedents, the "old Mysteries or Moralities" and "*Paradise Lost*." But he seems to have forgotten or lost sight of the cogent fact that the old mysteries, irreverent and even blasphemous as they may appear to us, were sincerely intended as a means of

religious instruction; and that Milton's noble epic, bold and varying in plan as it is, had yet as its avowed purpose to

"assert eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to men."

Lord Byron's "Mystery" has nothing, save its subject, in common with the mediæval plays: and his method of treating it, our second point, is essentially different from that employed by Milton. That there is no ground for allegation that "Cain" was an attack upon the Christian religion will be obvious to every careful reader. It is simply a statement of some of the difficulties of belief, a facing of such unsolved problems as life and death, and the origin and existence of evil; and the worst that can be said of it is that it may perhaps raise doubts in the minds of some whose faith has hitherto been unquestioning and unreserved. That these difficulties of belief are real enough, every thoughtful person can testify—the debatable point is the wisdom of putting them into form, save with the object of accounting for or decreasing their difficulty.

If Lord Byron had taken the stand of an avowed atheist, or made evil, in the persons of *Cain* and *Lucifer* triumphant and happy, his antagonists would have had more reason on their side. As it is, the worst that they can say is that the "atmosphere of 'Cain' is negative," for Byron has shown in it at least as much sympathy with good as with evil; and the cry of terrible remorse and despair with which, at the close of the drama, *Cain* disappears from our sight is more calculated to deter from, than to encourage, the commission of such deeds as his.

From an artistic point of view another fault has been found with "Cain." It has been accused of a want of dramatic action, and said to consist of one central deed, with scarcely anything to lead up to it. Had "Cain" been intended for an acting drama, this charge might perhaps be admitted; but this was by no means the case, and Lord Byron, like many other poets, simply chose what he considered the most convenient shape for his composition, and produced a grand and beautiful poem, the dramatic form of which gave him scope for greater force and freedom.

There are in "Cain" evidences of dramatic ability of no mean order. The interest is sustained and engrossing, and some of the characters bear the unmistakeable impress of genius. *Lucifer* and *Cain* are, of course, the ruling spirits of the play, but the subordinate personages are also drawn with care and distinctness.

*Cain* is, as has often been pointed out, an embodiment of the

one type of character—his own—which invariably appears in all Byron's poems. There is, however, less of what may be called the *Byronic personality* here than elsewhere, for to use the words of a clear-sighted critic concerning one of his scenes, "We are at a loss to say whether Lord Byron ought most to be identified with *Cain* or *Abel*; so appropriately has he maintained the character of each."

When we first meet *Cain* he is proud and passionate, it is true, and the evil he sees but cannot explain leads him to doubt the love and wisdom of his Creator; but he is never abandoned to ill. He is not such a one, for example, as "Childe Harold," who

. . . . "Through sin's long labyrinth had run."

Indeed, in his interview with the Tempter we hear him passionately exclaim, "I thirst for good;" and again emphatically declaring his love for *Abel* his brother. The swift mysterious growth of evil, from the sullen pride which holds him in prayerless silence to the defiant impiety which at last dyes his hands in blood, is portrayed with consummate skill. Some of the lighter strokes, too, display an artist's delicacy of touch. Such, for instance, are the lines which describe his love of nature, and the solace he finds in the contemplation of her beauty:—

. . . . I turned my weary eyes from off  
Our native and forbidden Paradise,  
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,  
Which are so beautiful : shall they, too, die ?

*Lucifer.* Perhaps,—but long outlive both thine and thee.

*Cain.* I'm glad of that : *I would not have them die—  
They are so lovely.*

The intense affection *Cain* bears his wife and children finds expression in lines which have Shakspeare's sweetness. As he bends over his sleeping infant, this pure affection wells up in exquisite music from his heart :—

How lovely he appears ! his little cheeks,  
In their pure incarnation, vying with  
The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

*Adah.* And his lips, too,  
How beautifully parted ! No ; you shall not  
Kiss him, at least not now : he will awake soon—  
His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over ;  
But it were pity to disturb him till  
'Tis closed.

*Cain.* You have said well ; *I will contain  
My heart till then.* He smiles and sleeps !

His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,  
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long  
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them ;

Half open, from beneath them the clear blue  
Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream  
Of . . . . Paradise !

There is a touch, too, of very beautiful humanity in his reply to the sad words which assure him that his dreadful sentence is already being put into execution :—

*Adah.* Now let us carry forth our children.

*Cain.* And he who lieth there was *childless*.

This idea, full of the deepest pathos, used in a different way, heightens the horror of one of the most powerful scenes in "Macbeth."

The scene in which *Cain's* gloomy pride blazes into sudden anger ; and his despairing anguish when he realizes what he has done, is almost Miltonic in its stern sublimity.

*Adah* is the most beautiful of all Lord Byron's women. Besides being wondrously lovely, she is so good that she seems to breathe an atmosphere of purity, shuddering instinctively at the approach of evil, and she distrusts *Lucifer* from the first, feeling that where she may not follow it cannot be right for *Cain* to go. Her description of the strange fascination which the evil spirit exercises over her has been called the "most Shaksperian speech in Byron's tragedies," and this is not exaggerated praise :—

I cannot answer this immortal thing  
Which stands before me : I cannot abhor him ;  
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,  
And yet I fly not from him : in his eye  
There is a fastening attraction which  
Fixes my fluttering eyes on his ; my heart  
Beats quick ; he awes me, and yet draws me near,  
Nearer and nearer. *Cain—Cain—save me from him !*

In these lines we seem to see *Adah* struggling vainly like a helpless, fluttering little bird with the fatal power of the serpent's glistening eye, and there is true dramatic art in her appeal to *Cain* for succour.

The love of *Adah* is a conception not easily paralleled. Pure, unselfish, and stronger than death, it pleads guilty with *Cain's* impiety, yet will not forsake him whatever befall :—

*Adah.* Alas ! thou sinnest now, my *Cain* : thy words  
Sound impious in mine ears.

*Cain.* Then leave me !

*Adah.* Never, though thy God left thee.

It is, indeed, her boundless and ever-vigilant love which awakens in *Adah* the first foreboding. She feels that it can be no good angel who would desire to separate her from her beloved :—

*Adah.* Let me go with thee.

*Lucifer.* No, she must not.

*Adah.*

*Who*

*Art thou that steppest between heart and heart !*

The last line is one of the most perfect ever penned by a poet. With true artistic intuition, *Cain's* prayer for mercy is put into the mouth of *Adah*; and, when the awful judgment is pronounced, and *Cain*, a "fugitive and a vagabond," passes from the presence of his Maker, *Adah*, and not *Eve*, is the one who does not shrink from him, but, by her still faithful affection, renders his punishment less unendurable.

Surely such devotion is not unworthy to stand by the side of the love which our greatest poet and dramatist paints as being

. . . all made of faith and service.  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 All adoration, duty and obedience,  
 All humbleness, all patience . . .  
 All purity, all trial, all observance!

The character of *Eve* cannot, we are afraid, be looked upon in any light save that of a blemish. The most partial judge could hardly say more in its praise than that it serves by contrast to increase our admiration for the gentle and lovely *Adah*. Making all allowance for the frenzy of grief, it is impossible to imagine a mother giving utterance to such words as those in which *Eve* curses her first-born. It is very saddening to reflect that Lord Byron was not wholly without cause for thus desecrating one of the purest and most sacred forms of human affection.

*Adam* is scarcely more than a lay figure in the drama. When he does appear he is very human. His bitter reproach of *Eve*:—

"Woman, behold the serpent's work and thine!"

is true to life; so also is his reasoning with her frenzied anger, and the way in which his *man's* mind grasps the stern truth that the consciousness of his guilt will be punishment enough for *Cain*:—

"I curse him not; his spirit be his curse."

The character of *Abel* is a very beautiful one. Lord Byron has indeed closely followed Scripture here; for we can find no outward reason for the crime of *Cain* other than the one there given: "his works were evil and his brother's righteous."

*Zillah*, *Abel's* wife, only appears upon the scene twice. She is a tender-hearted, loving woman, drawn from nature with a few light strokes and her impassioned utterances of sorrow bring still more vividly before us the picture of general desolation.

Of *Lucifer*, the soul of the play, it must be granted that this conception is finely imagined and skilfully worked out. Byron's Satan is not the "lost archangel" of Milton, but none the less is he drawn with a master-hand. Byron's enthusiasm for the "great Goethe" is well known, and it is to him, perhaps, we may look

for the real inspiration of *Lucifer*. Such passages as the sneer with which he replies to *Cain's* expression of wonder at the existence of "serpents" in other "Edens":—

. . . Must no reptiles

Breathe save the erect ones?

and his taunting question about the Creator:—

. . . What have been His gifts

To you already?

certainly show he has some affinity with "Mephistopheles" the mocking spirit of "Faust." The Scripture quotation Lord Byron has chosen as the motto for "*Cain*" seems to contain the keynote of his impersonation of Satan. The *Serpent* is present with us all through, and there is a depth of "plaited cunning" in his wiles. Witness the supreme art with which he fosters *Cain's* fatal desire to *know*; puts his evil thoughts into such form that they seem harmless, if not laudable curiosity; and, above all, plies him with the most subtle and insinuating flattery:—

*Cain*. I would consort with spirits.

*Lucifer*. And hadst thou not been fit by thine own soul

For such companionship, I would not now

Have stood before thee as I am: a serpent

Had been enough to charm ye, as before."

The outward beauty, and what has been called the "pensive" cast of *Lucifer*, has been objected to. This will not, perhaps, be considered a dramatic error when we consider that it is to a *woman* he shows this side of his nature. Compare, for example, the means by which he draws from *Adah* the exclamation, "Friend, tempt me not with beauty," with such defiant speeches as, "I have a *victor*, true, but no *superior*," employed when he is addressing himself to the *man*. It may also be suggested that Milton's "apostate angel" is not *all* "obdurate pride and steadfast hate;" yet, would any say that this portraiture lost in sublimity by the addition of the lines which tell us that even he could feel "remorse and passion," and that as he gazed upon the "millions of spirits"

. . . From eternal splendours flung

For his revolt . . . thrice, in spite of scorn,

Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth?

May not, then, *Lucifer's* sorrow, "which is half his immortality," serve, like this noble "passion," to throw into deeper shadow the intense misery of his fall? If, to use Milton's own simile, his "Satan" "like a comet burned," Byron's resembles a "lovely baleful star, veiled in grey vapour"—a true "son of the morning," still beautiful though fallen and obscured!

Bishop Heber has greatly condemned Lord Byron's picture of Hades ; but his remarks seem somewhat feeble and not much to the point. The poet had a perfect right to his own conception of the "hidden place," and the vast silent region he portrays, peopled with dim, gigantic old-world shadows, is impressive from its very vagueness, and even the Bishop admits that it is unique.

Much more might be written in praise of this great work, but the above brief and imperfect notes will perhaps suffice to show that the characters of Lord Byron's *Mystery* possess a considerable share, both of "vigour and poetical propriety ;" and that in fact, "Cain" is a magnificent piece of imagination and a fine dramatic poem.

If, as a recent writer playfully says, his "books" have "entered on an age of iron," "Cain" at least will always hold its place among English classics ; and, if in some degree exaggerated, the words of the great French critic, M. Taine, are yet not without a certain pertinency and suggestiveness : "Lord Byron is so great and so English, that from him alone we shall learn more of his country and of his age than from all the rest put together."

I. S. A.

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*MY GUEST.*

Grief, in sad weeds,  
Stood knocking at my gate ;  
I bade her go,  
In tones of fear and hate.

Her eyes she raised ;  
My soul grew calm within ;  
I opened wide  
My heart, and took her in.

In strange disguise,  
With torn and bleeding feet,  
Admittance sought  
Love's Angel high and sweet.

Hear this my prayer  
Kind Heaven ! and do me grace :  
Make my poor heart  
For Love meet resting-place.

---

### OUR GARDEN PATH.

From the wicket-gate beside the west lawn a straight gravel path leads up to the greenhouse at the top of the kitchen-garden. A wide border on each side of the path is devoted to flowers ; and in the summer-time this is a wild tangle of beauty and sweetness, regarded with condescending toleration by the gardener and the master of the house, whose horticultural tastes are in favour of geraniums and calceolarias in straight rows, with a background of tall, fine double dahlias.

Many a battle have Miss Mary and Burden, the gardener, had on this and like points, in which Miss Mary has generally come off victorious, being gifted with a strong will and a soft tongue ; and last spring she finally vanquished Burden by declaring, " Now, Burden, this is the ladies' flower-garden ; it belongs to my mother and me, and we are going to have it just as we like. You shall have your own way with the beds in the front garden, and make them like a Kidderminster carpet, if you choose ; but if you meddle with these borders, we shall widen them so as to encroach on *your* potatoes, and you know you won't like that. Besides, you see we must have a place to cut flowers from for the house, mustn't we ? "

About the middle of April you might have seen Miss Mary, wrapped up in a fur cloak—for the winds are still cold—seated on a little chair in the middle of the garden-path, with a tray in her lap full of packets of seeds and little sticks to mark the places, directing the reluctant Burden where to sow the annuals which are to bloom in the coming summer.

About July the borders bring forth their greatest wealth. Close under the greenhouse wall is a lemon-scented verbena, with strong, succulent shoots springing up close from the ground ; then on each side of the path is a great bush of fragrant lavender, beloved of heavy dumbledores and spiritual white butterflies, which hover round it in scores, looking almost like hanging blossoms swinging loosely in the breeze. At the further end of the path, near the wicket, and under the shade of the great copper beech, corresponding with the lavender bushes are two clumps of aromatic rosemary, which Burden considers neither useful nor ornamental, and not venturing to uproot entirely, furtively trims into decent limits, lest they should too far overshadow some of his pet scarlet geraniums—for as long as he uproots nothing, he has permission to put anything he likes into the beds. Two huge self-sown sunflowers threaten altogether to eclipse the lavender, and under the shadow of one of them is a plant of " honesty," which by the end of July



has lost all its leaves, and is a mass of flat, egg-shaped, membranous seedvessels, already beginning to turn white and show the seeds within. Honesty is of hardy nature; this particular specimen has thriven in spite of having been ruthlessly uprooted at an early period of its existence by the master, who mistook it for a "weed," but hastily stuck its roots back into earth once more on hearing a voice behind cry, "Why, Father, you have pulled up my *Lunaria biennis*." Miss Mary has learned that to many of her pet plants the best protection she can afford is that of a Latin name—the longer the better—for though Burden perfectly understands the worth of cabbages, onions, and potatoes, and even of the larger and gaudier kinds of flowers, which may be expected to win a prize in a "show," he is inclined to regard the homelier and the more delicate kinds as merely "weeds." Only by this innocent ruse has the little *Spiraea filipendula* been preserved from destruction, in spite of the beauty of its finely-cut, low-spreading tuft of leaves, and reddish stem with its irregular panicle of sweet creamy-white flowers. The smell of mignonette, and the low hum of the bees rifling its honey, greet your senses as you walk—for mignonette, once established, springs up unbidden, even on the hard gravel path. Nasturtiums, too, run riot, from glowing flame-colour through every shade of red and yellow to deepest mahogany and palest straw-colour, the blossoms relieved against the deep, almost dusky, green of the peltate leaves, with their one light centre-spot, where stem and blade unite.

Brilliant, too, is the gaillardia, with its deep red disk, and fringed ray of rich crimson edged with orange, its straggling, much-branched flower-stems spreading wildly from the close tuft of soft radical leaves, not unlike those of the garden forget-me-not, which has evidently been plentiful here in early spring. Another plant rather apt to pay small respect to its neighbour's boundary is the red valerian, the odour of whose root is so dear to the feline and so obnoxious to the human species; and the little rose-flowered, ranunculus-leaved crane's-bill is hardly more scrupulous. The name "ranunculus" recalls a rather sickly specimen of the globe-flower, which Miss Mary is trying tenderly to rear, but which does not take kindly to her dry and sunny border, preferring a damp and marshy situation. The corn blue-bottle—*centaurea cyanus*—however, seems to like the spot, and throws out a wealth of cerulean blossoms, whose tint is reflected in a lighter shade by the low-growing, tenacious-lived "love in a puzzle," whose sky-blue flowers are half hidden in a mist of light green, above which are even now to be seen some of the large, quaint-shaped, horned seed-vessels. July is late for pansies, and those which remain are neither so large nor so finely coloured as the pansies of earlier summer, yet their delicate pencillings, and their subtle gradations, harmonies, and contrasts of colour serve to suggest the greater loveliness of those whose day is over, as from the vestiges of beauty

in a withered countenance we may picture to ourselves the fairness of its youth. Along with the pansies a few columbines—of the waxy-yellow species, with long spurs, known as *chrysantha*—yet linger, the abundance of their graceful seed-pockets telling how lavish has been their bloom.

For gorgeous and varied colouring nothing can outshine the compact zinnias, while for tender tones there are stocks, flesh-coloured, pink, and pale heliotrope passing into purple. At the back of the beds, hiding from view the neighbouring potatoes, stand tall sunflowers, pyramidal hollyhocks, bushes of perennial phlox—white, or with eye of bright carmine—and rich single dahlias. While at one spot the air is heavy with the perfume of sweet peas, which may surely dispute with the “sweet tuberoses,” the praise of being “the sweetest flower for scent that blows,” at another it is redolent with the spicy odour breathed out by clove carnations. A magnificent clump of the white autumn Japanese anemone is Miss Mary’s special pride, a distinction shared by a rather puny, though graceful, Alpine poppy.

But, lest this paper should degenerate into a mere gardener’s catalogue, I will forbear to speak of lupins or lobelias, marigolds or *eschscholtzias*, scarlet flax-flowers or white Canterbury bells. Ask Miss Mary to take you up “our garden path” some fine summer morning, and to cull you a nosegay thence, and I think you will agree with me that it is one of the brightest, sweetest places in the whole world.

L. L.

### “JUDITH SHAKESPEARE.”

(A REMINISCENCE.)

*Inscribed respectfully to MR. WILLIAM BLACK.*

#### I.

THROUGH a fair land she wanders,  
 Wrapped in a golden dream;  
 Where through green meadows glideth  
 Our England’s dearest stream:  
 Or, where in woods’ recesses,  
 The “dim sweet” violets blow,  
 While to the budding branches  
 The breezes murmur low.  
 The day is “filled with music”;  
 Glamour is all around:  
 And in her quiet chamber  
 Still floats the magic sound:  
 There, the first sun-rays softly  
 Creep through the lattice bars;

Or the clinging ivy maketh  
A leaf-frame for the stars.  
And, crown of all the beauty,  
There springs a wondrous flower—  
A Rose of fragrant blooming,  
Within this maiden's bower !  
Say, (would ye learn the secret  
Of such a mighty spell)  
Should not Miranda sweetly dream  
In Prosper's magic cell ?

## II.

Closed is the maiden's casement ;  
No song the house doth fill :  
Round the forsaken arbour  
The weeds grow up at will.  
Faded is all the sunshine  
That once so brightly shone ;  
For the dear Rose she cherished  
Is "from her garden gone" ;  
And one, beside her pillow  
Watches the dying flame :  
From heights of fame and glory  
To that still couch he came.  
In a far heavenly city  
Swing back the shining gates—  
Here in a shadowed chamber  
The white-veiled Angel waits.  
Before his awful Presence  
The elves and fairies flee ;  
And even the harp of Ariel  
Dare wake no melody.  
He calls the maiden gently :  
She may not halting stand,  
But with slow wistful footsteps  
Follows the beckoning Hand.

## III.

But, see ! while angels welcome her  
And in glad song rejoice ;  
She pauses near the portal bright  
Hearing an earthly voice.  
'Tis said that Love may conquer death  
With might more strong and sweet :

And in his love that stays her steps  
The whole world's heart doth beat !  
So she, to bless dear earth again  
Descends the mystic stair—  
In her sweet eyes the smile of Heaven,  
Its gleam upon her hair.  
Miranda's loving feet once more  
Enter the magic cell ;  
Till Prosper breaks his staff of might  
In that dear spot to dwell.  
Once more the elves and fairy sprites  
Dance in the moon's soft ray,  
And with "quaint Ariel" at their head  
Resume their ancient sway.  
The wondrous Rose blooms rich again ;  
Its grace shall ne'er depart :  
For, evermore this happy maid  
Wears it upon her heart !

I. S. A.

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### MISS NADEN.

The departure of Miss NADEN from Birmingham is an event which affects us too nearly to be allowed to pass without comment in our pages. It is no exaggeration to say that in losing Miss Naden the College loses one of its most distinguished students, the Union its "bright particular star," and the *Magazine* a guide, philosopher, and friend to whom it never appealed for help of any kind in vain.

Miss Naden's career as a student of the College was brought to a fitting close on the opening day of the present session, when the title of "Associate" was conferred upon her, and an essay on "Induction and Deduction," of which she was the authoress, received the first award of the Healop Gold Medal. These, as the Bailiff (Mr. W. Mathews) pointed out, were the highest honours which it was in the power of the Council to bestow. Of the part which Miss Naden played in the Union and other College Societies it is unnecessary to speak. Her powerful intellect, ready eloquence, and incisive wit made her at once the fortune and the fate of a debate, and rendered her "papers" veritable feasts of reason. During 1883-84, Miss Naden was Editor of the *Magazine*, and although crippled by the same dearth of contributions of which our Editor complains to-day, she succeeded in greatly improving the character of its literary contents.

Miss Naden has made a name for herself outside the walls of the College, both as Poet and Philosopher. The last number of this *Magazine* contained a review of her second volume of poems, "A Modern Apostle," with regard to which we can only echo the words of our critic, that "amid all the abundance of modern literature we seldom meet with a work of such superior merit and such splendid promise." At present, Miss Naden is

travelling in the Holy Land, gathering, we doubt not, materials for future books, and strengthening her wings for still higher flights of song. On her return to England she will make her home in London, where she will find full scope for her powers, and be brought into stimulating contact with kindred minds. It is this thought alone which brings us some faint consolation for what we must otherwise regard as the unmixed misfortune of her departure from our midst. Miss Naden carries with her the best wishes of all whose privilege it was to know her, and we venture, in the name of the College, to express the earnest hope that she may return from her travels "safe and sound," and be blessed with health and strength to develop her splendid talents to the utmost.

### THE UNION.

October 7th.—HOLIDAY NOTES.—In the absence of Mr. J. F. JORDAN, Mr. STERN was elected chairman *pro tem*.

Mr. PERRY then proceeded to read "Notes on North Devon," dealing especially with the coast district within twenty miles of Ilfracombe. He gave a humorous account of a boating accident off Combe Martin, in which he helped to rescue the persons in danger, and drew a pathetic picture of their ingratitude, and of the refusal of the Royal Humane Society to recognise his services in saving human beings from a wetting. As the hills of the county are numerous and arranged utterly without system, he considered Devon eminently unsuited for walking tours.

Miss K. M. DIXON described her experiences during "A Fortnight on the Norfolk Broads," travelling along water-ways bordered by rushes, through a country of countless windmills, where the white sails of the stately and graceful wherries creep along the landscape like white birds. When the wind failed it was necessary to resort to "quanting"—known elsewhere as "punting"—whose delights were fourfold:—(1) Deluges of water pour down your sleeve; (2) the point of the quant refuses to find the bed of the river, and persists in floating along the top; (3) when it has been persuaded to find it, it refuses to leave it again; (4) the danger to the quant of leaving the boat altogether.

Mr. W. L. O. WARD followed with "Notes on the Lake District," Wastwater being of special interest as possessing the deepest lake, the coldest lake, the highest mountain, the smallest church, the worst parson, and the biggest liar in England.

Miss ALBRIGHT concluded the evening's entertainment by an account of an excursion to the scenes described by George Eliot in her first books—"Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede;" a district where the memory of Mary Ann Evans' early girlhood is still green with some of its inhabitants.

One hundred and twenty-three members and friends were present.

Oct. 21.—GENERAL BUSINESS MEETING.—Mr. B. F. JORDAN was elected to the chair until the vote for the President for the year had been taken, when he vacated it in favour of Mr. NEAL.

The election of officers then took place in the following order:—President of the Union, Mr. JAMES NEAL; Treasurer, Mr. LANGFORD; Hon. Secretaries, Miss SOUTHALL and Mr. C. F. M. WARD; Auditors, Miss L. J. CHARLES and Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU; Union Committee, Misses BISHOP, K. M. DEANE, EDWARDS and GEORGE, Messrs. J. F. JORDAN,

A. L. STERN, C. P. LARNER, W. L. O. WARD; Editor of the *Magazine*, Miss CHARLES; Treasurer, Miss LINDSAY; Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. F. DANIELL; Editorial Board, Miss THOMPSON and Mrs. HOUGHTON, Messrs. W. R. JORDAN and REYNOLDS.

The reports of the Union Committee and Treasurer were read and accepted; the latter showing a balance in hand of £5 6s. 9d.

The reports of the Editorial Board and Treasurer of the *Magazine* were also read and adopted.

Mrs. F. T. S. HOUGHTON then moved, "That the *Magazine* cease to exist," a motion which, she said, had been forced upon her by circumstances occurring at the last business meeting. On that occasion, the Editorial Board, supported by the Union Committee, brought forward a resolution which involved a radical change in the status of the *Magazine*. The mere fact that that resolution was rejected, though by a large majority, would not in itself have been sufficient to sign the death-warrant of the *Magazine*. The manner, however, in which the resolution was received, the storm of opposition which it evoked, and the sharp criticism, not to say abuse, to which the *Magazine* was subjected, could not but raise the question whether a *Magazine* which had incurred so much odium, and so obviously failed to fulfil its *raison d'être*, ought to be allowed to continue to exist. From the tone of many of the speakers, it was evident that so far from regarding the *Magazine* as an advantage or convenience to the Union, they considered its very existence as a sort of personal injury, and the proposition that they should contribute to its support as "adding insult to injury." If this were the opinion of the majority of the members the continued existence of the *Magazine* as the organ of the Union was an anomaly, and as such ought not to be tolerated in that enlightened home of science. The object of the resolution was simply to ascertain the feeling of the majority; and the speaker concluded by saying that, in her opinion, it would be a lasting disgrace to the College if it decided that it had so little literary ability, so little literary ambition, so little *esprit de corps*, that, alone among the great colleges of Britain, it would be content to possess no history of its corporate life—no record of its thought and action.

Mr. DANIELL seconded the motion with feelings of regret. It would give him no pleasure for Mason College to occupy the unique position of being unwilling or incapable of issuing a magazine. But since affairs had long been drifting to a crisis, since the *Magazine* was assailed by the danger of indifference—worse than that, of antagonism—it was thought better to call attention to it. He begged to remind members that college institutions could not be maintained merely by holding up hands in response to a call from the chairman; votes needed to be followed by action.

Mr. LAWRENCE opposed the resolution with great cheerfulness, because he could not regard it as showing the real feeling of the Editorial Board. He thought it an enormous pity that an attempt to infuse into the homes of members of the Union a little wholesome literature should fail of its object, and cited his own experience as an encouragement to others to do their duty by becoming subscribers to the *Magazine*.

Mr. BROWETT said two circumstances militated against the success of the *Magazine*—the smallness of its possible constituency and the magnitude of its price. He proposed that Mason College should amalgamate its *Magazine*

with those of the Midland Institute and of Queen's College, and thus enlarge its constituency and its funds.

Mr. B. F. JORDAN pointed out that the minority who at present showed a practical interest in the *Magazine* had to pay 3s. a year for it; whereas, if properly supported, the price might be much less.

Mr. MARTINEAU thought that the feeling of the Union was obviously against amalgamation of the *Mason College* and *Institute Magazines*. The latter was wretchedly printed, and did not pay. He failed to see why the *Magazine* was not thoroughly popular, since all College Societies were properly noticed, and all contributions received careful and impartial consideration.

Mr. LOVE remarked that he had heard students object to take the *Magazine* on the ground that it was not interesting to them personally. That was the fault of the great body of the students, with whom lay the remedy. Every fact interesting to one student in his collegiate capacity would probably be equally so to every other, and should be sent in to the Editor. As to the objection on the score of price, if the boys at every Grammar School in the country could afford to pay sixpence for a magazine, surely grown men and women could do so. The *Magazine*, too, was almost the only bond of union between the College and its old students.

On the division not a single vote was given in favour of the resolution.

The Secretary brought forward the following resolutions on behalf of the Chairman. They were seconded by Mr. LARNER and carried unanimously:—

- (i.) An alteration in Rule IV., so that it reads—"in which case the election of all the candidates proposed at that meeting shall be deferred till the next meeting, when a ballot shall be taken, and a majority of three-fourths of those voting," etc.
- (ii.) An addition to Rule V., so that it continues—"and any Member whose subscription remains unpaid on the last day of the Summer Session shall be considered to have resigned, and shall not be eligible for re-election unless he or she again become a student of the College."
- (iii.) An alteration of Rule XX., so that it reads—"No rule or bye-law shall be made or altered except at a Business Meeting, or at a special meeting called for business purposes."

One hundred and sixteen Members and friends were present.

*October 28th.*—POLITICAL DEBATE. "The Liberal Unionist Party."

Mr. B. F. JORDAN, in opening the debate, said that the General Election of 1885 was marked by three distinguishing features:—Mr. Gladstone asked for a sufficient majority to make him independent of the Irish party in Parliament; the Irish party directed the Irish vote against the Liberal party; and the men and papers who now clamour for Home Rule then loudly condemned the alliance between the Tories and the Parnellites. The result of that election was to put the Parnellites into the position of arbiters of the State. Mr. Gladstone then placed himself at the feet of Mr. Parnell, and used the "Three-acres-and-a-cow" resolution of Mr. Jesse Collings as a lever to hoist himself into power. But he met with a salutary check, and there followed the birth and rise of the Liberal Unionist party, who had sufficient courage to save the Liberal party from moral turpitude, when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule plan was sprung upon the country in order to save the *amour*

*propre* of a discredited statesman. Mr. Jordan denied that Liberal Unionists had altered their opinions, or betrayed their principles. He endorsed the opinion of Mr. P. J. Smythe that "the National League was the League of Hell," and asserted that the leaders of the National Party were allied with men and women who, in America, planned murder and outrage. That party was demoralising the Irish peasantry, and opposed all measures which would relieve real and genuine distress. You could not touch pitch—in the shape of Irish Nationalists—without being defiled, and the demoralisation of Mr. Gladstone and his party was complete: patriotism and devotion to principle were dead among them.

Mr. LARNER thought, that if Mr. Jordan's accusations were true, he (Mr. Larnar) ought to be howled down with shouts of "assassin, murderer, dynamitard." He contended that Liberal Unionists were destitute of a policy and of public sympathy. He quoted Mr. Bright's views in 1867 on English government of Ireland, and the right of every nation to strive for self-government; but during the last fifteen years Mr. Bright's attitude had been one of steady retrogression. Mr. Chamberlain might fitly be described as a "lost leader." In 1881 he described coercion as a hateful incident, a condemnation of our rule in Ireland; in 1887 he voted for a bill which reduced the Irish to the rank of slaves and helots. He objected to Mr. Chamberlain's strictures on the manners of Irish members in view of his own remarks on Mr. Disraeli. With regard to the forged letter in the *Times*, purporting to have been written by Mr. Parnell, he contrasted Lord Beaconsfield's vindication of the honour of the House of Commons when a charge was preferred against a member by Mr. Grissell, and Mr. W. H. Smith's refusal to allow an inquiry into the accusations brought against Irish members. The Liberal Unionists had now to rely entirely on Tory votes. It was unwise to ignore the Ireland beyond the seas, for though the English Empire might be the greatest under the sun, it was also the most assailable.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN maintained that Liberal Unionists deserved the thanks of that house, even if Mr. Gladstone were right. The only question was whether they were actuated by principle or self-interest.

Mr. LOVE would point out to Mr. Jordan that if we began by treating the Irish as foes we made peace for ever unattainable. We should look behind eviction riots, for when a whole people unite in defiance of the law the government of that country is proved to be essentially faulty. He vindicated Mr. Gladstone's consistency by quotations from his speeches of 1881 and 1882, which were then understood by his opponents as declarations in favour of Home Rule. The Coercion Act had provoked disorder, and Liberal Unionists should not be thanked for doing their best to ruin the country.

Mr. FORDHAM, B.A. (a visitor at the meeting) thought, that if Lord Salisbury could *succeed* in keeping order with his Coercion Act, there would not be so much to complain of; but this he did not do.

The debate was continued on the affirmative by Mr. MARSTON and Mr. MARTINEAU; on the negative by Miss LINDSAY and Mr. R. DELL; and Mr. JORDAN replied.

The motion was lost by a majority of two, the votes being 34 against 36. One-hundred-and-thirty-two members and friends were present.



### COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—*June 14th.*—Dr. HOGGEN in the chair. A paper on "Heart Sounds" was read by Professor ALLEN; and discussed by Drs. SAUNDREY and HOGGEN, and Messrs. LOVE and IRVINE. A hearty vote of thanks to Professor ALLEN brought the proceedings to a close.

[We regret that we did not receive this report in time for our last issue, and that it gives no account of an interesting paper.—Ed. M. C. M.]

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*Oct. 13th.*—The PRESIDENT announced the election of several new members. Mr. G. F. DANIELL was re-elected secretary.

Miss EDWARDS read an eloquent paper on "Kepler." John Kepler was born in 1571, and in his boyhood had to serve in a tavern and do menial work in his father's house. About 1597 he became assistant to Tycho Brahe, to whose post of Imperial Mathematician he succeeded in 1601. Kepler gave the first good account of the theory of lenses, invented the astronomical telescope, and observed the fact of spherical aberration. His life was a struggle against the poverty and ill-health of himself and his family. Miss Edwards recounted his search for a second wife, which clearly shows the utility of "matrimonial agencies." After the death of his first wife he asked his friends to get him a second, so that his children and home might be well looked after. Negotiations in furtherance of this end were carried to a fairly advanced stage with no less than eleven out of the long list of eligible lady acquaintances kept by Kepler. It should, however, be carefully borne in mind that these proceedings with a view to matrimonial alliance were pursued with one lady at a time; indeed, two of them were daughters of a third. After having broken off with all, he finally came back and found consolation in No. 5. Two of the famous laws which bear his name were discovered by Kepler in 1609, the third in 1618.—The paper was discussed by the PRESIDENT and Mr. DANIELL.

In his paper on "Hygrometry," Mr. LIVERSEEGE described all the chief forms of hygrometry, with criticisms on each. The paper contained much practical information, and was discussed by the PRESIDENT and Mr. DANIELL.

The thanks of the meeting were accorded to the authors of the papers.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*Oct. 19th.*—Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Eleven members present. Seven new members were elected.

Mr. BALARD read a paper on the "Manufacture of Vinegar." A crude kind of beer is first made by the fermentation of malt extract by yeast, the fermentation being pushed as far as possible. The alcoholic liquid thus obtained is exposed to the action of the air and of a ferment (*Mycoderma aceti*) in an apparatus called an acetifier. The alcohol is then oxidised to acetic acid. The acid liquid is allowed to stand, and the clear liquid, after the addition of caramel to colour it, forms the malt vinegar of commerce.

Mr. LIVERSEEGE then gave an account of the methods employed to detect the presence of foreign matter in vinegar.

Both papers were illustrated by specimens and demonstrations, and were discussed; and a vote of thanks was accorded to both members.

At the close of the meeting Dr. NICOL showed the members the rare phenomenon of luminosity produced by the friction of mercury and glass in high vacuo.

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*POESY CLUB.*

*Oct. 18th.*—Professor ARBER in the chair.

After a few introductory remarks from the CHAIRMAN, in the course of which he referred to the great loss sustained by the Society in the departure of Miss NADEN from Birmingham, it was moved by MR. E. F. J. LOVE, and seconded by MRS. F. T. S. HOUGHTON: "That Miss NADEN be elected an honorary member of the Society." This resolution was carried unanimously.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were then read and confirmed; and the following ladies and gentlemen were elected to serve on the Committee for the ensuing year:—Misses BISHOP, BETTNEY, and LINDSAY, and Mrs. HOUGHTON; Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN, LEDSAM, LARNER, and MARTINEAU.

The three contributions to the Poem Competition were then read in the following order:—First, a short account of Shakespere's Sixtieth Sonnet, in which attention was called to the singularly beautiful analogies, discovered by the poet in comparing the passage of time with that of a wave; secondly, a paper on "Aurora Leigh," the writer of which attributed the charm of the poem to the fact that it is written straight out of the author's inmost experience, and affords that insight into another's consciousness which, in the ordinary relations of life, the most perfect sympathy seems equally powerless to give or obtain; thirdly, a concise exposition of the chief beauties of the "Idylls of the King," the writer claiming for this epic that it fulfilled the true function of poetry—*i.e.*, the elevation of mankind—and contained abundant evidence that Tennyson had lavished upon it the full measure of his love and learning.

A short discussion followed, in which Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN, LARNER, and LOVE, and Mrs. HOUGHTON took part.

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*OUR CONTEMPORARIES.*

*The Pioneer* for July opens with an article on "The Natural Rights of Property," in which the writer discusses the claims of a man to possessions, and investigates the vexed question "Can a man do what he likes with his own?" We agree with him in his main conclusion, that man is rather a trustee than an owner—a trustee under a Divine proprietorship for the benefit of his fellow men. But if the writer would have this trusteeship enforced by Act of Parliament, as we half-fancy is his implication, we fear that it would take many *Pioneers* to frame a just and equitable measure which would not destroy the incentive to effort. An interesting article on Gustave Flaubert, the "creator of realism in modern French fiction" gives us incidentally a good deal of thoughtful matter on the subjects of style and the philosophy of fiction. An unsigned article pleading for comprehensiveness in the study of psychology, gives place to the most sympathetic article we ever remember to have read in the pages of the *Pioneer*. The subject is the charming author of "Rab and his Friends"—Dr. John Brown, "the Scottish Charles Lamb"—truly one of those names that "carries a perfume in the mention." The paper is short, but is a most refreshing morsel among the sterner subjects to which this periodical devotes most of its space. Some remarks on the "Latest Theory of Rent," followed by an amusing description of "Mr. W. T.

Stead at home," and a couple of other short articles make up a very capital number.

*The Cliftonian* for July made us wonder at first whether the Editor had gone and got married, the cover was so resplendent with its white and creamy appearance. We soon discovered, however, that it was a "Special Jubilee and Commemoration Number." It opens with a *fac simile* of the address presented by Clifton College to the Queen at the recent period of jubilarity, and a very chaste address it must have been. We do not know whether all the schools presented addresses to the Queen. Eton did of course—but did Winchester and Harrow and others? We believe not; and in that case we hardly see why Clifton should have been so prominent. We confess that we are quite tired of the Jubilee, and this *Cliftonian* gives us too much of it, excellent as is the Jubilee Ode with which it opens. We noted one characteristic remark about the spirited head-master, which we must repeat. A ticket for the service in the Abbey was sent to him, but he very courteously and most kindly chose that the Captain of the School should represent it, and gave him the ticket. We are glad that he was rewarded for his self-denial by subsequently receiving another ticket from the Dean of Westminster.

We congratulate *Laurel Leaves* on being, for the first time, adorned with illustrations. These are attendant upon and illustrative of, a very bright article giving some account of investigations which were made during the Summer Term by the "Upper Fifth" on "Tadpoles." We had heard privately of the enormous bowl full of tadpoles which was the object of wonder to all the small ladies in the School; and we had heard rumours of an expected plague of frogs and the devastation to be anticipated if these 19th century Pharaohs kept their hearts hardened and determined to continue their breeding experiments to the bitter end. The article ends, however, before the frog begins, and it is only in a proleptic (*sic ita dicam*) illustration that we behold the smiling and complete batrachian. Some of the "School Jokes" are funny, to wit:—

"The chief sauces of heat come from the Sun."

"If a mountain stream were frozen quite down to the bottom, it might turn into a glazier."

"I came, sore, and conquered."

We are indebted to the Editors of *Youth* for no less than fifteen copies of their periodical, which has just began a fresh life in a "new series." The periodical seems well written, bright, and well suited for *youth*. We handed our copies to our young brother, who has pronounced them "spiffing and awfully jolly." He is at present thirteen years old, and it is needless to remark is not yet a student of the Mason College. While, therefore, we doubt not but that *Youth* is excellent for its own class of readers, we can hardly recommend it as affording sufficient mental pabulum for the minds of our academic selves.

We also acknowledge, with thanks, *The Marlburian* (2), *The Girton Review*, *The University College of Wales Magazine*, *The Reptonian* (2), *The Eagle*, *Our Magazine*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *The Institute Magazine* (2), *Clewer House School Magazine*, and a copy of *Lockett's Shorthand Instructor* (4th edition).

## CYCLISTS' CLUB.

"All good times have an end," so the cycling season, with all its ever-changing scenes and jubilant fun, has at last succumbed to the approaching winter with its heavy roads, leaving us to linger in thought over the jolly trips, exciting adventures and exhilarating rides, which have combined to make the Saturday afternoons of the last few months times of such pleasant anticipation and memory. Whose excursions are so recreative as the cyclist's, and who can appreciate the fitful brightness of our English climate so well as he?

Since the beginning of June there have been about thirteen runs, all of which have been thoroughly enjoyed, and, as a rule, marked by a large attendance; but there are several which stand out conspicuous for the special interest they have excited. The monthly inter-club runs with Queen's College have been much appreciated, and it is hoped that the advantages thus gained may be enjoyed in future years.

On Oct. 1st, the club visited Water Orton, and enjoyed the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hollis, relatives of our sub-captain. After a sumptuous tea, a walk round the grounds and an organ recital in the Church afforded a variety of amusement, and were succeeded by a pleasant evening with our host and hostess. The return home on this occasion was made at a rather later hour than usual.

The run to Berkawell, which was attended by twenty ladies and gentlemen, was exceptionally successful, and took place under the auspicious circumstances of good roads and glorious weather. This, followed by a most enjoyable afternoon in Sutton Park, furnished an appropriate wind-up to a season which will long be a memorable one in the annals of the Mason College Cyclists' Club.

COLLEGE INTELLIGENCE.  
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

## B.Sc.

Roberts, Thomas Vaughan. *3rd Class*  
*Honours in Chemistry.*  
Ehrhardt, Ernest Francis.  
Snell, Ernest Hugh.

## INTERMEDIATE MEDICINE.

Barber, George Thomas Congreve.  
Clayton, John Hazelwood.  
Freer, Gerald Dudley.  
Kingsland, Alfred.  
Mason, Harold.  
Nicklin, Samuel.

## PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC (M.B.)

## HONOURS.

Cooper, Arthur James. *2nd Class*  
*Honours in Chemistry.*  
Ward, Charles Frederick Myers. *3rd Class*  
*Honours in Chemistry, and 2nd Class*  
*in Zoology.*  
Morrison, James. *3rd Class Honours in*  
*Botany and Zoology.*

## FIRST DIVISION.

Barclay, John.  
Beazeley, Tom William.  
Smyth, Reginald Mander.

## COMPLETED EXAMINATION.

Coy, W. Mundy.  
Jerome, George Percy.  
Sproat, James Hugh.

## INTERMEDIATE SCIENCE.

## HONOURS.

Chattaway, Frederick Daniell. *Class II.,*  
*Chemistry.*  
Stansbie, John Henry. *Class III., Chem-*  
*istry.*  
Andrews, Samuel. *Class II., Physics.*

## FIRST DIVISION.

Blatch, Francis Joseph.  
Chapman, Joshua Harrison.  
Sudborough, John Joseph.

## INTERMEDIATE ARTS.

## HONOURS.

Edwards, Jessie. *1st Class, English.*  
MacSwiney, Felix, *2nd Class, French.*

## FIRST DIVISION.

Lake, Amy Lucy.  
McLeish, Wm. James.  
Maycock, Bernard Joseph.  
*Recommended for a Pass.*  
Ainsworth, Wm. Brown.  
Reynolds, Albert Heywood (*honours can-*  
*didate*).

## MATRICULATION.

Aston, George Thomas	}	HONOURS.	
Belloc, Joseph Hilaire Pierre			
Deane, Katherine Mary	}	First Division.	
Bettney, Elizabeth			
Buller, Ethel Mary			
Crump, Ernest Henry			
Harris, Frederick John			
Hill, Thomas Henry			
Ritchie, Henry Edward			
Stewart, Katharine Alexandra			
Cohen, Jessie Elizabeth.			Second Division.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.

Andrews, Samuel, Scholarship, £40.

## GIRTON COLLEGE.

Donkin, Mary Harriet } Scholarships.  
Gaul, L. J. }

The present Session was inaugurated on October 3rd by the annual distribution of prizes and the address of the Chairman of the Academic Board, Professor BRIDGE. In addition to the long list of external honours gained by students, which is printed above, the Bailiff announced several interesting awards made by the Council. Prizes and books to the value of £5 and £3 respectively had been awarded to Miss JESSIE EDWARDS and Mr. CHARLES FREDERICK MYERS WARD in recognition of the honours won by them in recent examinations. The first year's Scholarship had been awarded to WALTER HENRY BAYLIS and JOHN SUDBOROUGH; and the second year's Scholarship to ALBERT HEYWOOD REYNOLDS.

The Heslop Scholarship had been won by WILLIAM ALLPORT BROCKINGTON; the Tangye Scholarship in Engineering by WILLIAM MORRIS LANGFORD; the Junior Diploma in Engineering by ARTHUR JOHN WHEATLEY, WILLIAM MORRIS LANGFORD, and HENRY FOWLER; and the Senior Diploma in Engineering by GEORGE CROFT ORWIN WOOD. The title of "Associate of the Mason Science College" had been conferred on Mr. SAMUEL ALPORT, Miss CONSTANCE NADEN, Mr. J. E. HUXLEY BLAKE, Mr. ERNEST EHRHARDT, Mr. PERCY GROOM, and Mr. G. C. ORWIN WOOD. Miss NADEN had also been awarded the Heslop Gold Medal as the authoress of an essay on "Induction and Deduction;" and honourable mention was given to essays by Mr. A. L. STERN and Mr. HUXLEY BLAKE.

Professor BRIDGE chose for the subject of his address "The relation of Mason College to the advancement of scientific research," and proposed that "Studentships" should be established to enable students of ability at the close of their College Course to devote two or three years of leisure to original work under the most favourable conditions and efficient guidance. It was reported that a gentleman present at the meeting offered £50 a year for three years towards the cost of carrying out this suggestion, on condition that the amount was increased to £200 by other donors. Let us hope this condition may be speedily fulfilled!

Our readers will learn with interest that, on the occasion of his marriage in August last, Mr. TURNER was presented with an appropriate present by the past and present students in the Chemical Laboratory.

We regret to hear that Mr. HAMILTON, Demonstrator in the Engineering Department, is leaving us to take a similar appointment at the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College. An engineering student writes us that his loss will be felt most keenly in that department, and that the news of his departure is received by all who are acquainted with him with deep regret. Mr. Hamilton took considerable interest in the various College Societies, more especially in the Cyclists' Club, for which he has acted as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

We are glad to welcome back Miss BETTNEY, who has "returned to the bosom of Alma Mater" from the University College of Wales.

The next number of this *Magazine* will be published early in December. Contributions are earnestly requested, and should reach the Editor at Mason College before the first of the month.

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No. 6.

THE

# Mason College Magazine

BIRMINGHAM.

CONDUCTED BY



THE STUDENTS.

DECEMBER, 1887.

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## CALENDAR.

- JANUARY 12.—Thursday—Performance of *As You Like It*.  
" 13.—Friday— " "  
" 17.—Tuesday—Spring Term commences.  
" 25.—Wednesday—Meeting of Botanical Society.  
" 26.—Thursday—Meeting of the Physical Society.  
" 27.—Meeting of the Union.
- 

## LINES ADDRESSED TO THE UNION.

Goodbye to work ! oh welcome play !  
Union farewell, 'tis holiday ;  
We feel sweet " Dulce Domum's " power  
Unfossilize us all this hour.  
Vacation comes, hip, hip hooray !  
Farewell to work and welcome play !

When Yule-tide's gone, Orlando's call  
Will summon back to college hall,  
For Rosalind with graceful sway,  
And king of clowns must rule that day ;  
Then " As You Like It," three times three  
For Rosalind and company !

Without will wintry wind blow cold,  
Within will Arden's leaves unfold  
In beauty ; and entranced we'll gaze  
On loveliness in every phase.  
Hip, hip, hooray ! for workers all,  
Who forest make of lecture hall !

H. P.

*BURNE JONESS PICTURES IN THE ART GALLERY.*

"Then turned I to the broad domain of Art."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Fair forms I found and rounded limbs divine  
The maiden's grace, the tender curves of youth."

All of our college students will doubtless have stolen ere now a few half-hours from their work to visit the beautiful collection of pictures on view in the Birmingham Art Gallery, and it seems to me only fitting that we should express our appreciation of the boon bestowed upon us in thus having an opportunity of making a real acquaintance with so many of the great works of modern painters. Perhaps many amongst us may already have seen most of the pictures at the Manchester Exhibition, but there is not one among these fortunate individuals, I am sure, but will rejoice in the good luck which has brought these pictures to our very door, where, after an afternoon spent in laboratory work, we may pass a few pleasurable moments before turning homewards in gazing upon the wondrous-haired damsels and pure tints of Rossetti or the sad-eyed women and subtle harmonies of Burne Jones.

It would be worse than useless to attempt to touch on all the pictures which interested us during our visits to the Art Gallery, and we have confined our remarks in the short space allotted to us to Burne Jones's pictures, and this for two reasons—firstly, because we are naturally interested in the works of an artist who received his first drawing lessons at the Birmingham Grammar School; and, secondly, because to appreciate Idealistic Art such as that of which he is master we must devote more time and thought than is necessary for the appreciation of representations of incidents connected with our everyday life.

We turn first to "The Annunciation" which, while it is one of the best-known of Burne Jones's pictures, cannot technically be reckoned among his masterpieces. This picture shows the house and garden of Mary, in the foreground of which she is seen standing near the well, to which she has come to draw water, and on which her pitcher is resting. The conception of the picture was perhaps suggested by the Apocryphal Gospel of St. James, which tells how when one evening Mary went out to draw water she heard a voice behind her, as she knelt at the spring, saying "Ave gratia plena." There is no halo round Mary's head such as the old masters loved to place there; she is nothing but a woman clad in pure white garments, whose whole being is stirred by the wondrous message, as is shown by the perplexed and troubled look on her fair pale face.

It is characteristic of Dante Rossetti and Burne Jones alike that while the old masters depict only the joyful and willing submission of the Virgin as expressed in her response "*Ecce ancilla Domini*," they portray the troubled wonder and perplexity which must have stirred the woman's heart on hearing the angel's message.

Above her is the angel, who seems resting on a fine bay tree of conventionalised design, for there is a look of effort in his feet, which would not be there if he were floating, as some critics describe him, effortless in the air. His wings, too, are not outspread, but are gently folded downwards, so that he is not supported by them. It is this which gives a look of instability to his position, which, in spite of the way in which some critics have spoken of him as the embodiment of will speeding through immeasurable space without shaking plume or curled hair, seems to us the greatest fault in the picture.

The angel is clad in robes of rich purple brown, tinted like his wings, with hands uplifted and long draperies of sweeping perpendicular fold, and with a face which is full of tender sweetness blended with ineffable awe and authority.

The white stone walls of the house, the white parapet and pavement in front, form a subtly-graded whole of colour which, though varied with sub-tints which rise to silver-grey, remain homogeneous and complete in harmony. It is this subdued blending of colour which gives the idea of the repose of that evening-hour—a stillness which permeates the whole with an almost passionate intensity. The picture has a subtle, penetrating, unfamiliar charm, due partly to the thoroughness displayed in the workmanship, partly to the quaintness of colouring and design.

In turning to the "*Sybilla Delphica*," which stands beside "*The Annunciation*," and which is a later production of the painter, we are struck with the improvement in technique as shown by the grace of figure of the Sybil compared with the Virgin. The Sybil, who has the power of reading the destinies of men, is standing in a marble doorway, holding in her hand the three leaves on which she is about to write the fate which she is still reading as she gazes at the leaves with a concentrated, far-away expression in her eyes. She is clad in an orange robe, curiously folded and tied around her, and on the sandals which protect her feet are jewels. There is a warm glow of colour about the picture, which is, perhaps, emphasized by contrast with the pale face and hair of the white-robed Virgin.

"*The Feast of Peleus*," to which we next turn our attention,

is a smaller picture, but contains seventeen figures. At first sight we are inclined to regard all the faces as the same, at least this was the comment which we heard from the lips of more than one by-stander : it is only on a closer examination that we are able to note the variety of beauty and expression which so clearly distinguishes each face from every other, though there is one type in all. But though Burne Jones has not portrayed the Greek type of countenance, to which the Flaxman drawings have accustomed us, yet in working out the details of the picture he has paid the strictest regard to the traditions of classical mythology, and we are enabled to identify each of the figures by noting their characteristic attributes.

The picture represents the feast which celebrated the nuptials of Peleus, King of Thessaly with Thetis, one of the fairest of the sea-nymphs, whom Jupiter and Neptune themselves had courted till warned that her son was fated to become greater than his father, when they wisely ceased from their addresses, and favoured the suit of Peleus, the mortal. The feast was held on Mount Pelion, on the east coast of Thessaly, from which, in the distance, we get a view of the winding bays of the Ægean Sea.

The table, round which the gods and goddesses are seated, is laden with grapes, with figs, green and black, with ripe pomegranates bursting open with their wealth of pulpy seeds, goblets of purple wine, and plates of pale golden honey comb.

The picture represents the moment when Discordia, the only uninvited goddess, has thrown into the midst of the guests a rosy apple bearing the inscription "*Detur pulchriori.*" There the goddess stands with her purple gown wound closely round her as she turns to pass out through the little grove of trees which bounds the picture on the right, showing her pallid, malicious face, above which the living snakes writhe in her hair, while her large bat-like wings almost overshadow the shrinking goddess behind her.

Mercury, who is recognised by his hat and winged boots, is half kneeling on the ground, in the one hand he holds the rosy apple, in the other the scroll bearing the inscription. The eyes of all the guests are directed either towards Discordia or in expectant attention on Mercury, who holds the apple.

In the centre sits Jove, the Thunderer, raised above the others, in one hand a thunderbolt, while the other is upraised as if in disapproval of the interruption. He is bare to his waist, as he is always represented by the ancients, in order to show that while visible to the gods, he does not reveal himself to mortals. Behind

him is his eagle with outstretched wings, the royal bird caressing Thetis, who sits on Jove's left hand.

To the right of Jupiter are Juno, Minerva, and Venus, who have risen to their feet, and stand holding out their hands towards the apple, which each, as the most beautiful, would claim. Of these three the painter has made Venus unmistakably the fairest, as she stands crowned with roses, her transparent, faintly-tinted drapery leaving bare her beautiful outstretched arms, while on her face is an expression of blended confidence and supplication, and in her attitude a spontaneous eagerness which is wanting in that of the other two. Minerva is clad in purplish blue, with a helmet on which is bound a wreath of olive leaves ; she wears a breastplate, round the border of which writhe living serpents, though she does not here appear to wear the Gorgon's head. With one hand she clasps a branch of olive, the other she stretches out towards the apple, though on her face is a sad thoughtfulness, and almost a deprecation of her claim to the prize of beauty. Juno stands beside her, clad in a robe of a tint unknown to the ancients—a colour born of these days of aniline dyes. On her head is a crown, and the tender sprays of some creeping plant hang down and mingle with her locks ; while her dress modestly covers her to neck and wrist. Her hands are both stretched forth towards the apple, yet she, too, lacks the confidence which characterises the attitude of Venus.

On the left of Jupiter is Thetis, and close beside her Peleus, both seated and looking at Discordia—Thetis with an air of mild interest, Peleus with a frown of disapprobation. At some little distance from Peleus, at the end of the table, are two goddesses, the one in a reddish dress, with a wreath of corn-ears binding her hair, which at once proclaims her to be Ceres ; while the other is dressed in grey, with a sad, beautiful face, and a flamelike star in her hair. We have not been able to discover the identity of this goddess. There is no sign of a bow or we should call her Diana, for Diana ought certainly to have been present at the feast ; moreover Diana has usually a manly expression, and goes arrayed in hunting dress, characteristics both wanting in the grey-robed goddess. On the other hand, a vivid imagination may see in the grey dress a suggestion of night, and in the star adorning her head a suggestion of chaste moonlight. Again, we might be inclined to think her Persephone, the daughter of Ceres, and Queen of Hades, had we any reason for believing that she, who was forced to spend six months of every year away from the beautiful earth which she

loved, would be found among the gods and goddesses on Mount Pelion. Perhaps the Professor of Classics will be able to solve our difficulty.

At the corner of the table sits Bacchus, an immense flagon propped against his stool, a wreath of berried ivy on his head, holding with one hand the stem of a dish into which with the other he squeezes the purple juice of the grape. On the other side of Mercury is Apollo, adorned with a laurel wreath, who lets his fingers play idly over the strings of his lyre as he turns round to look with gentle curiosity at Mercury.

In the front of the picture is the half-kneeling figure of Hymen, a youth with thoughtful face and lovely outstretched wings of roseate hue, who is arranging the bridal couch against which he has carelessly propped his torch. Next to him are the three Fates, busy with the thread of life; but here it is Clotho, the youngest, who, kneeling on the ground, cuts with her scissors the thread, while Atropos, the eldest, a dreary figure in black, adorned with a crown of thorns, holds the distaff.

Two guests alone remain—Mars, who sits at the end of the table, bearded, dressed in armour, with a wreath on his auburn locks, his helmet lying at his feet; and behind him another bearded figure, almost hidden from view, who, though he has no trident, is probably Neptune, for Poseidon, we are told, was present at the feast, and gave to Peleus the famous magic horses.

Behind the guests are two attendant Centaurs, while in the distance a third can be seen careering about.

It is only after a minute examination such as we have given to this picture that we can appreciate the loving care and conscientious thoroughness which are displayed in the workmanship of Burne Jones, whose subtle fancy and harmony of colour appeals to us most in a picture like this, where there is no allegory at once inviting and baffling interpretation.

Still there is a strange enigmatical charm in the "Wheel of Fortune," to which we turn next, which represents the colossal figure of the goddess Fortune standing beside a great wheel, on which are bound three nude figures. Below is the laurel-crowned poet, with dark unseeing eyes, on whose shoulder rests the heel of the middle figure, whose crown and sceptre proclaim him a king, while on his head rests the foot of the upmost figure, whose fettered ankles proclaim him the slave. The goddess appears, not stern and relentless, but listless, with half-closed eyes, as if unknowing and uncaring which way the hand resting against the

wheel turns its cruel circle, to which are bound the three vacuous, cowed, and wretched victims of a cruel and all-powerful chance. Whatever we may think of the workmanship, we cannot regard the conception as happy: we are consumed with the desire to know whether the poet's body is being crushed under the weight of the mighty wheel, and what will happen when its cruel circle revolves so that the victims' heads hang downwards. Perhaps, however, we may conclude from the listlessness in the goddess's attitude that the wheel only oscillates about its present position. But turning from the literary and æsthetic to the painter's point of view, we are full of admiration for its original and appropriate scheme of colours—the dark silver-grey and golden-bronze, relieved only by the pallid flesh tints of the goddess and the nude figures, for the beautifully finished back ground of ruined walls, for the moulding of the naked forms on the wheel, for the grace and symmetry of the huge figure of Fortune.

Perhaps this picture shows us more clearly than any other how, with his brilliant fancy and complete technical accomplishment, Burne Jones yet fails to infuse into his highly-wrought creations and delicately-elaborated fancies enough virile force, sympathy with humanity, and real and profound significance. We cannot here do more than refer to that pessimistic spirit of the painter which causes him to turn away from things as they are and to create for himself a beautiful world, twixt heaven and earth, which he peoples with beings neither mortal nor divine.

But that this world of his is beautiful, none who have studied his pictures will deny.

---

### THE DREAMERS.

(AFTER THE PICTURE BY ALBERT MOORE IN THE ART GALLERY.)

#### I.

Throughout the golden hours they sit and dream,  
Steeped in oblivious slumber; on the wall  
Outside the untempered rays of sunlight fall  
Dazzling and bright. Within the softened beam  
Kisses them gently, and the noontide gleam  
Glow softly through the curtained pane, and all  
Is rest and quiet ineffable; no call  
Of toil disturbs them, little do they deem  
Of care or weariness. Their half-closed eyes  
Move not beneath the shadowing lids; they smile



In slumber, happy that they nought surmise  
Of anything less pure than they; the while  
The hours creep gently on, and o'er the dial  
The shadows lengthen, and the daylight dies.

## II.

They are but painted dreamers, none may wake  
Their souls from sleep; yet, often passing by,  
Tired workers come and gaze all silently  
On that portrayéd rest, and will not make  
The slightest motion, lest the sound should break  
The magic slumber. And with tear-dimmed eye  
Gazing upon it, enviously they sigh  
For like repose and peace, and then betake  
Themselves again to toil.

Oh weary ones !

This rest is not such rest as ye shall gain  
After your labour; only he who runs  
The race with weariness and toil and pain  
Can know the joy of conquest, or attain  
Eternal peace beyond the setting suns.

---

\* *MR. HAYES'S NEW POEM.*

Perhaps not least among the social joys which distinguish Christmas from all our other festivities is the pleasant anticipation of the pleasures to be derived from the perusal, during the leisure which Christmas brings, of the new literature by which its approach is heralded. Last year we had "Sixty Years After," from the pen of the Laureate; "Sir Percival," from the author of "John Inglesant"; and "The Last Crusade," from a fellow-townsmen, who then appeared before us for the first time as a poet. This year, though we have no new poem from Tennyson, we have "The Life of Darwin," which will be deeply interesting as giving us an insight into one of the most wonderful minds our age has produced—a mind not distinguished by any great brilliancy, but one which for power of patient observation has never been surpassed. We have also a short story from Mr. Shorthouse, entitled "The Teacher of the Violin," which appeared in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, which will be read with pleasure by all who enjoyed "Little Schoolmaster Mark"; and, lastly, we have from the pen of Mr. Hayes a new poem, "David Westren,"

---

\* "David Westren," by Alfred Hayes, M.A. Published by Cornish Brothers.

which shows us that his muse has not been idle during the past twelve months.

The hero of the poem is David Westren, who, having studied for the church at Oxford, obtained, after a few years, a country living in one of the loveliest parts of Devonshire. While still at the University he was summoned to the death-bed of his father, a surgeon, whose name was honoured far and near, who was ill and

"dying of a scratch, by chance self-dealt  
Whilst seeking life for others in the dead."

The father's dying words—

"Be faithful above all things to the light  
That burns within you, wheresoe'er it lead—  
To shame, to death, to loss of faith itself,"

imprinted themselves on the memory of his grief-stricken and best-beloved son.

For three years David lived a lonely life in the country parsonage, "the loveliest home in Devon"—an active, healthful life of duties lovingly and conscientiously performed, of invigorating sports upon the moor.

It was one April morning that returning from a fishing expedition David came suddenly upon a girl intent on capturing a sturdy trout :—

"One foot  
Lost in the yielding sand, and one far-stretched  
Against a fallen bough, that made the stream  
Swerve savagely, but left a tranquil pool  
Beyond."

Feeling the presence of a spectator, the maiden, turning round, meets the delighted wonder of his eyes; blushing, she draws back, so that the lusty trout would have escaped beneath the tangled drift had not Westren rushed to the rescue with his net. This is but the beginning—with both it is a case of love at first sight; the end is clear.

Then follows a long spell of happy wedded life, of precious evenings spent in communing

"with the souls  
Of the great dead, who live for evermore,  
The Hebrew seers, the subtle brains of Greece,  
The mirror-mind of Shakespeare ;"

or with

"those rare souls whose poetry is writ  
In world-wide language, eloquent of moods  
Too vast, too deep, too delicate for speech."

"Handel's stately pomp ;  
Mozart's clear gracefulness ; the piteous wail  
Of Schubert ; and the monarch of all song,

Master of all the human heart can feel,  
 Infinite pleading, awful tenderness,  
 Titanic power—Beethoven's stormy soul"—

of hours spent in rambles in the narrow over-arching lanes, after  
 some rare wild flower, or in wandering over the billowy waste of  
 moor,

"Where the exulting eye could roam o'er leagues  
 Of naked loveliness."

Rare visits to her father in that city,

"Where life fulfils its worst and best,  
 And loudest beats the mighty pulse of man,"

break the monotony of country life, and after the intellectual  
 pleasures of the city they return to feel

"Fresh joy  
 In nature's outer loveliness."

Two children, a boy and maiden, are given to them:—

"So the Pastor reared  
 A perfect home; and, always thanking Heaven,  
 Shed sunshine wheresoe'er he went, and cheered  
 The wretched with the warmth of his glad face,  
 The poor in bliss with bounty of his store,  
 And preached a God of mercy, love, and joy."

But the serenity of their life is broken when Sybil, their lovely,  
 fifteen-year-old daughter, is

"laid lifeless on her bed, her face  
 White as her bosom, and the weeping hair  
 Clinging about her shoulders."

Nor is this all, for the mother's heart is again to be wrung with  
 anguish before the flowers planted on her daughter's grave have  
 had time to take root:—

"A measured tramp of feet drew near  
 Heavy as with some burden.

At the sound  
 She rose; but while she staggered to the door  
 It opened, and the guardian of her life  
 Folded and held her back with gentle force;  
 And reading that she read the worst:—"Not yet,  
 Dear wife, not yet. Death took him with rough hand,  
 If kindly-swift. Our boy is safe with God."

Two years after and yet a third grave is dug beneath the yew  
 tree, and the bereaved father and husband is left alone in his  
 desolate house.

No wonder that he turns from the sight of

"the bed  
 Where last she lay, her fireside chair, and home  
 Bereft of all that made the name so dear,"

to the bleak, dreary moors which winter's storms had made desolate,  
 where in seeking physical weariness he tries to deaden the agony  
 of his soul. No wonder that he cries out against the injustice of  
 the fate which had robbed him, "a simple, true, brave man," of  
 his darlings and turned the current of his life to bitterness. He

who had taught "a God of mercy, love, and joy" can no longer reconcile the love and omnipotence of God with the existence of pain—pain which the just suffer with the unjust, the innocent with the guilty :—

"What good see'er  
Be born of pain, a God all-wise and strong,  
Could otherwise have wrought, and would have wrought  
Were He all-loving. If, to save His love,  
We grant Him baffled by the stubborn stuff  
He deals with, either then He lacks full strength,  
Or wisdom to choose means."

Nor can he find comfort in the thought that Christ suffered to redeem the world; his own sufferings seem meaningless, nay, even productive of evil, in so far as grief palsied his powers for good, while Christ suffered for a great end. He would rather hold Christ as man, ignorant of the meaning of His suffering, than as God,

"Clad with God's strength to bear and overcome  
Knowing Himself for God, foreknowing all,"

whose suffering could not help us, "who are not gods but men," in bearing ill.

Thus many a day and night he wrestled with himself, and wandering over the moors he sought "to tire out soul with frame," but everywhere his eyes were open to perceive sufferings which, helpless to relieve, he would before have passed unnoticed—"the fierce hawk preying upon the dove's soft eyes," "the wounded plover trailing through the heath a wounded wing," while his imagination busied itself in picturing scenes of misery in distant spots, so that the whole world seemed a world of suffering, and in resenting his own pain he was but taking up the cause of all the world.

The old prayers and worship, which he had once led with so much joy, become dull, mechanical, and cold as his hold on his old faith lessens, and he is only induced to keep his post by the consideration of the good he has already wrought, and the love his people bear him :—

"What matter form and symbol, so we love  
And succour one another ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Our living faith  
Is what we love and suffer ; and the truth  
That changeth not with man, we cannot know  
And blunder when we guess at."

But as months pass the first keen edge of his grief wears itself dull, and the budding spring is able to awaken in him 'a swift sense of joy.' His visit to the widow's cottage marks the moment when his eyes, which for months had looked only on the suffering

and waste of life, the cruelty and desolation of Nature, open once more to life's tenderness and grace, so that his heart is thawed from the icy hardness which had bound it.

Thus he once more takes up his old life, preaching the love of man, and

"Christ the Man, who comforts more  
Than Christ the God ;"

his joy in Nature returning when his eyes opened once more to greet gladsome sights, his life passing into

"one harmonious grey, which, though it be  
Less vivid than the radiant blue of spring,  
Yet dreads no overcasting."

The poem is one of exquisite finish, of smooth, even lines, full of vivid pictorial descriptions of flowers and scenery, which show how truly the poet's heart has felt the charm of Nature, and how faithfully he has remembered her every phase. We may instance his description of Autumn, who

"with lovely petulance  
Set all aflame, while mid the glowing leaves  
The clematis, proud empress of the fall,  
Arrayed itself in purple."

Space does not allow of longer quotations descriptive of Devonshire scenery, though the poet is never long-winded, often suggesting a vivid picture in a few short sentences, or even words, as when he refers to 'the death-pale sky above the blackening heath.'

His similes, which are abundant, are always original, and full of truth and grace, stirring up a delighted interest in descriptions of the most familiar objects, as, when speaking of the plants in the cottage window, he says—

"Turning a full face  
Of constant summer to the village street."

His characters are ably drawn, particularly that of the mother as she appears in her grief and weakness after the death of her daughter till she, too, is laid beneath the yew-tree; it is in describing her that the poet moves us most. Westren himself, an ideal parson, is a man typical of his age, especially when sorrow has led him to substitute for the Churchman's creed the wider, and yet narrower, creed of "Love to Man"—wider in so far as it embraces all faiths and creeds, narrower in so far as it does not attempt to solve the mysteries of existence, "the great, deep things of God." He consents to teach that in which he has lost his faith, because he can thereby benefit his fellows; he is a true convert to utilitarianism in its proper and highest sense; he ranks truth below benevolence, unlike Luther, who regarded truth as the crown and

aim of life, to be attained even at the price of human suffering. There is one passage, which, if we understand it rightly, must lower our estimation of Westren :—

"Yet never once  
The impulse came, to baulk the rage of Fate  
By self-destruction ; not for fear of aught  
Might be beyond the grave—for well he deemed  
Death's sleep was sound."

This seems to imply nothing more nor less than that the doctrine of immortality formed no part of Westren's creed, his rejection of it being no result of his frenzied grief, but rather an habitual, reasoned state of unbelief. How are we to reconcile this with Westren's calling—that of a Christian and a Churchman?

We could almost wish that the poet had dwelt longer on the peaceful after-life of Westren ; after being saddened by his afflictions and distressed by his doubts, we would be strengthened by looking longer on the quiet aftermath of his life, for though our lives may not be darkened by sorrows like his, none are without their troubles and doubts in a world, "where but to think is to be full of sorrow."

We cannot but be proud that so beautiful a poem is the work of a fellow-townsmen, that so faithful and harmonious a painter of Nature has been reared in our own smoky Birmingham. All who have not read the poem have indeed a treat in store.

### THE UNION.

*November 11th.*—Miss M. C. ALBRIGHT read a paper entitled "A Study from Norwegian Literature." Among the unique group of authors who have arisen in Norway during the last fifty years is Henry Ibsen, one of the greatest dramatists of our time. His definition of a poet's function is "to sit in judgment on one's self," and this he fulfils to such a degree that his countrymen at first found it difficult to tolerate so uncompromising a truth-teller. Born in 1828, the solitude of his country home tended to make his life self-centred. He studied medicine at Christiania, and, although he early began to write, his first poems are in no way remarkable. When he was thirty he produced his drama, "Warriors in Heligoland," which was followed by "Pretenders to the Crown." In the "Comedy of Love" he wielded a scourge over conventional Norwegian arrangements respecting love and marriage, and the indignation excited was so great as to cause him to leave the country. He went to Rome, where he wrote two dramas—"Brand" and "Peer Gynt"—which won great appreciation in his native country. In "Brand" the problem is proposed of the lawfulness of making compromise with duty, and *Brand* solves it by showing that perfect adherence to duty is possible. When the choice lies between giving up his child's life, or forsaking his mission of raising those sunk in selfishness and misery, he chooses the former. We are left in doubt at last as to whether *Brand's* sacrifice was absolutely and ideally right ; but Ibsen's mission is to put ques-

tions, not to give answers. *Peer Gynt*, the hero of the second drama, is an utter contrast to *Brand*, for he is a man without principle, entirely selfish and ambitious. Mr. Edmund Gosse believes that Ibsen's plays "will sooner or later win the homage of Europe," and already most of them have been translated into German; but only one of his minor works has been translated into English, and that badly. Some of his remaining works are "The Emperor and the Galileans," "The Props of Society," "An Enemy of the People," "The Young Men's Union," and "Ghosts." Ibsen may be compared with Robert Browning. The subjects most interesting to both are psychological, but where Browning is abstruse Ibsen is lucid. Ibsen is not a pilot who will come on board our vessel and guide us into port; he only warns us of rocks and quicksands, points to the safe haven, and urges us to strive to reach it.

Miss D. EHRHARDT followed with a paper on "Molière." After a brief sketch of his life and character, Miss EHRHARDT proceeded to consider his literary work. His plays opened the way for the dramas of Racine and Corneille, and did an immense deal to raise the stage. They contain much philosophic teaching, and while attacking faults never maliciously attack persons. Molière had sufficient independence of spirit to write good work, although it was not appreciated. The French public found "Tartuffe" too serious, as also "Le Misanthrope." Even when most farcical—and some of his work abounds in rollicking fun—Molière always made his characters speak with force and good sense; and the more we study his works the more we feel with David Garrick "that it was a thousand pities he was not an Englishman."

At the conclusion of the paper Miss EHRHARDT and Miss JOHNSON recited scenes between *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and his professor of Philosophy, between *Arsinoë* and *Cléopâtre* from "Le Misanthrope," and between *L'Avare* and his valet.

The proceedings ended by a cordial vote of thanks proposed by Mr. LARNER, seconded by Miss SOUTHALL.

*November 18th.*—The was a large attendance of members and friends at the Union Meeting, November 18th, when Miss LINDSAY read a most interesting paper on "George Eliot." The paper was not a critical one, as the writer openly avowed, but was rather the friendly expression of the sentiments of an old admirer and friend of the novelist. Miss LINDSAY first pointed out George Eliot's wonderful power of bringing out the pathos of common life and of common people, and this trait was admirably illustrated by the very excellent reading which Miss SOUTHALL gave of the episode of *Dame Fripp* and her gratitude to old Mr. Gilfill. Then Miss LINDSAY proceeded to unfold to us the character of *Felix Holt*, and from the capital reading given by Mr. MARTINEAU and Miss JOHNSON we obtained a very clear insight into the characters of *Rufus Lyon* and *Mrs. Holt*. Mr. MARTINEAU's assumption of the good old minister was excellent, and we were very much amused by the category of the good works of Mrs. Holt as given by Miss JOHNSON. Then, too, in a reading by Mrs. HOUGHTON and Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, we were enabled to see the impetuous, truth-speaking, albeit censorious, *Felix* as he lectured the beautiful, refined, and fastidious *Esther*; and this reading was so well rendered that we seemed almost to see *Felix* himself standing before us, and ready to read us a lecture on our manifold sins and wicked-

ness. However we escaped that, and we were proportionately thankful. The comparison of the characters of *Harold Transome* and *Tito* was very effective; and we saw that although the former was far from perfect, yet he was a much better man than the selfish, ungrateful *Tito*, whose ruin was consummated by his own vile conduct, and whom not even the love of *Romola* could save. Naturally Miss LINDSAY regards *Romola* as the greatest of the novelist's works, and she expatiated at some length on its beauties, and analysed rather minutely its wonderful characters. The novelist's power of vivid description was well shown by the portion read by Mr. IRVINE, which describes the meeting of the nobles, and its strange interruption, in the city of Florence. Of course the great central figure of this novel is *Savonarola*, and Miss LINDSAY pointed out to us the manifold and mingled qualities of this wonderful man, his strength and his weakness, his loftiness of soul, combined with his acute and highly-sensitive perception of material things; and how his life was a twofold struggle against outward things and with inward problems; and how he was persecuted, not because of his sins, but because of the greatness of his soul, which roused the hatred of petty minds against him. The character of *Romola* herself was placed before us, her beauty, her nobleness, her awe-inspiring presence, and, withal, her sound common sense, which enabled her to see the blemishes of *Savonarola* and appreciate his character at its proper value. Turning from the sublime to the ridiculous, we were greatly amused by the very clever reading given by Miss ALBRIGHT, Mr. NEAL, and Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, in which was shown the caustic wit and shrewishness of *Mrs. Poyner* and the air of old-fashioned gentility of the squire. This reading concluded the evening, and the hearty vote of thanks showed how very much the audience had appreciated Miss Lindsay's admirable paper.

December 2nd, 1887.—Debate: "That national progress during the reign of Queen Victoria has not been such as to call for hearty congratulations." Mr. NEAL wishing to take part in the debate Mr. B. F. JORDAN was elected to the chair.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN in opening the debate called attention to the exact words of the motion, laying stress upon the words "hearty congratulations." He did not deny that we had made progress, had there been none it would have been a matter for the deepest shame; and he would admit that there was cause for hearty congratulation in the spread of education, the progress of philanthropy, and the diminution of drinking. Yet the progress in morality in the last fifty years had not been great—witness the increase in divorces; the vice of gambling had increased enormously, race meetings were more frequent and were held merely to encourage betting and not for sport; gambling in stocks was almost an invention of the last half-century, as also that form of commercial dishonesty known as a "long firm," and the race of stock-jobbers who prey upon the ignorant and unwary. Carelessness in dealing with trust money was never more rife than at present, as also the sale of goods of merely fictitious value. In our law courts there were interminable and inexcusable delays, cases which might be settled in a few hours lasting more than that number of years; and, whatever might be the theory about it, there undoubtedly was a vast inequality between rich and poor in power of obtaining redress for injury. Then government offices seemed to exist for the purpose of withholding information and putting difficulties in the way of obtaining it; Government never could conduct business as well as any



respectable firm, but in matters of sale and purchase acted with a crass stupidity which would ruin any ordinary man of business; the money-grubbing spirit seemed to have taken hold of a people who could once spend money to enfranchise the negroes, but now refused even to consider a scheme for buying out the Irish landlords, because it would cost money, and this same spirit prevented us from doing anything for the cause of freedom abroad. The spirit of lawlessness was strong both in England and Ireland; hearty, cheerful obedience to the law was becoming rare. At the root of this spirit was the condition of the ordinary working populace. Although the mass of misery was not greater proportionately to the population yet it was absolutely greater. Poor-laws were responsible for much of this—*e.g.*, the separation of aged husbands from their wives in the workhouse was cruel and unnecessary, and where relief was given, it was given without common sense and with a lack of Christian feeling of the brotherhood of man. The treatment of women among the poorer classes was very bad, and such was the leniency of the law to crimes of violence that it was very much more expensive to steal a penny loaf than to beat your wife with a poker. There existed an enormous number of people who were unable to get decent wages for a good day's work. We were not yet anything like a model nation, and it would not do to pass by these things, since it was not by pointing to our triumphs that we could mend our faults.

Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU began by congratulating Mr. Jenkyn-Brown on his magnificent parting speech to the Union. He granted that we were not a model nation, but had we no evils to remove we should stultify ourselves in ignoble sloth. Drawing a picture of the state of things at Victoria's accession, when taxation was excessive, and railways and telegraphs did not exist, he maintained that no one could deny our increase in material prosperity. According to Dr. Giffen's statistics, the wages of the labouring classes had increased, while their hours of work had decreased; the price of necessities had fallen; the death-rate had declined; pauperism had diminished; the number of depositors in Savings Banks had grown greater. Education had advanced; crime had decreased; and though there was no doubt a social "residuum," the fact of its existence was more forced upon our notice by the increase in philanthropy. There was also cause for congratulation in the improvement of our social manners: drinking was much less than formerly, duelling had been abolished, gambling on cards was less common. Even in matters of commercial morality, as unjustifiable speculation, adulteration, &c., we had not fallen back, and in many things we had incontestably advanced. The Universities were now open to Dissenters, books were cheap, museums and libraries were free to the poorest, provincial colleges had sprung up, a race of intellectual thinkers had arisen. But the pivot on which the whole question turned was that the moral force of the nation had never been greater than at present. The brotherhood of man was felt and acted on as never before, as shown by the work of University settlements among the poor, Kyrle Societies, recreative evening classes, &c. The progress of a nation was not a thing "of shreds and patches," but the gradual development of a complex organism; and, looked upon as such, our progress during the last fifty years gave us good reason to look forward to the future with hope.

Mr. LOVE maintained that material progress in itself was utterly valueless—its whole value depended on its influence upon the character of the people progressing. Our own progress had tended to make the distinction

between the "hands" and the manufacturer greater than ever, to make our operatives work listlessly and unintelligently, to destroy a man's pride in his daily work; and that was a serious blow to character. In politics was it not notorious that in subjects of real importance—*e.g.*, the condition of India, Civil Service, or Army Reform—no interest was taken, whilst personal squabbles evoked the warmest interest? Cynicism was on the increase—no healthful sign; our fellow-citizens were more and more losing hope for a noble future for their race and nation. Our very sports were becoming means of unfairly getting hold of other people's money. If we could congratulate ourselves that our bread was cheap, we must bewail the fact that our morality was dear.

Miss BETTNEY thought that if we had made a few strides in the short period of fifty years it was fairly a matter for congratulation, and this was specially the case with regard to the education of women.

Mr. LARNER, having on behalf of the Union, tendered to Mr. Jenkyn-Brown their deep regrets at his approaching departure from England, went on to say that even advance in science might not be wholly beneficial, for military science advanced along with pure science. While admitting the benefit bestowed by higher education upon a restricted number, he believed the majority of working women were no better off than fifty years ago.

The debate was continued by Messrs. NEAL, DELL, and TARN (a visitor); and Mr. JENKYN-BROWN replied.

The motion was carried by the casting vote of the Chairman.

There were present 155 members and friends.

### POESY CLUB.

A very successful dramatic reading of Lord Tennyson's "Falcon" was given under the auspices of this Club, in the Examination Hall, on December 8th. The ladies and gentlemen to whom the interpretation of the four characters of the play was entrusted, acquitted themselves so well that the audience could not but keenly regret the shortness of the reading, which lasted barely half-an-hour. Another time it would surely be advisable to provide a second short play. The following is the caste of the readers:—

The Count Federigo degli Alberighi...	Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU.
Filippo (the Count's foster-brother) ...	Mr. JENKYN-BROWN.
The Lady Giovanna .....	Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT.
Elisabetta (the Count's nurse) .....	Miss BETTNEY.

### FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first meeting of this society was held on Wednesday, November 9th, Mr. MACSWINEY in the chair. There was a good attendance of members and friends. The chairman opened the proceedings by a short address on the advantages offered by the society for speaking French and hearing it spoken. An excellent paper on "The Renaissance" was read by Mr. EXELL, and Mr. MACSWINEY gave a vivid account of a trip to Belgium. Professor LOREILLE and Mr. FORHAM, B.A. (visitor), gave a reading from Molière's *L'avare*. Messrs. BAYLIS and REYNOLDS gave recitations.

N.B.—The Committee have decided to produce at their next meeting, December 21st, Labiche's Comedy, "Le Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat," to which all students and friends are cordially invited.

### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

**CHEMICAL SOCIETY.**—*Nov. 16th.*—Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Sixteen members and visitors present. Four new members were elected.

Mr. WARMINGTON read a paper on "The Combination of Hydrogen and Chlorine." He described in detail Bunsen and Roscoe's method of measuring the intensity of light by its effect on a mixture of hydrogen and chlorine in equivalent proportions. The mixed gases were obtained by electrolyzing hydrochloric acid. They were exposed to light over water, so that the hydrochloric acid should be absorbed as fast as it was formed; the gas, therefore, contracted when light was allowed to fall upon it, and it was found that the contraction was proportional to the intensity of the light and the time during which the action took place.

A discussion followed this paper, in which Dr. TILDEN and Messrs. BAKER, DANIELL, STERN, LOVE, and C. F. M. WARD took part, in which the investigations were severely criticised.

Dr. TILDEN then gave a very brief statement of the three principal theories of chemical action, and Mr. WARMINGTON described the manufacture of saccharine. This substance has been recently discovered by Falberg, and is stated to be 220 times sweeter than cane sugar; it has no action on the human economy, and may, therefore, be taken by those who are forbidden to use sugar. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. WARMINGTON for his papers.

**BOTANICAL SOCIETY.**—The annual meeting of this Society was held on *Thursday, November 3rd.* The PRESIDENT (Professor Hillhouse) occupied the chair. Apologies for non-attendance were received from Messrs. Stern and Cullis. Messrs. WOLLEY, ROBERTS, DAIN, KNOWLES, BERLYN, HOOSON, HARRIS, and LOWE were declared members of the Society.

An alteration in Rule VIII., relating to the election of vice-presidents, was then made. The rule now runs:—"The officers of the Society shall be a President, who shall be the Professor of Botany at the Mason College, two Vice-Presidents, and a Secretary, who shall also act as treasurer."

Mrs. HILLHOUSE and Miss JESSIE CHARLES were re-elected vice-presidents for the ensuing year.

Mr. W. L. O. WARD, the retiring secretary and treasurer, then presented his report and balance-sheet. He stated that there were now thirty members of the Society, though the average attendance was only one-third of that number. There had been read during the past year seven papers. The accounts still showed a balance on the right side, but he recommended the levying of a small subscription to meet the expenses of the current year.

Mr. A. W. HAINES was then elected secretary and treasurer for the ensuing year. A vote of thanks to Mr. Ward for his services having been accorded, the meeting proceeded to elect the new committee. Miss Mathews and Miss Southall and Messrs. C. F. M. Ward, W. L. O. Ward, Barclay, Cullis, and Liverseige were proposed and elected without opposition.

The PRESIDENT then delivered an address on "The Function of Tannin," in the course of which he treated of the chemical and micro-chemical relations of tannin, then of the views of its functions held by various botanists, and then he detailed experiments and investigations the results of which had led him to believe that tannin is not, as has been held, a food material analogous to starch or oil.

Replying to a vote of thanks, the PRESIDENT instanced two theories as to the function of tannin : (1) it may protect plants from fungi ; (2) it may be of service to the plant by virtue of its oxidisability. The actual function of tannin is, however, he said, still a matter of speculation.

The meeting then terminated.

An ordinary meeting of the Botanical Society was held on Wednesday, November 23rd ; the PRESIDENT being in the chair.

Mr. T. CROSBIE-CANTHILL was declared a member of the Society, and the decision of the Committee that Mr. LOVE be elected an honorary member was unanimously confirmed.

Mr. HAINES then read a paper on "Nectaries," treating the subject from historical, chemical, physiological, and anatomical points of view. He stated, in conclusion, that nectaries were primarily a reserve food supply, and secondarily aids in the fertilisation of flowers.

The paper was criticised by the PRESIDENT, who disagreed with the conclusions to which Mr. HAINES had come, remarking, however, that the paper was a creditable one, being drawn from wide sources, and being the only complete account of nectaries in English. Mr. LIVERSEIXE criticised the chemical portion of the paper, and suggested alterations, and the discussion was carried on by Miss MATHEWS, Messrs. W. and C. WARD, BAROLAY, CULLIS, and others. A vote of thanks was passed to the reader of the paper, and Mr. HAINES having briefly replied the meeting terminated.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*Nov. 10th.*—Mr. LOVE in the chair. The PRESIDENT referred to the services which Mr. HAMILTON had rendered to the Society, as well as to the College generally, and moved that Mr. HAMILTON be elected an honorary member. This resolution was seconded by Mr. STERN, and carried unanimously. After Mr. HAMILTON had expressed his thanks to the Society, the CHAIRMAN called upon Mr. LANGFORD for a paper on "The Influence of Stress and Strain on the Physical Properties of Metals." The author reviewed the extensive researches of many experiments. A well-sustained discussion followed, to which the CHAIRMAN, Prof. SMITH, Messrs. HOUSMAN, DANIELL, and STERN contributed. A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to Mr. LANGFORD.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*Dec. 8th.*—Mr. HOUSMAN in the chair. Mr. LOVE read a paper on "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations." After briefly reviewing the investigations of GLADSTONE and ABNEY on the relations of absorption spectra, and those of MITSCHERLICH and others on emission spectra, the author proceeded to describe GREENWALL's theory on the connection between the lines in the spectra emitted by an element in different combinations, and brought forward some interesting results they obtained as to the physical constitution of the sun. Mr. LOVE concluded by describing the method of comparing spectra lately discovered by himself. This method based on the Law of Error has led, in his hands, to some useful results, chiefly in solar chemistry.

This interesting and valuable paper was discussed by the CHAIRMAN and Mr. BAKER. After Mr. LOVE had replied, Mr. HOUSMAN read a paper on "Electrical Transformers," in which he described some of the earlier forms, pointing out their faults, and concluded with an account of the more economical forms of machine now coming into general use. The subject is of great practical importance in the electric transmission of energy. After some remarks on the paper by Mr. LOVE, the meeting concluded by passing a hearty vote of thanks to the authors of the papers.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

*The Reptonian* is an interesting number. Eight pages, however, are devoted to old Reptonian cricket, eleven to the School cricket, and this is as it should be, but the reader foreign to Repton slips these pages. What we note with pleasure about the *Reptonian* is that its correspondence columns are always well filled, and are made of real use for the ventilation of grievances and other purposes. Here and elsewhere in the paper, we have reference to the fact that afternoon tea was last summer provided on the Repton cricket field. Truly a startling innovation! Of Reptonians some thought it absurd and effeminate: some actually objectionable: some perfectly harmless. But mark the sequel! One day "when every moment was precious they (the eleven) twice deliberately wasted time, after the fall of a wicket, by retiring to the side of the ground for tea." This, almost incredible, is entirely inexcusable: and yet the new custom still finds a defender in the correspondence columns. In a poem, entitled "Morituri te salutant," the tea-drinkers are made to plead for mercy, and offer a humble apology. On the whole, therefore, we conclude that the attempt to combine a cricket-match with a tea-fight must be pronounced a failure.

Although the sluggishness of the school literary talent leads the editor to state that "he must weep, or he will die," the November number of *The School Magazine* (Uppingham) is a very creditable one. The matter, however, strikes us as being curiously arranged. To those outside Uppingham the most interesting of the contents will be an article treating of "The spread of the English language in Japan," and another bearing the alluring title of "Hades, and its inhabitants." From the former we learn that the wily "Japanee" is setting himself with energy and enthusiasm to learn the English language, which, it appears, he is even prepared to adopt instead of his own. The results of this movement in many cases are amusing, as when we read above a shop door "The Wine, the Beer, and other Medicines," or "The Machine for Smoothing out the Wrinkles of the Trousers." The Hades article proves to be about pits and colliers, and the writer succeeds in infusing some fresh interest into this well-worn subject.

*The King Edward's School Chronicle* sadly tells the fact that the valuable records which Old Boys will remember adorned the Library walls have disappeared under a layer of cream-coloured paint. This is in no degree short of scandalous. The use of paint in the Library ought to be prohibited, as has had to be done with the use of ink in the Record Office. An interesting article on John Taylor, and a plaintive one on Conversational Absurdities, with a review of Speech Day, and an ingenious and scholarly attempt to trace the history of Caius make up a number good in spite of its thinness.

We also acknowledge with thanks *Laurel Leaves*, *The Reptonian* (November), *The School Magazine* (October), *The Institute Magazine*, *King Edward's School Chronicle* (December), *The Marlburian* (November), *Youth* (five copies).

### COLLEGE NOTES.

Our readers will learn with pleasure that Mr. COPE has recently been appointed by the Council as the successor to Mr. ALLPORT in the office of Librarian of the College. Mr. COPE has long been known to the students as Sub-Librarian, and all who have witnessed his faithful and energetic performance of the duties of that office, will heartily approve of the decision of the Council.

We have also to announce the appointment of Mr. ERNEST F. W. WILKINSON as successor to Mr. HAMILTON in the Demonstratorship of the Engineering Department. Mr. WILKINSON served apprenticeship in both mechanical and civil engineering in Bradford and Leeds, and subsequently did much good engineering work in London and Bombay. Latterly he has been engaged in important survey work in Leeds with Mr. RHODES, Civil Engineer, of that town. Mr. WILKINSON was induced to apply for the post in the Mason College by the opportunity it would afford him for the scientific study of his profession. His extensive and varied experience in practical work at home and abroad is certain to make him a very helpful assistant to the students of the Engineering Department.

Reference has already been made in these pages to the approaching departure of Mr. JENKYN-BROWN to the West Indies. The loss of the "Conservative Leader" will be no slight one to the Union, to which he was endeared by his ready humour and the good-nature which so often made him the "friend in need" to the officers of the Society. We take this opportunity of wishing him a pleasant voyage.

We are glad to hear that rehearsals of "As You Like It" have at last begun, and that the cast is now in a fair way of being fixed. *Rosalind* has fallen to Miss K. DIXON, who acted so successfully in "Ion" and "The Good-Natured Man;" *Celia* to Miss JOHNSON, who, though she has never taken part in a College play, is well known to the Union through her dramatic recitations. *Audrey* is to be personated by Miss TYNDALL; and *Phoebe* by Miss BETTNEY, who was so successful as *Irus* in "Ion." *Orlando* has fallen to the lot of Mr. NEAL, the Chairman of the Union, who last year so admirably performed the part of *Lofty* at two days' notice, and *Touchstone* to that of Mr. HOWARD, the Bailiff of last year.

Mr. CHARLES GREENE, the Stage Manager, is, we hear, in need of assistance in the carpentering; we hope that many of the students will be found public-spirited enough to offer him all the help they can.

We are glad to be able to announce the success of the five students of the Mason College, who presented themselves at the recent B.Sc. examination of the University of London. The pass list is as follows:—First Division: Messrs. T. J. BAKER, G. F. DANIELL, and A. L. STERN. Second Division: Mr. J. H. BLAKE, B.A., Cantab, and Miss J. CHARLES.

As the printed honours list has not yet been published, we have decided to reserve the list of honours till our next number.

Also we have much pleasure in announcing the following successes in the recent examination for the Bachelorship of Medicine of the London University:—First Division: Messrs. SIDNEY BARWISE and W. B. FEATHERSTONE. Second Division: Mr. W. R. JORDAN. All three past students of the Mason College.

Also, we have much pleasure in announcing the success of Mr. J. F. JORDAN in the primary examination for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons. We hear that only fifteen out of forty-two candidates were successful.

The next number of the *Magazine* will be published on Friday, February 10th, 1888. This will be the first number of the sixth volume of the *Magazine*. All contributions, letters, reports (written on one side of the paper only and signed, though not necessarily for publication, with the sender's full name), should be sent to the Editor not later than the last day of January.

The subscription to the new volume of the *Magazine* falls due in January. All subscriptions should be paid to Miss LINDSAY, Treasurer, or to any member of the Editorial Board.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be written on one side of the paper only, and be fully signed; names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Madam,—As an admirer of your *Magazine* I may, I hope, be allowed to heartily congratulate the College on the escape it has had of extinction.

Apart from the regret one would have had at the collapse of a *Magazine* so well conducted, and of such high-class character, and the fear as to what the result of its decease might have been on the well-being of *Mason College*, I am especially glad of its lease of life being renewed if only to afford some evidence that there is arising among the students a determination to display more interest in College matters, and to stem the tide of ruin on which we seemed embarked.

Anyone who has studied the recent history of the College must have noticed and been alarmed by the succession of fiascos which have followed the initiation of any enterprise which required energy and combination; enterprises which would confer great benefit on the students present and to come. Seeing this, one has asked oneself the reason, and the same observation which has noted the disasters supplies the cause.

Official coolness has a great deal to answer for in nipping auspicious schemes in the 'bud, but this we can only deplore, and not be bold enough to challenge or attempt to change; yet more powerful because more subtle agencies are at work *amongst ourselves*, undermining our prosperity, which we can and should strangle when they are recognised.

For instance, have we not amongst us a partisan spirit, the detestable selfishness of cliques, which breeds evils to canker in the heart of plans which require the combination and goodwill of a united body of students for their success.

To say that, in this particular, *Mason College* is only like other Colleges furnishes, methinks, no excuse for its continuance. I have never heard any advantage claimed for cliqueism: its evils are only too apparent. Cliqueism enables a few persons to exert a benign influence on an unworthy object, or a malign one on a deserving cause at their own will and pleasure. Let one person of influence in his circle "blow cold," and from his clique we get all the coolness of the Poles, yet should such a person deign to express interest, if it is only in "The Society for providing the natives of the Great Sahara with Dutch ovens," or "The Association for supplying the destitute with irons and other necessaries at store prices," all his or her following do likewise, and the subscription lists of those useful societies is all the better for it.

Another College failing is its students' want of *esprit de corps*. This, too, it is true, it only shares with other institutions, but don't, pray, let that fact prevent us cultivating that estimable virtue. We should have it so engrained in us that College property and College undertakings should never have to ask in vain for our affectionate protection, for our cordial support.

Let *esprit de corps* be the guiding star of our collegiate existence, let no one feel and act as if they were in the College and yet not of it, and I venture to prophecy a brilliant and vigorous future for all its social, literary, and scientific efforts.

Yours faithfully,

NONDESCRIPT.

November 29th, 1887.

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37, NEW STREET.

BIRMINGHAM.

THE  
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## CALENDAR.

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## *THE SPANIARDS AND THE CAPTIVE INCA.*

On his face the cowards strike the Chief,  
Bound to the stake:  
But his iron heart will break  
Ere it tell his foes its prison'd grief;  
And his loud song rings clear through the wildness of the night.

With the knife, they long had learn'd to dread,  
Deep on his face  
And his steady limbs, they trace  
Bloody epitaphs for comrades dead;  
And his loud song rings clear through the wildness of the night.

Then they sear his flesh with burning brands.  
He smiles his pain,  
And their rage has failed again;  
In his calm contempt he folds his hands;  
And his loud song rings clear through the wildness of the night.

Now the faggots rise in eager flame:  
They can but kill  
With no power o'er the will  
Dauntlessly proclaiming Spanish shame;  
Till his loud song rings no more through the wildness of the night.



*FRITHJOF'S SAGA.*

To students of the German language and lovers of the weird old traditions of those hardy Northmen something of whose blood runs in our own veins, there could scarcely be a more pleasant little book for holiday reading than Teigner's "*Frithjof's Saga*." When one comes fresh from the luxuriant poetry of the South, the story of the brave Viking and his love, richly interwoven as it is with the varied and sleepy imaginative mythology of old Scandinavia, and sung in the smoothly-flowing and—if I may be allowed the term—picturesque verses of Teigner, comes to us like a fresh, healthy breeze from our own native northern seas. Teigner possesses in a high degree the power of transporting himself back into "the brave days of old." He is full of sympathy with the beings which he calls up thence, and it is with a hand of love that he reanimates them, a hand which refines and idealizes without robbing them of their naïf grace. He also shows himself a master of the various metres. With each fresh canto begins a fresh modulation of his lyre, the verses varying according to the changing tones of his theme. The story of *Frithjof* is rich in poetic material, being connected with some of the most striking legends of the North. Longfellow, a lover of Northern poetry, has given us a pretty translation of two fragments of this saga. The story as told by Teigner is, in brief, as follows:—*Ingeborg*, the daughter of King *Bele*, and *Frithjof*, the son of *Thorsten*, the king's trusty companion in arms, have grown up together from their earliest years, and the friendship and affection of childhood has ripened into love. When the aged king dies, *Thorsten* refuses to survive his beloved master; so, after giving counsel and instruction to their children, the two die and are buried together. *Bele* is succeeded on the throne by his sons, the morose, superstitious *Helge*, and the weak, childish *Halfdan*—two princes between whom *Frithjof* stands like the full mid-day glory between the rosy dawn and the gloomy night. When the new kings are settled on their father's throne, *Frithjof*, encouraged by the favour of the late king, ventures to ask for *Ingeborg* as his bride. He is refused with scorn by *Helge*, the elder brother, who declares that his royal sister shall never be the bride of a feudal subject. In the meantime the old King *Ring* comes to woo *Ingeborg*. He is monarch of a certain heaven-blessed nook of earth where, under his golden reign, war is unknown. Perpetual peace reigns over the blooming fields and shady groves, the land smiles with golden harvests, and want finds no place there. Wisdom,

justice, and virtue in the ruler have established among the people a loyalty which is not incompatible with perfect freedom. In a word he is the most enviable of kings in having such a people, and they the happiest of subjects in possessing such a king. Yet there is one evil which is not excluded even from this happy land. Death comes, and he has not spared even the royal house. The queen is dead, and Ring seeks another bride in the fair Ingeborg. His offer is at first rejected by Helge, upon which Ring invades his land, and in the end compels his consent to the match. In the meantime, during the war, Ingeborg is sent away for security to the sacred grove of Balder (the Northern god of light). Here Frithjof makes her one last visit to say farewell before setting out, at the command of Helge, to exact the tribute from jarl Angantyr, the lord of some western island. On his return he finds his own fair dwelling a blackened ruin, and Ingeborg the bride of King Ring. Filled with grief and indignation, he seeks out Helge as he is celebrating the festival of Balder beneath the midnight sun of a Northern mid-summer night. The ceremony on which the king is engaged is one which represents the typical death and funeral of Balder, of which we shall have occasion to speak later on. Frithjof's rage is increased by seeing the bracelet he had given to Ingeborg clasped on the arm of Balder's image. Forgetting all reverence he snatches at it, and gives such a vigorous pull that the image itself falls down on the funeral pyre already kindled. In the confusion the fire is spread about, and the whole temple and grove are soon in a conflagration, which cannot be extinguished till all the sacred enclosure is burnt. For this act of impiety Frithjof is outlawed. Once more he takes to his good ship *Ellida*, the dragon-bark given once to Viking by the sea-god *Ægir*, which steers its own course without human aid, for a spirit lives in it. For a long time the young hero roves on the sea, seeking, in conflict with the fierce elements of nature, rest from the storms of passion within. At last he can no longer control his longing to see Ingeborg once again. He goes disguised to Ring's court, is received, and well entertained. But as soon as the queen sees him, the blood rushes to her pale cheeks like the glow of the Northern Light over the snowy plain. She recognises, and the king too suspects, who the stranger is. One day, when he and Frithjof are out alone together, the king expresses a wish to lie down and sleep. Frithjof spreads his mantle on the ground, and the old king lays his head on the young man's knees. And so he rests. Then from the leafy branches above a bird with night-black plumage sings in

Frithjof's ear: "Quick, Frithjof, strike the old man, and with a single blow settle your difference. Take the queen, for she belongs to thee, and once gave thee the kiss of betrothal. No human eye sees thee, and the grave is silent." And while Frithjof listens, another bird, with white plumage, sings: "Though no human eye sees thee, yet will the eye of Odin see the blow. Wilt thou murder sleep? The old man is unarmed, and whatever thou mayst gain, thou wilt not gain a hero's glory." And as Frithjof listens and feels the temptation strong, he clutches his sword and throws it away in horror. The old king uncloses his eyes, and finds Frithjof without his sword. "Where is your sword, O stranger?" "King, the tongue of the sword is sharp, and speaks no word of peace; spirits of darkness dwell in the steel, and silver locks attract them." "Young man, thou art Frithjof; I have known it from the first." But the king speaks kindly to his young rival, and bids him wait patiently till the old man shall be dead and Ingeborg free. Very soon that day actually comes. On the death of their beloved king, his subjects offer the crown to the brave young stranger, who, during his sojourn among them, has endeared himself to them. But Frithjof raises on his shield the King's little golden-haired child, and proclaims him king. The assembled warriors accept their baby-sovereign, but raise a clamour that Frithjof shall be regent and marry the queen-mother. But, with stern, self-denying heroism, he refuses to do this until he has obtained the pardon of heaven for his sin, and regained the offended deity's favour. He accordingly once more returns to his own country, where he finds the elder king Helge dead, and only the young Halfdan reigning. Frithjof now rebuilds the temple of Balder with more than its former magnificence, forgives and is forgiven, for so the old priest admonishes him:—

Ein Opfer weiss ich, theurer ist den Göttern dies  
 Als Rauch von Opferschalen: bringst zum Opfer du  
 Des eignen Herzens wilden Haas, der Rache Lust.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mit Steinen süht man Balder nicht; Versöhnung wohnt  
 Hienieden nür, wie droben, wo der Friede wohnt.  
 Versöhne dich mit deinem Feind, ünd mit dir selbst,  
 Dann bist du mit dem lichtgelocktem .Gott versöhnt.

And so the last obstacle which prevents Frithjof's marriage with the fair Ingeborg is removed. Like Helen of Troy, in the everlasting freshness of her beauty, once more arrayed in the bridal dress, she appears among her maidens like the moon in the

midst of the stars ; and there, before Balder's altar, she at length gives her hand to the lover of her early youth.

The legend of Balder is so intimately woven with the Frithjof saga that it may perhaps be worth while briefly to examine it, especially as it is not only highly poetical in its symbolical imagery, but also interesting for its apparent connection with similar legends of other Indo-Germanic nations. The name which appears in different forms—Balder, Baldr or Baldur among the Scandinavians, Baeldaeg among the Anglo-Saxons, Phol in Thüringen and Bavaria—is variously derived. The Anglo-Saxon, form bael=“fire,” and daeg=“day,” gives the attributes of the mythical deity, who was represented as a god of light and warmth ; but the first part of the name, Bal, has also been referred to the Chaldaic bel=god. Thus it would carry us back to those grey old ages before our Teuton forefathers had migrated and separated themselves from the common parent stock in Asia. Anyone who thinks it worth while to examine and compare these derivations should consult Grimm's interesting Teutonic Mythology. The story of Balder is, in brief, as follows :—He was the son of Odin, genial and kind as he was bright and beautiful : hence he was alike beloved of gods and mortals. One day all heaven and earth were made sad by a dream, which Balder had had, portending his death, which was to be the prelude to the final catastrophe in which the gods themselves were doomed to perish. Seers were consulted, but no means could be found to avert the impending evil. Then the mother of Balder bound everything in heaven and earth under an oath not to injure her son's life. Only one little plant, which seemed too insignificant to do any harm, had been left out. This was the mistletoe. Of this, Loke, who represents the principle of evil, gets a spray, which he sharpens to a point like a spear ; and one day, when the gods are tilting, he puts it in the hands of Hoder, a blind brother of Balder. Hoder, too, must try his skill. He does so, and in his first essay pierces his brother Balder, who thus dies, fulfilling his dream. All the gods mourn for him, and Nanna, his faithful wife, weeps till her heart breaks, and she, too, is laid dead beside him on the pyre. An attempt is made to rescue him from Niflheim (the abode of the dead), but in vain. From this point the rich but fantastic mosaic of mythology becomes so wild and confused that one can scarcely extricate any single thread from the tangled mass. But as far as Balder is concerned, this is enough. As to the symbolism, it is not difficult to see through the light veil of poetical myth with

which an imaginative people always loves, consciously or unconsciously, to clothe the phenomena of nature. Balder is the warm, genial sun, precious to all men, but to none more so than to the Northman, who knows the rigours of a dark, sunless winter. This winter is no less poetically personified in the blind Hoder, whose merciless shaft slays the fair god of light and warmth, as the frost-arrows of winter kill the joy and beauty of summer. But our imaginative fathers carried this symbolism a step farther. Passing by an easy transition from the world of nature to the world of moral thought, they saw in light the type of all good, and in darkness the representation of evil. This thought is brought out clearly in the Frithjof saga:—

*Canto III.*—"Image of good is he [Balder as the god of light],  
and showers down riches from heaven.

Radiant light is all good, but dark, like night is  
the evil.

Constant climbing wearies the sun, and not less  
does Virtue grow giddy

On the steep heights which she treads; at length  
both sink, deeply sighing,

Down to dark Hel; and of this Balder's funeral  
pile is the image."

No doubt there often ran deep beneath the symbolical nature-worship of our forefathers an under-current of higher and nobler moral or religious thought. Does not the idea above remind us of St. John's conception, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all"? It is not, however, in all the myths that we find this moral symbolism side by side with a symbolism of nature—for instance in the Siegfried saga, on which is founded the Nibelungenlied. Siegfried, too, was no doubt, in the earlier heathen form of the story, a typical god of light, perhaps signifying the spring, whose early death the beautiful earth, typified in Siegfried's wife, laments. The Nibelungenlied, as we possess it, has been entirely remodelled by Christian influence, so that Siegfried, though he still retains much of the supernatural, is introduced as a merely human hero; and whatever mythical significance the story once had, it has lost. If we compare these legends with the traditions of certain old Greek folk-songs, we are struck with the similarity both in form and symbolism. The songs on Linus, Jalemos, Hyacinthus, Adonis, were variations of one and the same story, in which are shadowed forth, under the death of a beautiful youth beloved of gods and men, the quick ripening and decay of nature in the succession of

the seasons. Specially interesting is the Linos song, as showing a definite connection between the original Asiatic source and the later streams of mythical song that spread over Europe. Herodotus says that the song known to the Greeks under the name of Linos had various names according to the various nations where it was celebrated; and that it was sung not only by the Egyptians, to whom it was known as the song of Maneros—a traditional son of *Ægyptus*—but also in Phœnicia, Cyprus, and other places. The mention of Phœnicia at once carries us back to the vision of Ezekiel (Ez. viii., 14), and the story of Thammuz,

" Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

The Linos song seems to have sprung directly from this fable of Thammuz, for the derivation of the word is referred to "*ai lenu*" (*αἰλινον*), "woe for us," the refrain of the Phœnician mourners for Thammuz. Hence the burden of the song produced a masculine name which afterwards on Greek soil became the hero of the song. These, then, and similar Greek mythical nature-songs are clearly traceable to a common Asiatic source. The links between the Teutonic tribes and that dim, far-off home in Asia, of which they preserved vague memories in traditions of the migration of the gods, are broken and disconnected; but it is not uninteresting to notice the kinship of spirit which shows itself in the mythology of the various branches of the great Aryan family, and helps us to realize our brotherhood with tribes and nations that at first sight appear so different and so widely separated from ourselves.

### *DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.*

No one who was present at the last of the performances of "As you Like it," which took place in the Chemical Lecture Theatre on January 11th, 12th, and 13th, would, we are assured, have the least hesitation in pronouncing the somewhat ambitious representation of one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies a decided success.

With an audience which showed itself in sympathy with the play and players, who, like most amateurs, were very sensitive to applause, the little company threw itself into the performance with far greater verve and spirit than on preceding nights, and lost much

of the nervousness and timidity which had at first prevented them from indulging in much by-play.

We greatly regret that the gentlemen of the Press were not present on the Friday; had they been so, we cannot doubt that they would have caught some of the enthusiasm of the spectators, and have been more kindly and, shall we say, just in their criticisms.

As it is, we hope that without laying ourselves open to the charge of partiality we may express opinions of the performance which do not altogether coincide with theirs.

Of the play itself it is not needful to speak; next to the "Merchant of Venice" it is perhaps the best known and most popular of Shakespeare's dramas. Of the twenty-two changes of scene marked in the play, our stage-manager contented himself with thirteen; and we must compliment him on the quickness with which we were translated from orchard to palace garden, from one forest glade to another. Of the five different scenes, two—namely, the orchard and cottage scenes—were painted by the stage-manager himself, with the assistance of Mr. Clayton; while the others—namely, the Garden of the Duke's Palace and the two forest glades—were prepared for the College by a professional scene-painter. All were pretty, and though everything was on a small scale, we think the available space was utilised in a manner highly creditable to the stage-manager.

*Rosalind* is the central figure of the play, and in Miss K. Dixon we had a truly delightful *Rosalind*.

Although we had seen her as the white-robed *Abra* in the dim light of the Greek Temple, and as the dainty, playful *Miss Richland* falling a victim to the charms of the luckless *Honeywood*, we were wholly unprepared for the unaffected grace and bewitching humour which she displayed in her intelligent and altogether charming rendering of the part of *Rosalind*.

It is hardly necessary to particularise as to her acting, she was so successful throughout, both in the scenes where she and *Celia* divided the honours, and in those with *Orlando*, where as the sweet youth *Ganymede* she shone pre-eminently. Perhaps her weakest scene was that in which she faints on hearing the account of *Orlando's* encounter in the forest; but this, we think, was chiefly due to the fact that *Oliver*, in common with some other of the younger actors, showed a novice's dread of pauses.

*Rosalind* is, as we have said, the central figure of the play; it is only in a few scenes that the part of *Celia* becomes important, but Miss JOHNSON certainly did full justice to those

scenes, and proved herself a charming and intelligent actress. Not only did she excel in the playful dialogues with *Rosalind* and *Touchstone*, but in her indignation at her father's unjust sentence of banishment showed us that she is capable of rising to the heights of tragedy.

Next to *Celia* we turn to *Touchstone*, the faithful companion of the cousins in misfortune. This part was taken by Mr. HOWARD, whose deliberate and clear enunciation did full justice to the wise sayings of the fool, and who, by the Friday evening at any rate, had gained sufficient assurance to indulge in some of the pranks naturally expected from the motley.

All of his scenes were good ; we only regret that that in which he appears with *Audrey* and her lover *Will* was omitted. This omission shortened the part of *Audrey* considerably, but such as it was, it was admirably rendered by Miss TYNDALL, who succeeded in transforming herself in the most wonderful manner into the country wench who could say in all sincerity, "I thank the gods I am foul."

Of the earlier characters we have to mention the *Duke Frederick*, *Monsieur Le Beau*, and the wrestler *Charles*. *Duke Frederick*, represented by Mr. W. L. O. WARD, who, though the younger and usurping brother, by some strange freak of fortune appeared considerably older than the banished *Duke*, was, we must confess, wanting in dignity, and strangely anxious to get his ducal speeches over ; still, though unable to simulate the sudden anger of the restless ruler, he succeeded in looking "every inch a usurper, even to his jack-boots, which were of abnormal proportions."

The part of *Monsieur Le Beau* was taken by Mr. T. J. BAKER, who was completely metamorphosed in his gay suit and fair and abundant corkscrews, and who delivered his few speeches in an amusing and satisfactory manner.

The part of the wrestler *Charles* was played by Mr. CHARLES, who was successful both in the scene with *Oliver* and in the wrestling, in which after swinging his young adversary round and round, he fell to earth, his remains being promptly removed.

The part of *Adam* was taken by Mr. STOCKTON, who appeared before us for the first time. Habited like a Benedictine friar, his rendering of the part was decidedly original, and on Friday night at least he moderated his shakiness so that no laugh was raised at his saying, "Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty." His enunciation was clear and admirably suited to the old man who



confessed to having lost his teeth in his master's service, and his resentment against *Oliver* and affection for *Orlando* were very successfully portrayed. Whether Mr. STOCKTON's representation agreed or not with our ideal of *Adam*, he deserves great praise for his careful study and promising rendering of a part which he certainly succeeded in making interesting.

Mr. MAYNE, who last year played the humbler part of scene-shifter, appeared before us this year as the shepherd swain *Silvius*. Having succeeded by Friday night in finding a pair of whiskers which pleased both himself and the spectators, he lost a good deal of his nervousness, and played his part of lover with quite a pathetic fervour, which was enhanced by the dejected stoop of his neck, while from his rapturous acceptance of the hand which *Phæbe* at length bestows upon him *Orlando* might have learnt a lesson.

With regard to *Phæbe*, played by Miss BETTNEY, whose representation of *Irus* in "Ion" was so successful, we must confess to some slight disappointment. Although she looked very pretty as the wooed and wooing shepherdess, she hardly made sufficient of the part; nor did she seem to have quite grasped the character, otherwise we cannot account for the rough way in which in one scene she dragged *Silvius* on to the stage, in a manner more suited to the boisterous *Audrey* than to the gentle *Phæbe*. Some of her asides, too, were rather hurried, and her utterance was hardly so distinct as that of the other actors. Still on the whole she was very successful in her representation.

*Corin*, the other shepherd, who was represented by Mr. F. S. PEARSON, was more successful in the action and by-play than in the deliverance of his part, which was rendered more difficult by the occurrence of rhymed couplets. Had the expression of his voice been as varied and appropriate as that of his countenance, he would have been one of the most successful as he certainly was one of the most amusing of the company.

The part of the melancholy *Jacques* fell to the lot of Mr. GREENE, the stage-manager, owing to the absence through illness of Mr. Simpson, to whom the part was originally assigned. Mr. GREENE, who suffered from no nervousness, looked quite at home in his part, and delivered the two famous speeches, "A fool, a fool," and "All the world's a stage," with great clearness and effect. He and *Touchstone* were quite the most successful among the men actors.

*Orlando* was represented by Mr. NEAL, who showed to the

greatest advantage in the scenes where he quarrels with his brother, and where he exchanges compliments with *Jacques* in the forest. In the other parts he hardly displayed enough of the gentleness of which even *Oliver* allows his possession, and which alone could account for the devotion of *Adam*; nor did he do full justice to the humour of some of the situations. We cannot congratulate Mr. NEAL on his stage stride, which certainly detracted largely from the grace of his appearance, and contrasted unfavourably with the ease of movement shown by the youth *Ganymede*. *Orlando*, however, is certainly one of the most difficult parts in the play, and Mr. NEAL's rendering of it bore marks of careful study.

*Orlando's* brother, *Oliver*, was represented by Mr. G. H. HOUSMAN, the post-boy of last year, who looked extremely well as the cruel brother. His first scenes with *Orlando* and *Charles* were very well done; but we cannot help thinking that he spoiled the fainting scene. We regret also that while so much of the play was omitted, the sudden love of *Celia* and *Oliver* was not passed over, since it is, as critics have long agreed, a serious offence against ethics, and a blot on the play. Perhaps it is this which made us dislike the converted *Oliver* more sincerely than we were able to do the cruel, elder brother as he appears in the first scene.

*Amiens*, the forester, was played by Dr. FEATHERSTONE, who sang Arne's delightful song "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" in a very pleasing manner; his brother foresters were represented by Mr. G. F. DANIELL and Mr. AMPHLETT, who, assisted by the altos, Miss SOUTHALL and Miss L. J. CHARLES, sang the two part songs "What shall he have that kill'd the deer?" and "Foresters sound the cheerful horn" (on Friday evening) in the most successful manner.

Surrounded by his foresters was the banished *Duke*, represented by Mr. MINERS. We are told that previous to the dress rehearsal Mr. Miners had been present only at one rehearsal, and this certainly accounts for the difficulty he found in properly disposing of his hands, and for the somewhat excessive use he made of his eyebrows. He rather attempted to beat the metre too much with his voice, but on Friday he certainly made great improvement, his reception of his daughter being very good indeed.

At the close of the performance *Rosalind* and *Orlando*, *Celia* and *Oliver*, were called on amidst applause, as also were *Audrey* and *Touchstone*, *Phæbe* and *Silvius*, *Adam*, *Corin*, and *Jacques*. *Jacques* made a short speech, in which, as stage manager, he thanked all those who had taken part in the performance, and also

those who had been working as scene-shifters. Mr. CLAYTON, Mr. O. W. THOMAS, and Mr. A. W. CHARLES were scene-shifting for the third time under his direction, and Mr. PARROTT, he hoped, would assist at more than one play in the future.

After that, Mr. WALKER was called on amid great applause. To Mr. WALKER's kindness and energy is due in great measure the success of the play, for had he not relieved the already overworked Mr. GREENE of the task of superintending the rehearsals, and contrived to inspire the actors and actresses with enthusiasm, we hardly think that we should have witnessed such a successful performance as that of Friday certainly was. As stage-director, choir-master, and prompter, Mr. WALKER proved himself invaluable.

A call on to the stage showed that the work of Miss EDWARDS as Secretary of the Dramatic Sub-committee was appreciated. The number of spectators present at the various performances, was—at the Dress Rehearsal 115; on Wednesday, January 11th, 179; on Thursday, January 12th, 211; on Friday, January 13th, 221. Miss EDWARDS performed all the work in connection with the distribution of the tickets.

The acknowledgments of the Union are also due to Dr. TILDEN for the use of the Chemistry Lecture Theatre, and to Professors HILLHOUSE and BRIDGE for the use of their rooms.

Selections of music were performed during the intervals at the Dress Rehearsal by Mr. W. DANIELL, on Wednesday by Miss ETHEL BROOKS, on Thursday by Mrs. HOUGHTON and Miss SCOTT, and on Friday by Miss LOREILLE, which contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

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### THE UNION.

*December 16th.*—At this meeting, at which 267 visitors and members were present, Professor ALLEN read a very interesting account of "English Music."

Under the term "English" music the author included Welsh, Irish, and Scotch; just as under "German" we include all that belongs to the many countries lying between the Baltic and Adriatic Seas. The term English is justifiable, partly because the music of England is of much greater importance than that of either of the other divisions of the country; partly, also, because of certain characters which are possessed alike by the music of all the British Isles.

In comparing the musical position of Britain with that of such countries as Germany we are apt to forget the great difference in their area, and the fact that the "Germans" represent a collection of all the races of Europe. Thus, the eight greatest composers of Germany belonged to nearly as many nationalities; and what is known as the national music of that country has

originated from an equal number of races, covering an area compared with which the British Islands are quite insignificant.

*Our country is rich in popular music, but poor in great musicians.* The leading characteristic of English music is *pronounced tune*. It is marked by the four essential qualities of melody: symmetry, tonality, antithesis, and terseness. If we select six of the best known national airs of England and three from each of the other divisions of the islands, where else within a similar area in all the world shall we find such a remarkable collection of melodies?

The subject of popular airs or ballads having been already dealt with on a former occasion by Miss Charles, the author directed attention rather to the works of our leading composers, remarking that they are marked by the same qualities of melody as English popular music. When our great composers write in a popular style they are successful: but when they try to be scholastic, they are usually dull.

In the middle ages our country was not behind others in musical culture. England has the proud distinction of possessing the oldest part song in the world—namely, the canon or round "*Sumer is icumen in*." This song occurs in a MS. of 1226, in the British Museum, and is in the handwriting of John of Fornsete, a monk of Reading. The music is now published by Messrs. Novello & Co. at the modest price of three halfpence. As a melody it has little to betray its antiquity, but its counterpoint is full of consecutive fifths and octaves, which are not tolerated now-a-days.

The time when music most flourished in England was during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. Both these sovereigns were good musicians; and Henry has left to us some very fair songs, &c., of his own composition. During these reigns lived a great number of eminent musicians, such as Tallis, Farrant, Tye, Byrd, Bull, Gibbons, Weelkes, Wilbye, and Morley. It would seem that the rule of the Stuarts was less favourable to music than that of the Tudors. But the latter part of their era (1658 to 1695) saw the rise of Henry Purcell, the greatest of all English musicians, and the greatest that the world had hitherto known. He wrote melodies of remarkable power and beauty, such as had never been heard; and, what is more, he was the greatest harmonist that ever lived, or is ever likely to live. If he had lived in the time of Beethoven the struggle for supremacy would have gone very hard between the two men.

The death of Purcell made way for Handel, who lived fifty years in England, and had immense influence on our music in more ways than one. The most eminent English musician of Handel's time was Arne, who, as a melodist, has few rivals, being in this respect a worthy follower of Purcell.

We next come to a group of eminent musicians, born towards the end of the last century, namely:—Field (1782), Bishop (1786), and Pearsall (1795). Field was a very original writer for the pianoforte, the inventor of the "*nocturne*," and was much imitated by Chopin in after years. Bishop was the most eminent English musician since the time of Purcell. His compositions consisted chiefly of light operas, of which the greater portion has passed into oblivion, but there still remains to us a residue of most beautiful songs and choruses, such as no other composer has blessed us with. He was the author of "*Home, Sweet Home*," the most English of all tunes, and perhaps the most perfect melody in existence. Pearsall was the best of all our part-song writers. His music is melodious, skilful in its part-writing, and

very easy to sing. "Oh, who will o'er the downs" is one of the prettiest of part-songs.

After a few remarks on Balfe and Wallace, two eminent opera writers, the next composer to be considered was Sterndale Bennett. Inasmuch as Bennett is the most classical, so is he the least English of all English musicians. His technical knowledge was in excess of his invention; and thus he is the exact converse of Bishop, in whom technical knowledge was quite in abeyance to his natural gift of tune.

A few remarks were then made on Church music. The Anglican Church has for centuries had its own particular music, apart from the Roman Church. There exist some very fine English Church melodies of the early middle ages. Tallis, the contemporary of Palestrina, was one of the most perfect Church musicians of the world. He composed the setting of the responses in the Prayer Book, which we hear so often without tiring of them.

A copy of a finely harmonised tune from Ravenscroft was shown as a diagram, and was compared with the very different style of hymn-tune of the present day, as exemplified in Dr. Dykes.

Speaking of our living musicians, the author said that the only thoroughly English one was Sullivan, and that all our others seemed to be following in the footsteps, especially the false ones, of foreigners: but Sullivan was devoting his genius and learning to unworthy purposes.

In the matter of drawing-room music, Prof. ALLEN found great fault with the trumpery modern ballads which are written for the use of those who pretend to sing, but really only say words to an accompaniment. These meretricious articles are the greatest of all enemies to musical culture; and it is a shame that they should ever be used, since the standard English composers have provided us with a wealth of beautiful popular songs, such as no other country possesses.

The paper was illustrated throughout by selections from the composers enumerated, the programme being as follows:—

Piano	...	...	"Sumer is icumen in"	...	{ John of Fornsete, before 1226.
			Prof. ALLEN.		
Song	...	...	"The Three Ravens"	...	Anonymous.
			Rev. J. R. C. GALE.		
Piano	...	...	{ "The Carman's Whistle"	...	Byrd.
			"Kenilworth"	...	Taylor.
			Miss RUBERY.		
Madrigals	...	...	{ "My bonny lass she smileth"	...	Morley.
			"The Silver Swan"	...	Gibbons.
Song	...	...	"When I am laid in earth"	...	Purcell.
			Miss HADLEY.		
Song	...	...	"Ye twice ten hundred deities"	...	Purcell.
			Rev. J. R. C. GALE.		
Song	...	...	"Where the bee sucks"	...	Arne.
			Miss MARRIS.		
Piano	...	...	"Nocturne in B flat"	...	Field.
			Mrs. HOLIDAY.		
Glees	...	...	{ "Hark! the lark"	...	Cooke.
			"Oh! who will o'er the downs"	...	Pearsall.
Song	...	...	"Bid me discourse"	...	Bishop.
Song	...	...	"May dew"	...	Bennett.
			Miss HADLEY.		
Piano	...	...	"Barcarolle from 4th Concerto"	...	Bennett.
			Prof. ALLEN.		
Glee with Chorus	...	...	"Dulce domum"	...	John Reading.

In the choir were the following ladies and gentlemen :—Misses. Goodman, Hadley, K. Knowles, and L. J. Charles, Mrs. Houghton, Messrs. Cope, C. F. M. Ward, G. F. M. Daniell, and A. F. Kellett. We were especially pleased to see Mr. Kellett taking part, as he is connected very closely with our Musical Evenings, which are entirely due to his suggestion, and of whose success he must be justly proud. The most successful part-song was "Oh, who will o'er the downs," which was sung with great spirit, and in which the performers evidently felt more at home than in the madrigals. Of the songs, the Rev. J. R. C. Gale's "Three Ravens" and Miss Goodman's "Bid me discourse" won the most applause. All the piano solos were admirably rendered. At the close of the evening a hearty vote of thanks was proposed to Dr. Allen and those who had assisted in the illustrations, by Mr. Thomas Turner, seconded by Miss Bettney, and carried unanimously. The meeting then terminated.

*January 27th.*—This evening was devoted to readings and recitations, and, like other evenings of the same sort, proved very successful. The first item on the programme was a recitation from Miss CLARA THOMSON, who rendered Matthew Arnold's weird, pathetic poem "The Forsaken Merman" in a very sympathetic manner. Then Mr. W. R. JORDAN, who at the last moment had consented to take Mr. Greene's place among those contributing to the evening's entertainment, recited "The Prophecy of Capys" by Macaulay. This poem, written in the short lines of "Horatius" and "The Battle of Lake Regillus," has not the general interest of Macaulay's other productions, and Mr. Jordan's recitation, though good, was not up to his usual pitch of excellence. He was followed by Mr. REYNOLDS, who, however, did not succeed in impressing his audience with the pathos of "The Death of Little Death," though his reading was fairly successful. Mr. O. JONES followed with an amusing reading of Charles Lamb's Essay on Roast Pork. Then came a reading by Mrs. HARVEY, who rendered the quiet earnestness of the lines of Matthew Arnold's philosophic poem "The Buried Life" in a very striking manner. But the greatest success of the evening was attained by Mr. HOWARD, who fairly brought down the house with his "Address to an Intoxicated Fly," and was even more successful in his second piece, "Little Jacob Strauss."

After a few words in criticism of the readings and recitations from Mr. LOVE, the proceedings terminated.

Present 160 visitors and members.

### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

*CHEMICAL SOCIETY.*—*December 14th.*—Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Sixteen present. Miss Fuller was elected a member.

Mr. A. L. STERN, B.Sc., read a paper on the quantitative estimation of magnesium in the presence of alkalies, describing experiments which had for their object the determination of the effect of the presence of potassium and sodium chlorides when magnesium is precipitated as magnesium-ammonium phosphate. The results differ with the amount of the reagent (ammonium chloride) used, some part of the magnesium forming magnesium potassium chloride.

Mr. BECK read a paper on chromyl dichloride, the preparation of which in a pure state is attended with great difficulty. Mr. Beck showed a

specimen which he had prepared, and illustrated the reactions by experiments. He also described a method, lately discovered, of estimating traces of nitrates. A short discussion followed each paper, succeeded by a vote of thanks to Mr. Stern and to Mr. Beck.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held on Thursday, January 26th, Professor POYNTING in the chair. The report and balance-sheet were read. The latter showed the Society to be in the unusual position of possessing a steadily increasing balance in hand! Mr. A. E. JACKSON was elected Secretary, *vice* Mr. G. F. DANIELL, resigned; Mr. LANGFORD was re-elected Treasurer; Misses CHARLES, DEANE, and EDWARDS, and Messrs. BAKER, BOTT, DICKENSON, MAYNE, and W. L. O. WARD were appointed to serve on the Committee. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring Secretary for his valuable services.

Professor HEATH then delivered the *Inaugural Address* of the Session on "Space of  $n$  Dimensions." After first defining space of 1, 2, and 3 dimensions and pointing out their relations, the Professor sketched out the reasons against considering the existence of a 4th dimension as inadmissible. Especially, he said, must the supposition that what is inconceivable does not exist be guarded against; and as an example gave the  $\sqrt{-1}$ , to which perfectly definite properties attach, but the *value* of which cannot be realised by our senses.

He then went on to describe the properties of 4-dimensioned space, particularising the fact that in 4-dimensioned space a man could turn himself inside out and get out of a room without door, window, or chimney; but could not tie a knot. The existence of a 4th dimension is thus a possible explanation of our dear old ghost stories.

A vote of thanks to the Professor for his most able and interesting address was proposed by Mr. A. H. REYNOLDS, seconded by Miss EDWARDS, and supported by Mr. DANIELL, who referred to the restriction in the range of the Society's work produced by the foundation of fresh societies, and congratulated it on an extension in the mathematical direction. The vote of thanks was unanimously accorded, and the Professor, in replying, warned the members not to be too desirous of believing in a 4th dimension, but merely to look upon it as one of the interesting possibilities whose properties can be studied mathematically, even if incapable of physical realisation.

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### SOCIAL EVENING.

A Social Evening for the men students was held on *Friday, November 25th, 1887*. After tea in the Physics Laboratory, the students adjourned to the Common Room, where, after a short address from the Chairman, Mr. NEALE, they were entertained by songs, recitations, &c. Those contributing to the evening's entertainment were Professor ALLEN and Mr. LEDSAM, who gave piano-forte solos; Mr. LANGFORD, who gave a violin solo; Messrs. SIMPSON, TYLDEN WRIGHT, WHITEHOUSE, COPE, and Professor HILLHOUSE, who contributed songs; while readings were given by Mr. JENKYN-BROWN and Professor HILLHOUSE, and recitations by Mr. W. R. JORDAN. A reading was also given by Mr. W. L. O. WARD, who read an original poem, entitled "The Iron Gate," which he had adapted from one of a similar name for the occasion. We insert the poem, and those who do not

understand the local allusions are recommended to take a stroll round the Botanical and Zoological laboratories.

#### THE IRON GATE.

*A Parody, by W. L. O. Ward.*

At Mason's, on the second floor,  
Close to Professor Bridges' door,  
There hangs an iron gate;  
Beyond it lies "forbidden ground,"  
Where "first year's men" should ne'er be found,  
Or hard will be their fate.

As Moses viewed the Promised Land,  
Yet could not even on it stand,  
So feel the first year's men,  
As thro' the gate just up the stair  
They look, yet may not enter there—  
"Tis for the "upper ten."

Some days ago two students rash,  
Resolved within that gate to dash,  
And to explore inside;  
They hied them straightway to the spot,  
And—more by accident than not—  
The gate stood open wide.

Inside they wandered curiously,  
Wondering what "this" and "that" might be,  
And what was done up there;  
For ranged around an open space  
Were flowering plants of every race,  
E'en to the luscious pear.

Next door apes' paws and chimpanzees',  
And kangaroos and bumble bees,  
Moths and a humming bird  
Might there be found; and even, too,  
A peacock clothed in draggled blue,  
Which really was absurd.

Outside they saw a curious sight—  
A piece of wire, which hung quite tight  
Down from a beam above,  
And passed on down the large round hole  
Between the stairs. To it they stole,  
And—gave to it a shove!

Now, on the bottom landing, see,  
There lectured then Professor P.,  
On pendulums and arcs.  
He had a scale upon the ground,  
And on it, plain to see, were found  
A numerous set of marks.



Close to the ground he did reveal  
 A mass of heavy welded steel  
     Suspended by a wire,  
 Which passed up to the ceiling high,  
 Until it seemed to reach the sky,  
     As high as a church spire.

This wire was fixed, as we have seen,  
 Up where the students rash had been,  
     Not under lock and key.  
 Thus a huge pendulum was made,  
 And to the Physics Class, third grade,  
     Lectured Professor P.

The pendulum, he had released,  
 By its vibrations then was pleased  
     To show unto the Class  
 How gradually without a pause,  
 The earth revolving, it would cause  
     In differing planes to pass.

The pendulum passed once across,  
 And then began to pitch and toss  
     Like "Arabs of the street."  
 "Go, trusty Ryder, Hodgkiss seek—  
 Upon those men, dire vengeance wreak,  
     On Wednesday next we'll meet."

That active janitor was sent  
 Flying upstairs, with sole intent  
     To capture culprits there;  
 Arrived upon the second floor,  
 At quicker rate than e'er before  
     He'd climbed those fifty stairs.

Refusing bribes of "whiskies hot"  
 He took them straightway to the spot  
     Most dreaded in the place;  
 They saw the Academic Board,  
 And were by it completely floored,  
     And left with doleful face.

#### MORAL ————

A vote of thanks was moved, after the conclusion of the programme, by Mr. COX, to all the performers. This was seconded by Mr. WEST, and carried with applause. This was followed by a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was moved by Mr. T. A. JENKYN-BROWN, and seconded by Mr. T. A. HILL; after which the proceedings terminated.

#### *FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.*

A meeting of the French Society was held on Wednesday, December 21, in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre. There were about a hundred members and friends present. After a musical programme, in which members and

friends assisted, the amusing comedy of Labiche, entitled "L'auverquet et le Misanthrope," was played. The piece was very successful, and gave great pleasure to the audience. The following is the cast :—

Chiffonet, le Misanthrope ..... W. B. AINSWORTH.  
 Machavoine, l'auverquet ..... A. H. REYNOLDS.  
 M. Coquenard ..... F. MOSWINEY.  
 Mde. Coquenard ..... Miss COHEN.  
 Prunette ..... Miss HARCOURT.

A meeting of the French Society was held on Tuesday, January 31, 1888, Mr. MACSWINEY in the chair, when a debate took place on the subject—

"Que les femmes devraient avoir le droit de  
 Siéger au Parlement."

Mr. MACSWINEY opened in the affirmative, and was supported by Mr. FORDHAM, B.A., and Mr. BAYLIS. Mr. REYNOLDS replied in the negative, and was ably supported by Professor LORRILLE, whose remarks were illustrated by an admirable recitation, given by Mr. Solly, from Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes." The motion was lost by 11 votes to 4.

### POESY CLUB.

*December 6th.*—The Chairman, Professor ARBER, commenced proceedings by announcing that Mr. HAYES had been unanimously recommended by the Committee to the Club as an honorary member of the Society; upon a resolution to this effect being put to the meeting it was carried *nem. con.* The CHAIRMAN further announced the resignation of Mr. JENKYN BROWN of the office of Secretary, as he was about to leave England to settle in the West Indies.

Mr. LOVE then moved the following resolution :—"That the Mason College Poesy Club accepts Mr. BROWN's resignation with great regret, and tenders to him its hearty thanks for his valuable services." The resolution was seconded by Mr. LARNER, and supported by Mr. REYNOLDS and by Professor ARBER, who thought Mr. BROWN too good for the West Indies, and hoped he would soon come back to Birmingham and the Poesy Club.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, in replying, said that he could not sufficiently thank the Club for their kind expressions towards him, which would send him home a more grateful and a humbler man.

Then followed three papers on Mrs. Browning's poems, the first by Mr. LOVE, who had felt considerable astonishment when first invited to criticise a poet belonging to the superior sex. Whilst agreeing with Mrs. Browning that poetry was a criticism of life, he could not assent to the doctrine that all criticism of life—even in verse—was poetry; and Mrs. Browning lacked that all-essential element of poetry, spontaneity. Moreover, Mr. LOVE quarrelled with Mrs. Browning on the score of an inaccurate use of words and of faultiness in rhyme. As a writer of sonnets he considered her to be almost unsurpassed, save by Rossetti and Shakespeare; her sonnets and her poem "The Cry of the Children" were the gems of her work.

Miss PERRY introduced her paper by reading the sonnet "The Poet" as an expression of Mrs. Browning's ideal. Mrs. Browning's object was not only to show the ways of God to man, but to eulogize them. Her chief characteristics were intense sympathy and earnestness, and in view of these it

was possible to overlook her faults. There were no blithe notes in her poetry, and there was often a certain unreality about it, to be accounted for by the fact that her own life was a painful one, passed for the most part in a sick-room.

Miss BISHOP's paper dealt with "Aurora Leigh," which Mrs. Browning herself considered her most material work, and which, at the time of its publication, did untold good by arousing attention to social problems, and stirring people up to a sense of their duties. It was characterised by a passionate pathos, by intensely real, and entirely undogmatic religious teaching, by a great appreciation of natural beauty, and by a spirit of hopefulness. Mrs. Browning was one of the pioneers of philanthropic work.

The subject was discussed by Mr. JENKYN-BROWN and Mr. MINERS, and Mr. LOVE.

Mr. LARNER moved, and Miss LINDSAY seconded a cordial vote of thanks to the readers of the papers.

Prof. ARBER then gave notice that the Council had accepted the offer of the Poesy Club of an annual prize of One Guinea for the best critical essay on some selected poet, particulars of which would be announced at the next meeting. The proceedings then terminated.

*January 24th.*—Professor ARBER in the chair.

Mr. MINERS began his paper with a sketch of Wyatt's life and career as a courtier. Passing to his poetry it was noticed that he early in life began to practise the poetical art, and that the verses he has left are mainly the result of his study of the Italian poets. It was the genius and industry of Wyatt that made the *sonnet*, which had been for more than a century a perfected form of Italian verse, popular and lasting in our language. Wyatt's sonnet consisted of fourteen ten-syllabled lines, with only five rhymes. In his *Satires* he imitated the versification of Dante's "Divine Comedy." In the then unsettled state of our language, Wyatt was justly regarded by his contemporaries as a lantern of light to other writers as regards style and expression. Several sonnets were read to illustrate various points of excellence in Wyatt's verse. His lyrics were almost entirely amatory. His three *Satires* were shaped after those of Horace, and are moral in their aim. Wyatt's last work was a free, yet learned, translation of the Penitential Psalms.

Miss LAKE then gave an interesting account of the short but eventful life of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Born in 1516, he was an actor in some of the most significant scenes of the reign of Henry VIII., accompanying that monarch in his memorable interview with Francis on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; assisting at the Coronation, and three years later at the trial of Anne Boleyn: and distinguishing himself in the tournament held at Westminster in honour of Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves. That he was of a rash and reckless disposition is evidenced by the fact that he was twice committed to the Fleet for youthful exploits—once for a quarrel with a gentleman of Middlesex, named John o' Leigh; and once for the double offence of eating meat during Lent contrary to the King's command, and striving to awake the citizens of London to a sense of their sins by breaking their windows at night with stones flung from a cross-bow. His military adventures include a short expedition against Scotland, where, he tells us, he was present at the "Blaze of Kelso," and an active and distinguished share at different times in the invasion of France.

Finally, however, an unfortunate accident at Boulogne led to his being supplanted in his command by Lord Hertford and recalled to England. On his return, he let fall some ill-advised words of resentment against Lord Hertford, for which offence he was imprisoned at Windsor; and shortly afterwards, owing to the machinations of the Hertford faction, he and his father, the Duke of Norfolk, were committed to the Tower on a wholly groundless charge of high treason. The Earl made a spirited and unanswerable defence, but his enemies were too strong for him; and one of the last acts of Henry VIII. was to sign the warrant for Surrey's execution, which took place on Tower Hill, January 19th, 1547. Surrey's poems principally consist of amatory verses, sonnets, and elegies, and contains evidence of careful observation of nature. While to Wyatt belongs the glory of having introduced the sonnet into English poetry, it is Surrey who stands alone as the first writer of English blank verse, his translation of the second and fourth books of The *Æneid* being written in ten-syllabled lines without rhyme. He is further remarkable as a poet for the smoothness of his versification, and the great improvements effected by him in the mechanical part of poetry.

A vote of thanks having been unanimously passed to the readers of the papers, on the motion of Miss M. KEEP, seconded by Mr. KINETON PARKES, a discussion followed, in which Messrs. LOVE, LARNER, and Professor ARBER took part.

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### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The January number of the *Pioneer* is characterised by an intense earnestness. Problems vast and momentous are all around us awaiting solution, and the pioneers are working at them with so stern a purpose and so concentrated an enthusiasm that they do not suffer a single gleam of conscious humour to relieve the pages of their journal. Those pages are interesting withal, and, for the most part, well written.

We have also to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Uppingham School Magazine*, *The Institute Magazine*, *Youth*, *The University College of Wales Magazine*, *The Clewer House School Magazine*, *The Central Literary Magazine*, *Owen's College Magazine* (July), *Victoria College Magazine* (November), *The Eagle* (December).

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

At the recent Examination for Honours in the BSc. Examination of the University of London, the following honours were won by Mason College Students—T. S. BAKER, 3rd in the 1st class in Chemistry, 1st in the 2nd class in Physics; J. E. H. BLAKE 3rd class in Botany and in Zoology; G. F. DANIELL 2nd in the 2nd class in Physics; JESSIE CHARLES 1st in the 2nd class in Mental and Moral Science; A. L. STERN 2nd in the 2nd class in Chemistry, 1st in the 3rd class in Physics.

At the recent Examination for Honours in the M.B. Examination of the University of London, W. B. FEATHERSTONE was placed 5th in the 1st class in Forensic Medicine, and 5th in the 2nd class in Medicine; also W. R. JORDAN was placed in the 3rd class in Medicine.

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We have to announce the resignation of Mr. G. F. DANIELL from the office of Secretary to the *Magazine* in consequence of his accepting the appointment of Science Master in the Norfolk County's School. We take this opportunity of expressing our regret at his departure, and of congratulating him upon his appointment.

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Mr. DANIELL's post has been accepted by Mr. A. H. REYNOLDS, who promises to be a most energetic secretary; while the vacancy on the board has been filled by Mr. A. G. IRVINE, who is a prominent member of the Union.

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After the last performance of "As you Like It," which took place on Friday, January 13th, a meeting of the actors and others interested in the Dramatics assembled in the room behind the Lecture Theatre, where a presentation was made amid the cheers of those present, to Mr. GREENE, the stage manager, of a silver-mounted pipe. The act of presentation fell to the lot of Touchstone (Mr. HOWARD) who, still in acting costume, made an appropriate and witty speech. Mr. GREENE, who was wholly taken by surprise, then said a few words of thanks, which were followed by the prolonged cheers of the company. We hear that the pipe is to be engraved with "Ion" "The Good-natured Man" and "As you Like It", in recognition of the fact that Mr. GREENE has been the moving spirit in getting up all our dramatic performances.

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At the recent Matriculation Examination of the University of London, the following successes have been gained by Mason College Students:—W. A. Marria, 60th in Honours; O. Jones, 61st in Honours; Edith A. Clarkson, S. R. Neal, C. D. D. Roberts, 1st Division.

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The scheme for "the Biological Association", which has been considered at two meetings of students, has been sanctioned by the Academic Board and Council. The object of the Association is to provide opportunities for the study of such aspects of Biology as are common to its sub-divisions, Botany, Physiology and Zoology; and the papers read at its meetings will be of a simpler and more popular character than those which are at present read at the Botanical and Physiological Societies. The Association will hold its first meeting on Monday, February 20th.

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All past or present students desirous of joining the Tennis Club, should send in their names to either Miss CHARLES or Mr. CLAYTON, Honorary Secretaries. The entrance fee is 5s., and subscription 10s. 6d. The ground is situated in Somerset Road.

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The next number of the *Magazine* will be published Friday, March 23rd. It is hoped that there will be many new subscribers. Subscriptions should be paid to Miss LINDSAY, Treasurer, or to any member of the Board. Contributions should reach the Editor not later than March 1st.

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No. 2.

THE

# Mason College Magazine

BIRMINGHAM.

CONDUCTED BY



THE STUDENTS.

MARCH, 1888.

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# Mason College Magazine.

(Conducted by Students of Mason College, Birmingham.)

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MARCH, 1888.

PRICE 6d.

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## CALENDAR.

APRIL 21.—Cyclists' Run to Hampton.

„ 24.—College Re-opens.

„ 28.—Cyclists' Run to Blackwell.

MAY 4.—Union.

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## “THE IRON GATE.”

WE have discovered to our great regret that the poem recited by Mr. W. L. O. Ward at the Social Evening, and inserted in the last number of the *Magazine* under the title of “The Iron Gate, a Parody by W. L. O. Ward,” is practically a transcript from a poem which appeared in the *Owen's College Magazine*, December, 1884. We have received the following letter from Mr. Ward:—

“Mason College,

“March 9th, 1888.

“To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

“Dear Madam,

“I am very sorry that what I have described as a parody on ‘The Iron Gate’ appears in the *College Magazine* for February under conditions which would justify the accusation of endeavouring to obtain credit under false pretences.

“The poem is an adaptation from one in the *Owen's College Magazine* of December, 1884, with only such verbal alterations as were necessary to give it a new local habitat.

“The adaptation was written some months ago, and I took no note, at the time, of the original.

“I need hardly add that I had entirely misunderstood the use of the word ‘parody,’ and would not consciously have done anything to lead to misapprehension.

“Yours faithfully,

“W. L. OAKDEN WARD.”

*THE STREAMLET.*

Laughing, rippling streamlet, say  
Whither hastest, then,  
Onward rushing still away  
Thro' thy rocky glen?

Wherefore toss thy feath'ry spray  
When a rock obstructs thy way,  
Still impatient of delay,  
Though thy banks so fair?

Where the silver birches twine  
O'er thy bed their branches fine,  
Wreathéd with the wild woodbine,  
Wilt not pause a while?

Where the hoary rocks so old  
Stoop thy beauty to behold,  
And with flood of living gold  
Heav'n shines back from thee;

Where the water-lily sleeps,  
And the pensive willow weeps,  
Blue forget-me-not shy peeps,  
Grudgest thou one look?

Where blest lovers fondly meet,  
And thy cadenc'd murm'ring greet,  
Heed'st thou not their whisp'rings sweet,  
Ling'rest not to kiss their feet,  
While soul-rapt they stray?

When, with gladness heaven gave,  
Souls as limpid as thy wave,  
Children playing in thee lave,  
Pausest thou not then?

"Onward, ever onward hasting,  
Urg'd by secret force,  
I no moment may be wasting,  
Must fulfil my course.

"Flow'rs and meads await my blessing  
Far beyond thy ken;  
Not for these alone I'm pressing  
Thro' my sylvan glen.

"Meads would languish, flowers wither,  
If I linger'd here ;  
So I haste me, haste me thither,  
Bringing life and cheer.

"Children in some distant valley  
Would their play forego,  
Should I check my waves to dally  
Here, and cease to flow.

"Other lovers would be missing  
My soft murmurs sweet,  
Whilst I paus'd to linger kissing  
These fair dalliers' feet.

"Small and lowly are my waters,  
Yet the mighty sea,  
Nourish'd by a thousand daughters,  
Gains one drop from me.

"So I haste in ceaseless motion,  
Paying all their dues,  
Eager in the boundless ocean  
My small stream to lose ;

"Eager to help swell his glory,  
Though a drop so small  
That his fulness flowing o'er me  
May absorb me all.

"So o'er rock and boulder leaping  
Onward still I go ;  
Past the water-lily sleeping,  
Past the pensive willow weeping,  
Blue forget-me-not shy peeping,  
Scatt'ring blessing as I flow !"

E. P.

---

**\* THE RELATION BETWEEN THE SOCIAL AND  
INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF A COLLEGE.**

I feel that there is need of some explanation, perhaps apology, on my part for bringing this subject under your notice this evening. I have frequently heard the opinion expressed that it would perhaps be of advantage if we, at a meeting of the Mason College

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\* Read at the Union on Feb. 3rd. Inserted by special request.

Union, considered the social life of our College in its various aspects, with a view to discovering whether the relation between it and our intellectual life is a satisfactory one, and if not, whether it lies in our power, as students, to effect any reformation.

I believe that no one will suspect me for one moment of anything but the friendliest feelings towards Mason College, and everything and everybody connected with it. Relying upon this confidence, I shall not hesitate to offer criticisms and make suggestions concerning matters as they stand, and point out defects where I think they exist.

I cannot but believe that the subject in itself must be interesting to students of Mason College, and not utterly devoid of interest either, to such persons as, although not belonging to the College, have ideas of their own concerning it.

I ask your consideration of three questions :—

- (1) The considerations upon which we determine the relationship which may and ought to exist between the social and intellectual life of an institution such as ours.
- (2) The relation which obtains between the two in our own College.
- (3) The question whether the opportunities offered to Mason College students for developing their social, together with their intellectual, life are such that we might reasonably expect stronger manifestations of it than actually occur.

Some little time ago many of the students of this College had the privilege of hearing debates, both in our own Society, and also in another in which we are greatly interested, upon the question of a University for Birmingham. Whether we are to develop into a University is for future time to decide, but it is within our power, in the actual present, to foster within our midst a true University spirit, or perhaps, to speak correctly, if the term were a little more familiar, a true College spirit; though with us the two are, as yet, practically synonymous.

Whether we in Birmingham are to look upon our College in the time to come as connected with the Victoria or any other University, or as a constituent College of the University of London, still we shall probably have very little regard for a distant institution, the existence of which never became a living reality to us; and in feelings and in spirit we shall never be likely to lose our individuality, but continue to be one united whole.

Our idea of the true relation between the social and intellectual life of a College or University will be formed according to the ideal in our minds of a perfect education. We may reasonably look upon education as the placing of the growing human creature in such circumstances of direction and restraint as shall make the most of him, or enable him to make the most of himself. What do we consider to be the highest type of man? Is it the most complete ordinary man, or the most eminently distinguished one—"the round and perfect, or the lofty and conspicuous"?

The same question may be viewed from other standpoints. Is professional or special education the highest? Are we to educate a man for the business and particular position in which he is to do his work in the world, or are we to educate him for what he is besides this?

Again: Is the best way of following out the study of man and human nature the method of books or the method of subjects? Shall our centres of learning and culture turn out bookish theorists or men in the real sense of the word?

Education is, speaking generally, to qualify a man for a place in society; and though to be able to keep oneself is an important thing, a man is far more likely to find others willing to do things for him if he knows how to be of service to them.

I believe it is Emerson who says, "As a child's chief end, on emerging from infancy with his small stock of knowledge, is to understand and be understood by others, so, for the primary or simple process of civilized society, what we want to teach a man is to understand himself—that is, to see clearly what he is thinking about, and to understand others, what it is they say to him, and what they are likely to think or wish for, to be able to do something for them, or to know something which may be of use to them."

Man is a creature of intelligence, but he is also a creature of thought, feelings, and character; and though intellectual life may foster genius, it is social life which moulds character. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, and the larger the body of persons thrown into contact with one another, and the more varied their tastes and dispositions, the more complete will that education become. It is by the contact of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge, such as occurs so constantly among a large body of students, that the spirit of enquiry is quickened, the practice of thoroughness inculcated, and the habit formed of

advancing to conclusions by regular, steady, and methodical steps.

It must seem to you, as it seems to me, that such remarks as these simply serve to illustrate the great influence which the social life has in moulding a man's character; but does not the question really resolve itself to this? In the end, the relation between the social and intellectual life of a College is but a modified form of the relation between the two everywhere. What that relation is, is "one of those truths which cannot be formally announced: they require to be offered by suggestion." The recognition of a vital relation is essential to a truly liberal education, and perhaps that relation may be best compared to that which exists between Work and Play. As work is activity for an end, play activity as an end—the one preparing the fund or resources of enjoyment, the other enjoyment itself—so intellectual activity is designed to prepare man to be a companion of his fellow-men, and social activity is the exercise of that companionship.

If one of the objects of education is to fit a man for a place in society, he needs a social as well as an intellectual training, and this can be procured with the least expenditure of time and trouble when the social and intellectual life, during the period of life when a human being is most impressionable, are so mingled and associated that every stage in the development of the one marks a corresponding stage in the development of the other.

A writer suggests the following tests by which one may judge the character of a College, and which could not be answered with universal satisfaction if such a College had not fully recognised the claims of its social life. They are as follows:—"Are the youth educated within its walls honest lovers of the truth? Are they learned? Are they ready? Are they trustworthy? When they leave the academic classes do they find a demand for their services? Do they rise in professional life? Are they sought for as teachers? Do they show aptitude for mercantile, administrative, or editorial life? Do they acquit themselves with credit in the public service? Do the books they write find publishers? Do they win repute among those who have added to the sum of human knowledge? Have they the power of enjoying literature, music, art? Can they apply the lessons of history to the problems of our day? Are they always eager to enlarge their knowledge? Do they seek for progress by steady improvements, rather than by the powers of destruction and death? Are a large proportion of them men of honourable, faithful, and public-spirited character?

These are questions by which, as the years go on, a University is to be tested; or, to sum all the questions in one—Is it proved to be a place for the development of manliness?"

The same idea was in Ruskin's mind when, in his Lectures to Undergraduates, he said: "We are called to hold our life and all its faculties as a means of service to our fellows; all we have to do is to be sure it is the service you do them, and not the service you are doing yourselves, that is uppermost in your minds. Students should cultivate all their powers, not competitively, but patiently and usefully. Having cultivated, in the time of studentship your powers truly to the utmost, then, in after manhood, be resolved they shall be spent in the true service of man, not in being ministered unto, but in ministering."

Of the greatest value to us are the words of some of our own Professors upon the duties of students with regard to their social life. Dr. Poynting draws attention to the possibility of a College like ours offering to its students some of the advantages of University life and culture. He says: "The social aspect of a University life is of immense importance. The gain which results to a man from associating at College with others who have been brought up with widely different experiences from his own cannot be over-estimated. He may often have to give up his old opinions, but those which he keeps and those which he acquires he learns to hold on surer grounds. But one of his best lessons is that he learns to judge of men by what they are in themselves, and apart from the accidents of class and wealth." He goes on to say: "The work of the class and laboratory must have its complement in a vigorous College life outside the lecture rooms. The solitary student, no matter what distinctions and progress he may win, misses almost the best of a College career. He misses all the talks over the work with those who are studying the same subjects. He misses the widening of the intellectual sympathies which arises from the association with others who are engaged in different studies. There cannot be the highest University training without this association; and now that specialisation begins so early, it is more than ever important that students studying in different branches should come into contact with each other."

Professor Sonnenschein says: "All must be students in the school of life and manners. Some practical experience of men and affairs is essential to character and social refinement. For those who have not yet stepped forth into the arena of public life there is the microcosm of College, in which they may learn many of the



lessons which the great world teaches. This social life is a hardly less important feature of a College than the lecture room, and by contact with one another in the common rooms we gain that education of which Oxford and Cambridge are so justly proud—the experience of the world which makes a man.”

Dr. Tilden well expresses the fact that it is essential that all the claims of College life be recognised by each individual member when he says: “The word College means a society of persons working together for some common end, and the prosperity of the common enterprise depends upon the duly regulated and conjoint action of every member of the society. Though the functions of a trustee are different from those of a professor, and the duties of a professor, again, differ from those of a student, each one working in his proper department contributes to the success or to the failure of the institution. The youngest student is no more free from responsibility in this matter than is the Bailiff himself.”

This brings us to the question—What are the duties which require to be recognised by the students of a College with regard to their social life, and what are the manifest advantages which such a recognition will ensure?

With regard to the duties of the various members of the institution, it may perhaps be said that the claims of them and the nature of their fulfilment will be proved to be fully recognised only when there is so wide and universal a display of public spirit as shall make it impossible for a single student to be *in* the College, but not *of* it. Such duties cannot possibly be enumerated; they are numberless, and vary according to the circumstances of each student and member of the College. It is of primary importance that the various sections of a College should be connected, and of still greater importance that the various members of those sections be united by such bonds as pride in their College, oneness of aim—*e.g.*, a desire to contribute one's share to the general success—sympathy with one-another, and a desire for mutual helpfulness. No fact is more clear than that if part of a whole fail in the performance of a particular function, the whole suffers. Though, as in the case of the human body, other parts may do the neglected work for a time, yet sooner or later the overworked organs degenerate, and the whole system is weakened; so if a single member of a College fail in the performance of his duties towards his fellow-students, the whole body, either directly or indirectly, is the loser.

As there are responsibilities, so there are numerous privileges.

One of the great fascinations and advantages of College life is that one meets so many different types of human nature; there are students of all sorts and characters.

I imagine that had he passed a few years in a College or University, a character-writer such as John Earle would have found abundance of material for the exercise of his talent, and a volume entitled, *e.g.*, "Studies in Students" might have been a very possible outcome of a term of observant student life. It is of advantage that we have opportunities of a very extensive acquaintance with human nature during the period of life when we are not too much engaged to be interested in our fellow-men, nor too wise to be influenced by them.

A large proportion of the students in a College such as ours are those who have just left school, and they fall mainly into two divisions: those whom we may term general students, who are frequently lacking in a definite aim and motive for intellectual exertion, except that of getting general knowledge, and who therefore need to have their reading directed, and those students whose studies converge towards some focus, such as a degree at a University, or the profession which they have chosen for themselves. The presence of these two classes ought to be mutually advantageous—the one benefiting by the example set them by the other, of systematic and steady work, the other by contact with the more widely-distributed knowledge which the general students, having more time and opportunities, acquire.

Students, who have acquired at school the possession of a faculty of observation, have at College time and opportunities for using it, and probably during College days will get impressions of men and women which will never be entirely effaced in after life.

People who are advanced in life speak of the preciousness of pleasant memories, and we may imagine that in years to come the brightest recollections in connection with student life will centre, not around a certain classical author, read and re-read in class, or a certain experiment performed and performed again in the laboratory, but rather round the various societies, the athletic clubs, the excursions, the social evenings, the friendships begun and the acquaintances made, and all those features of student life which make one look back to it as such a bright and happy time of our lives.

It is not in class that a student learns to know his professor, neither is it in the class-room that he makes the acquaintance

of his fellow-students; and the more widely spread that acquaintance among the body of students, and the more universally the students recognise that they possess the sympathy of their teachers, the more pleasant and useful does student life become.

The mere fact that a student forms part of the same whole of which we form a part surely entitles him to receive our interest and, if possible, our sympathy and help. Some years ago, a member of the the Mason College Union was walking across one of the plains in the south of England. During a solitary walk of ten miles he met but two persons, one of whom was a member of the Mason College Union. I do not know whether the two members of the same society had been formally introduced, but even if they had not, I cannot imagine that they passed each other with the cold stare of perfect strangers, or without exchanging some remark, however common-place.

The help that students can give to each other, both in their intellectual and in their social life, appears to be unlimited. One well knows how difficulties which to one person appear insurmountable, when talked over with another have a remarkable tendency to diminish in magnitude. We might almost say that the difficulties and perplexities which accost one in one's studies are in the inverse ratio of the squares of the number of persons who face the difficulties together—*e.g.*, an obscure passage in Tacitus may be very likely to baffle a solitary student, the difficulty is reduced to one-fourth its former magnitude if two students tackle it together, to one-ninth if three, and so on.

Numerous manifestations occur of the fact that the value of mutual service is recognised, and is proved by the sympathetic interest taken by one student in the work of another, by the hints given by one who has passed a certain examination to a fellow-student who is about to travel the same course, and by the hearty congratulations which are heard so frequently, and are so much appreciated.

In intercourse with his fellow-students a student becomes more liberal-minded, with broader views, and versed in the logic of toleration. Numerous opportunities occur for friendly discussion; debates, both in the debating societies and in the common rooms, lead one to look on all sides of a question, and exercise one in a vast amount of patience and self-control. Within the walls of our College we ask for, and obtain, that friendly criticism which is so useful, and so acceptable because given in perfect good-nature;

here, also, are ample means of training common sense and for the acquisition of sound practical knowledge.

In College a student learns tact in dealing with his fellow-men ; he learns how to take people, for after all there are very few really original specimens of mankind, and the treatment which answers with one awkward person will probably succeed in the case of another. It is amusing, and rather startling, to hear one student say of another, "You must not on any consideration treat him courteously or affably, you must answer him crossly, even rudely, and he will be conciliated immediately."

In College there is ample scope for the development of character, and, apart from the moulding of our own character, the knowledge of the character of others teaches forbearance ; we acquire a certain willingness to hear opinions silently and patiently in spite of a strong desire to controvert them. In intercourse with our fellow-students we learn to regard our favourite prejudices as narrowing, cramping things, incompatible with perfect justice and charity, and so gradually acquire a capacity for taking a generous view of adversaries and competitors.

Lessons such as these a student learns, not in the class-room or laboratory, but in the society of his fellow-students.

Everyone acknowledges the value of the friendships formed at College, from Ruskin, who writes that "if the friendship begun in undergraduate days were all I owed to Oxford, the most gracious kindness of the Alma Mater would in that gift have been fulfilled in me," to the student just entering upon his duties as a teacher or lecturer, perhaps hundreds of miles from his College, who is learning what it is to miss the precious sympathy and wholesome mirth of undergraduate friends. But there is a privilege which may be obtained even at a less cost than that of actual friendship, and which is open to all, and sometimes undervalued because so common : I mean that of mere acquaintance. The opportunities of forming acquaintances and cultivating our conversational powers are most numerous in student days, and they have advantages all their own.

It is, I suppose, a natural thing that while so much care is taken by the authorities of a College for the growth of the intellectual life, the social life should be left to take care of itself. But the students of the College, if they recognise that social life is of equal importance to the intellectual, will provide for themselves, as the students of Mason College have done, means for developing that life.

Before taking our own College as a practical illustration of what the social life of a College may be to the intellectual life, it may be of use to notice in what way the influence of Mason College life extends beyond the College walls, an influence which will tend to become stronger and stronger as the College gets older. To those whose term of studentship is long enough to allow them to observe it, it is a notable fact that the mass of students which forms the classes is continually changing. Very few students spend so long a period within its walls as is spent at Oxford or Cambridge. The fact that the total number of names on the College books has already reached 1,400, and that only 400 are students during the present session, proves what a great number has already joined the ranks of past students. The influence exerted in the world by these 1,000 old students must necessarily be very great. Schoolmasters and professors are being trained in our College, and the subjects which they will make most important in education will probably be the subjects which were most in repute at their College when they were there, and they will, as a rule, teach by the same methods by which they themselves were taught. By reason, then, of the students who, leaving the College, mingle with the world, far and near, the influence of Mason College life, socially and intellectually, will be brought to bear upon the world outside.

Then again, with respect to those students whom we have termed general students, who, without being in the strict sense of the word "reading men," are intelligent, and can take an interest in science, literature, art, and politics: upon this class the general cultivation of a country depends, and they need to be supplied with general views and such practical knowledge as shall fit them to become guides of the people.

[*To be continued.*]

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### THE UNION.

*February 3rd.*—Paper: "The Relation between the Social and Intellectual Life of a College," by Miss EDWARDS.

After the paper the following resolution: "That a full and generous recognition by the students of a College of the claims of its social life is essential to its success," was moved by Dr. LAWRENCE; seconded by Mr. LARNER; supported by Mr. LOVE; and discussed by Miss YOUNGERMAN, Mr. C. F. M. WARD's remarks being ruled out of order. The resolution was passed unanimously.

*February 10th.*—Debate: "That this House recognising the complete failure of the 'laissez-faire' system, which has enriched the few at the expense of the many, is of opinion that the present unsatisfactory condition

of the masses of the people can only be effectually remedied by such drastic legislative reforms in our educational and social systems as will, while enabling us to compete successfully with foreign countries, effect a more equal distribution of the national wealth, and ensure sufficient means of livelihood to every member of the nation."

Mr. R. E. DELL, in opening on the affirmative, explained that the end in view in the resolution was such a distribution of wealth as to allow all classes of the community to earn a sufficient livelihood. Ireland at present blocked the way, but when the Irish question was settled, as it soon must be, we might fairly ask our politicians to consider the condition of the working classes. And this they should be the more ready to do, since the less the upper and middle classes wished to give to the so-called "lower" class, the sooner they must begin to give it. It was proposed to benefit the working classes, firstly, by Protection, which would in reality benefit only the landlords and manufacturers; secondly, by partially depopulating the country, or, in other words, by emigration, which also was no real remedy. The first reform needed was that education should be free—not only to the poor but to all, giving all an equal chance. The State should take the endowed schools of the country, many of which were diverted from their original purpose, and supplement them out of the rates and taxes. There must also be technical education to enable Englishmen to compete successfully with foreigners. The second reform must be social. Workers must share in the profits of production, a change which, though unlikely at first sight to commend itself to capitalists, might yet prove for their advantage in the end. Again, no one in the country ought to be permitted to work more than eight hours a day. Cases were now to be found of girls of thirteen working for twelve hours, and the sweating system was in full force. Rent weighed most heavily on the working classes, and there ought to be a court to settle fair rent and fair wages. Another great evil at present was the existence of so many "cheap and nasty" shops, the cheapness of whose wares was obtained by grinding down the workpeople. This evil might be checked by a "Consumers' League," which should compile a black list of the shops which underpaid their workpeople, and whose members should combine to boycott them. Lastly, it would be easier to deal now with the undoubtedly existent evil than after it had had time to grow worse.

Mr. MARSTON in reply maintained that Mr. DELL in effect declared that the English nation was a complete failure, and contended that the system of "laissez-faire," that is of strict neutrality, could not have interfered to raise up the few and cast down the many. He denied that more than 10 per cent. of the English nation had not sufficient means of livelihood, and asserted that it would not be fair to rob the 90 per cent. for their benefit. While refusing to admit that the present condition of things was unsatisfactory, he was yet in favour of a fiscal reform.

Mr. TARN pointed out that the civilisation of a country must not be measured by that of the richer classes. Society was at present divided into two bands, one owning the land and machinery, the other making use of it. The first class had made neither land nor machinery, nor had they even made the land fertile, yet by employing workmen they made a profit which could only be by not paying the workmen the full value of their labour. It was a misnomer to call the English system one of "laissez-faire," for the government did not allow both sides to fight it out, but constantly interfered

in the interest of the minority of land-owners and capitalists. The present condition of things was not due to the operation of natural laws, natural laws did not require bayonets and bludgeons to back them up. The great question to answer was, "Do honest men get their fair share of what is produced?" and to this the only answer was, "No." As long as some persons are overpaid for doing nothing, so long must the real workers be underpaid, and so long must government be by brute force.

The debate was continued in the affirmative by Mr. DONALD (a visitor), Mrs. Professor SMITH, and Mr. LARNER; and in the negative by Miss ELLERMAN, and Mr. DELL replied. The motion was carried by 34 votes to 30.

*February 17th.*—This evening was devoted to Papers by Miss EVANS, and Miss DORA ALBRIGHT on "American Poetry."

Miss EVANS, in introducing the subject, pointed out the peculiar conditions affecting the poetry of America. The early Colonists were already possessed of a language and literature, and as their best energies were employed in struggling with the physical difficulties which surrounded them, their poetry was weak and imitative; the somewhat common-place life of a New England homestead and the scarcity of national themes were also unfavourable to literary development. The poetry of America dates from the year 1815 after the severance of the Colony from the mother country. Miss EVANS then classified the American poets into two schools, the elder and the younger. In the elder group she placed Bryant, Longfellow, [Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Poe and Walt Whitman, and after rapidly enumerating the younger poets she defined the characteristics of American poetry as (1) reflection of nature, and (2) the portrayal of nature. Passing to the consideration of individual poets Miss EVANS described Bryant as the chief of the reflective school. He is characterized by absolute sincerity, strength and simplicity and stands at the head of American poets as a writer of blank verse.

Miss ALBRIGHT then gave an interesting criticism of Whittier's works. Essentially the poet of the people, all his poetry is influenced by his New England surroundings. As the journalist and poet of the anti-slavery agitation he learned to write with a dangerous facility which, though it retarded his political development, did not detract from his literary rank. His great characteristic is the strong faith with which he meets all doubts and questionings.

After touching slightly on the poems of Longfellow Miss EVANS proceeded to an examination of Emerson whom she described as the apostle of the transcendentalists. While not wishing primarily to be an artist he borrowed Art's aid for philosophical purposes, and though essentially a born poet, it has been questioned whether he was a born singer. Yet though lacking the highest faculties of a poet, the great teacher of reality is pre-eminent as "evangelist and seer."

The poems of Edgar Allan Poe were next reviewed by Miss ALBRIGHT who characterized him as the pioneer of the Art feeling in America. His intense love for the beautiful led him to define poetry solely as the "rhythmical creation of beauty," and to take from it all claims of ethical teaching. He never wrote for writing's sake or used his gift but to express genuine feelings. His talents were clouded by hereditary taints and his own verdict on his poetry was that it was not of much value to the public or very creditable to himself.

MISS EVANS then proceeded to discuss the poems of Lowell, whose most original work is in the Biglow Papers which were prompted by the feelings aroused by the Mexican and Civil Wars. As an embodiment of the national sentiments at the time they aroused a storm of enthusiasm and at once brought the writer into prominent notice. Lowell's last volume "Under the Willows" is characterized by an intense love of nature, and contains, in the "Commemoration Ode" one of the most heroic and national poems of which America can boast.

Passing next to a discussion of Walt Whitman's work, Miss EVANS quoted his own claims to pose as a prophet, as set forth in "Leaves of Grass." Though purporting to be the apostle of democracy, his thoughts are clothed in so strange a garb as to preclude them from popularity, but while the irregular metre detracts much from his charm it is undeniable that he is a poet.

The papers, which were greatly appreciated, were diversified by readings from the works of the poets who were brought under consideration. A vote of thanks to Miss ALBRIGHT and Miss EVANS, and to Mr. GEORGE ALBRIGHT who had assisted in the readings was proposed by Mr. LOVE, and seconded by Miss BETTNEY, after which the proceedings terminated.

*February 24th.*—A large meeting of the Union, at which 156 visitors and members were present.

As Mr. NEAL was obliged to leave early, it was proposed that Mr. STERN, B.Sc., should be Chairman for the evening. Previously to Mr. NEAL's departure, however, Mr. STERN asked the permission of the Chairman for a presentation to be made to Mr. LOVE, on the occasion of his leaving Mason College to go as Lecturer in Physics to the University of Melbourne. Mr. STERN spoke of the great interest Mr. LOVE had taken in the welfare of the College, and of the College Societies especially. The Physical Society owed much of its success to his kindly influence: the Chemical Society also was indebted to him for the part he had played in many of its discussions. The CHAIRMAN said he acceded to Mr. STERN's request with great pleasure. He thought that in Mr. LOVE the Union was about to lose one of its oldest, most prominent, and most respected members. He characterized Mr. LOVE as a man of ability and sterling worth, and congratulated him heartily on his well-deserved appointment. Mr. LOVE was one of the readiest speakers in the Union, and everyone knew what a prominent place he had occupied in it.

Professor HILLHOUSE, as Chairman of the Academic Board, then rose and bore testimony on behalf of his colleagues to the respect and affection which they entertained for Mr. LOVE. Mr. LOVE was a man deeply imbued with the spirit of scientific culture, and still more of general culture. Every matter of interest to the students had met Mr. LOVE's hearty support and assistance. In the Botanical Society his voice had been often heard. In the name of his colleagues he bade Mr. LOVE a hearty "God-speed."

Mr. LARNER then emphasized what had been said with regard to Mr. LOVE's position in the Union. The Poesy Club at its last meeting had already given a full expression of its appreciation of Mr. LOVE's services, and he might, to show the catholicity of Mr. LOVE's interest, mention that Mr. LOVE was often to be seen at the meetings of the French Debating Society. He believed that the Union would never look upon Mr. LOVE's superior in attainments and attachment to the College life.



Miss EDWARDS then drew attention to the unflinching interest Mr. LOVE had taken in the athletic side of the College. He was Treasurer of the Tennis Club, and had become a cyclist for the sake of the Cyclist Club, in the excursions of which he had been the moving spirit, and she thought that in going to Australia he might consider him as taking merely a very long run.

Miss CHARLES then read the address, and amid great applause presented to Mr. LOVE the gold watch, to the purchase of which the members of the staff, and many past and present students had contributed.

Mr. LOVE, then, amid great applause, rose to address his farewell words to the Union. He said he thanked them from the bottom of his heart for the magnificent demonstration of their regard for him. He had come to the College determined to do his best for it, and had striven to make the College life a part of his own life; and he took the watch and address as a token that he had succeeded. He then took the opportunity of saying a word of advice about the College Societies, in which he dwelt on the value of the social life of a College, illustrating it from his own experience. In conclusion, he said that he had received so many proofs of kindly feeling from so many students of the College that he was leaving with the greatest regret. He had more friends there than anywhere else. To say good-bye was a painful thing, but it must be done, and he wished in all sincerity "Success to the Old College."

This was followed by a paper on "Enthusiasm," by Miss SMITHSON, which in her absence was admirably read by Miss Southall.

Miss SMITHSON first referred to the statement made at a debate in the early days of the Union, when it was said that "when you have finished defining you have finished discussing;" she accordingly endeavoured at the outset to define the word "enthusiasm." In Isaac Taylor's opinion it was a word to which "every man assigns a sense that marks his personal rate of feeling." The word remains among us as a relic of the time when the whole world seemed influenced by the immediate action of personal spirits, since when it has gradually assumed its abstract meaning, but still denotes the possession of a spirit not an idea, for the man of one idea is not necessarily an enthusiast. Enthusiasm, excitement, and fanaticism are apt to be confused. The first belongs more strictly to religious subjects, and has frequently blended with it bitter passions and hatreds. The word appears to have originated in the seventeenth century. Excitement is an evanescent hysterical feeling, while enthusiasm is more inward, steady, and self-controlled. The enthusiast must have a keen and ardent feeling as well as a thorough belief in something; he must also not be selfish. The form of his enthusiasm will be determined by his temperament. The tendency of the present day is to depreciate enthusiasm, and the effect of the modern tone of society on an ardent, enthusiastic nature is well portrayed by George Eliot in "Middlemarch." We see it in the case of both Dorothea and Lydgate. An enthusiast can never be found walking in that comfortable but illogical "via media" in which Mr. Augustine Birrell assures us so many men are travelling. To ascertain the value of enthusiasm we must consider what part it has played in those movements which have influenced mankind. Columbus was certainly an enthusiast, and one reason why the early painters still exert such an influence is because they were dominated by such enthusiasm that they were able to infuse into their work a spirit which still influences us. A man may argue and reason, but without

enthusiasm he will never succeed in infusing his spirit into other men. This is well seen in contrasting Erasmus and Martin Luther. Of modern men the Italian patriot, Mazzini, is the typical enthusiast, achieving one of the greatest practical works of the age—the unity of Italy.

But sometimes enthusiasm will lead a man into blunders; it has been said of Savonarola that "if he had been a little less good he might have lived and died with an unstained conscience." Still, "if a man's underlying purpose and meaning be quite clear, it matters little when the mists have rolled away, which confuse his immediate present, what his slips and misfortunes may have been."

The paper was followed by a very interesting discussion on the subject of enthusiasm, which was opened by Miss LINDSAY, and in which Mr. LARNER, Mr. DELL, Mr. C. F. M. WARD, and Mr. O. JONES took part, after which the proceedings terminated.

*March 2nd.* BUSINESS MEETING.—As no business had been brought forward this meeting was not held.

### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*March 8th.*—Dr. POYNTING in the chair. A resolution was put before the meeting by the CHAIRMAN to the effect that Mr. Love on his resignation of the position of vice-president be elected an honorary member of the Society. This was seconded by Miss DEANE and carried unanimously.

Mr. LOVE thanked the Chairman and the Society for their resolution, saying that it had been his desire to keep up a connection with the Physical Society, but he had not seen how he could do so until the Society had solved the difficulty for him.

A paper on "Diagrams," by Mr. G. F. DANIELL, B.Sc., was then read in Mr. Daniell's absence by Mr. REYNOLDS, in which he dealt with the various applications of diagrams in mathematics, and the advantages possessed by diagrams for the representation of imaginary quantities and for practical applications by engineers.

A short discussion followed, after which Mr. BOTT read his paper on "Photometry," in which he described the various forms of photometers, and the methods of using them. He then referred to the luminous standards employed, mentioning the difference between the German and English standard candle. Mr. LOVE and Mr. E. L. JOSEPH contributed to the discussion which followed.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL MEETING of this Society was held on Wednesday, February 15th, the President, Dr. TILDEN, in the chair. After the highly satisfactory report and balance sheet had been read and accepted, Mr. BECK was elected honorary secretary in the place of Mr. T. J. BAKER, B.Sc., who retired, and the following ladies and gentlemen were elected to serve on the committee:—Misses DEANE and LLOYD, Messrs. A. L. STERN, B.Sc. (chairman), T. J. BAKER, B.Sc., WARMINGTON, BALLARD, and LIVERSEIGE.

The PRESIDENT then gave a most interesting address entitled "Chemical Affinity," in which he stated at the outset that our knowledge of what Chemical Affinity really is, is absolutely nil. He then proceeded to discuss the three principal theories which have been set forth, after which he described

the characteristics of chemical affinity, which were successfully illustrated by experiments, as the result of which it appeared that no distinct limit could be drawn between mechanical or physical and chemical effects.

A hearty vote of thanks was proposed to Dr. Tilden by Mr. STERN and seconded by Mr. WARMINGTON, after which the proceedings terminated.

### ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The ANNUAL MEETING was held on Wednesday, March 6th. The report of the Committee, a copy of which had been sent to every member, was read by the Secretary, from which it appeared that the Society was in a most flourishing condition, financially and otherwise, the total number of members being 74.

The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, several of them being re-elected. President: Professor R. H. SMITH. Vice-Presidents: Messrs. E. F. W. WILKINSON, A. L. MYERS, and R. H. HOUSMAN. Committee: Messrs. W. M. LANGFORD, R. J. RICHARDSON, E. OAKES, S. W. AMPHLETT, A. TITLEY, G. WALKEDON, J. G. PODESTA, and V. HOLROYD. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: EDWARD L. JOSEPH.

A hearty vote of thanks was given to the retiring Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. E. M. Barnby, who is about to depart for Japan, for the able manner in which he had discharged his arduous duties during the past year.

### THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

A meeting of this Society was held in Professor Hillhouse's room, on Monday, February 27th.

Alterations were made in the rules whereby members of the Biological Association were made members of the Botanical Society, and the number of meetings of this Society were reduced.

A paper was then read by Mr. A. W. HAINES "On the transport of water in the stems of plants." The paper was followed by a short discussion, after which the meeting terminated.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

*The University College of Wales Magazine* opens with a pretty translation from the Greek by the author of the "Epic of Hades." The paper on the "Teaching of History" is thoughtful and suggestive, drawing attention to some striking faults in our present system of teaching history to the young. "Pelydr" is a mystery to our Sassenach intelligence: for the benefit of others we give a line or two: "Ha! dyma'r fangre. Saf, fy march Edrychaf o bob tu." . . . "Cwsg, ddyrys ofal, heddyw cwsg, Ti blentyn gwagedd byd." There is next a descriptive article on "Volapük." The writer dilates on the simplicity of the Accidence and the facility and harmoniousness of pronunciation, but points out that the difficulty begins with the Syntax and the idiomatical part of the Vocabulary, the summing up being that almost as much time will have to be spent in learning Volapük as any other foreign and more useful language. We have not grappled with the new language ourselves: we decline to be led on to express the phrase, "When I did not wish for permission to travel with a steamship" by the word *nestaästernafobölösöx* we would rather express ourselves in German even. The article is interesting and just. We note that the Chair of Chemistry has been filled by the election of Dr. H. LLOYD SNAPE.

The opening article in the *Marlburian* is humorous but the rest of the paper is of purely local interest. A "Marlburian of '68" pens a poetically savage indictment against the modern Marlborough boys, "who" (he says) "seek their German eating-house and eat for eating's sake, And add new-fangled stomach-aches to our simple tea and cake." The same subject is taken up again in the "Notes on News," where is printed a supposed daily programme of the rising generation. We do not wonder that they are "pimply and dyspeptic."

We also acknowledge with thanks the *Institute Magazine*, the *King Edward's School Chronicle*, the *Clewer House Magazine*.

### FOOTBALL.

#### MASON'S COLLEGE v. QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

Considerable surprise has often been expressed that Mason's College, with its large number of students, possesses neither cricket nor football club. When it is seen that nearly every other College regards out-door sports as forming a by no means unimportant part of College life, this absence of enthusiasm is all the more remarkable.

Successful efforts have lately been made to remedy this defect, and, as a first result of these efforts, a football match, under Association rules, was played at Pershore road on Wednesday, February 29th, against Queen's College.

Having won the toss the captain of Queen's elected to play up hill, and LANGFORD then kicked off for Mason's. The slippery state of the ground, added to the effect of a strong wind, prevented anything like accurate play, but an immense amount of determination and energy was shown on both sides. About ten minutes from the start, by a piece of good play on the left wing, a low shot beat the goal keeper, and scored the first goal for the medicals. This seemed to infuse more life into Mason's men, who responded with a capital run on the right, in which ROBERTS distinguished himself, but was prevented from scoring by the good play of the opposing back division. The game was now very even, but shortly before half time FERGUSON neatly put the ball through for Mason's, but was ruled off side.

On resuming, some capital passing by Smart and Jerome now caused Queen's to assume the offensive again, and in attempting to stop one of these rushes the College centre half-back had a very awkward fall. The pressure was relieved by PRINSEP, who passed to ROBERTS, and the latter with BARWELL now travelled very fast towards goal. HUGHES, CHEVASSE, and TITTERTON, however, by heavy kicks sent the ball to the centre, and C. A. GREENE then touched it through, but was ruled off-side. PRINSEP being slightly injured went into goal, D. P. WRIGHT then played forward, soon signalling his appearance by scoring a goal for Mason's amid great excitement. Strenuous efforts were now made by both sides to gain the winning point, but when time was called a most evenly contested game had ended in a draw of one goal each.

The following formed the teams:—

MASON'S COLLEGE.—Goal, D. P. WRIGHT; Backs, E. C. PRINSEP, M. J. NICHOLAS; Half-Backs, BUTCHER, T. J. S. HOOSON, H. GREEN; Forwards, J. ROBERTS, H. BARWELL, W. LANGFORD, J. E. HOOSON, and J. FERGUSON.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.—*Goal, SHORE ; Backs, CHEVASSE and HUGHES ; Half-Backs, BURTON, TITTERTON, and GOODWIN ; Forwards, SMART, JEROME, C. A. GREENE, POOLER and ROWLANDS. Umpires, A. J. GREENE, and F. J. HARRIS ; Referee, A. ROLLASON.* T. J. S. H.

### POESY CLUB.

*February 21st.*—Reading of the tragedy of "King Richard II." (paper by Professor HILLHOUSE).

Mrs. HOUGHTON moved a vote of thanks to Mr. LOVE for the important services rendered by him to the Club, and joined with it an expression of regret at his approaching departure from Birmingham. This was seconded by Mr. LEDSAM, supported by Professor ARBER, and carried unanimously. Mr. LOVE having replied, Professor HILLHOUSE proceeded to read his paper on Richard II. :—"Richard II. belongs to the second period of Shakespeare's work, but at a time when he has not completely lost his early tendency towards rhyming versification, although in facile elegance the couplets have much deteriorated. Shakespeare is a dramatist first and a historian afterwards; and in this play historical events are treated with even more than usual freedom, of which some examples were given, the most notable being the conversion of the Queen, a child of ten years, into a living breathing woman, for the purpose of working in those tender love scenes whereby the poet did so much to surround the later days of Richard with a halo of martyrdom. The beauty of the play rather lies in the strength of the individual characterization. In intensity of feeling only here and there affected by a touch of melodrama, it has few, perhaps no equals amongst the historical plays, while in living unity it stands out most prominently. Discussing the criticisms of the play from the standpoint of the French dramatic code of "unities," Professor HILLHOUSE urged that if the laws were natural laws, the mere fact of their not being formulated until long after Shakespeare's death would have no bearing upon the argument, since a true artist would have recognised them instinctively; but the two most important unities, those of time and space, were in the highest degree artificial; while a play is itself an artificial production, representing people who are not what they seem, acting as they do not live, expressing sentiments which they do not feel, with virtues and vices which in no way belong to themselves, and exercised amidst surroundings which, whether provided with scenery or not, are merely indications of the actual scenes of the plot. Pointing out that the real object of a play is to produce impressions, and that those artistic methods are best which produce this impression most vividly, easily, rapidly, and unerringly, the paper was concluded with an analysis of the "unity of characterization," as evidenced particularly in characters which appeared likewise in "Henry IV." and "Henry V."

A reading of the tragedy followed Professor HILLHOUSE's very interesting paper of which the following is a list of the dramatis personæ :—

*Dramatis Personæ.*—*King Richard II., W. R. JORDAN ; John of Gaunt, W. HILLHOUSE ; Duke of York, C. P. LARNER ; Bolingbroke, A. G. IRVINE ; Duke of Aumerle, Son of York, E. F. J. LOVE ; Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, B. P. MINERS ; Lord Marshall and Northumberland, G. J. BRANSON ; Percy, afterwards known as Hotspur, W. HILLHOUSE ; Bushy and Lord Berkeley and Earl of Salisbury and Duke of Surrey, W. K. PARKES ; Lord Ross, and Lord Fitzwater, C. F. M. WARD ; Lord Willoughby and Sir Pierce of Exton, A. L. STERN ; Green, Servant to Richard and Gardener, W. H. BAYLIS ; Sir Stephen Scroop and Bayot, Servant to Richard, O. JONES ; Bishop of Carlisle, and Divers other Bishops, H. T. C. S. LEDSAM ; Heralds, Attendants, &c., C. F. M. WARD and W. M. LANGFORD ; Queen, GERTRUDE E. SOUTHALL ; Duchess of York, LOUISA WILKES ; Lady-in-waiting, JESSIE EDWARDS.*

The Reading was from Lacy's Acting Edition, somewhat shortened from the original text, and itself further shortened by omitting several scenes.

Of the readers, Mr. W. R. JORDAN as *King Richard II.*, and Miss GERTRUDE SOUTHALL as *Queen*, deserve special honourable mention; the palm, however, must certainly be awarded to Professor HILLHOUSE, who as the dying *John of Gaunt* displayed exceptional power in the scene with *King Richard*.

### CYCLISTS' CLUB.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held on *February 16th*, in the Examination Hall. Sixty-two members and friends present.

The President, Dr. POYNTING, moved in a most interesting and amusing speech the adoption of the Committee's Report and the Statement of Accounts. The Report, which was highly satisfactory, stated that, out of twenty-four fixtures, twenty-one most delightful runs had taken place, three of which were interclub-runs with the Queen's College Cyclists' Club, and several others of a special character.

The following Officers and members of Committee were unanimously elected for the current year: President, Dr. POYNTING; Vice-President, Dr. ALLEN; Captain, Mr. LANGFORD; Sub-Captain, Mr. MAYNE; Secretary, Miss EDWARDS; Treasurer, Mr. G. H. MORLEY; Members of Committee, Miss K. M. DEANE, Mr. STERN, and Mr. R. H. HOUSEMAN.

The business being concluded, the meeting then resolved itself into a social evening. The following interesting programme was successfully carried out:—

Solo Piano	...	...	"Spinnrädchen"	...	Miss M. DEANE.
Duet	...	...	"Song of the Summer Birds"	...	Misses CHARLES.
Humorous Sketch					Mr. HOWARD.
Song	...	...	"Return and Stay"	...	Mr. MINERS.
Solo Piano	...	...	"Pompador"	...	Dr. ALLEN.
Song	...	...	"Fisherman, Answer me"	...	Miss G. E. SOUTHALL.
Recitation	...	...	"Early Rising"	...	Mr. HOWARD.
Song	...	...	"I attempt from love-sickness to fly"	...	Miss L. J. CHARLES.
Solo Violin	...	...	{ 1 Barcarole 2 Cavatina }	...	Mr. LANGFORD.
Song	...	...	"The Last Watch"	...	Dr. FEATHERSTONE.

Mr. HOWARD, whose "Humorous Sketch," and recitation, "Early Rising," brought down a rapturous encore, recited "Little Jacob Strauss," and Miss L. J. CHARLES and Dr. FEATHERSTONE both responded to a well-merited recall, Miss CHARLES singing two of the Dainty Ditties\* so exquisitely arranged by the "Club Composer," Dr. ALLEN, and Dr. FEATHERSTONE the old, but ever fresh, "Death of Nelson."

A vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the evening's entertainment, moved by Dr. W. R. JORDAN, and seconded by Miss S. MARRIS, was carried with acclamation.

### THE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Biological Association is now an accomplished fact, though at present it can hardly be said to have commenced its work. Its object is the study of those Biological questions which are common to the sciences of Botany, Physiology, and Zoology. It is open to all past and present students of the College, and aims at providing papers on scientific subjects, which shall be less difficult of comprehension to the general run of the students than those read before the Botanical and Physiological Societies.

The first meeting of the Association was held on Monday, February 20th. After tea in the Professors' Common Room, the members adjourned to the Mathematical Lecture Theatre, in which the election of the officers and Committee took place. Professor BRIDGE was proposed and elected President

\* "Dainty Ditties," by FRANK J. ALLEN; published by NOVELLO, EWER, and Co.

of the Association, while Professors HILLHOUSE and ALLEN, and Dr. HOGGEN were elected Vice-Presidents. Mr. A. W. HAINES was elected to the office of Secretary, while for the office of Treasurer both Mr. BARCLAY and Miss SOUTHALL were proposed. This necessitated a ballot, as the result of which Mr. BARCLAY was elected. A ballot was again called into requisition for the election of the Committee, as the result of which the following were declared elected:—Misses SOUTHALL and CHARLES; Messrs. CLAYTON, C. F. M. WARD, and W. L. O. WARD. As the president had decided to defer his Inaugural Address till the next meeting of the Society, those present adjourned to the Physical Laboratory, where, in addition to a number of interesting Zoological specimens exhibited by Professor Bridge, the members of the Botanical Department illustrated "the Biology of the Tea-table."

The slides, most of which had been prepared for the occasion by Mr. HAINES, showed sections of tea and coffee leaves, of wheat grains, coffee-berries, &c., while freshly prepared crystals of thein and caffeine were exhibited by Mr. BARCLAY.

A very interesting account of the exhibits was given by Professor HILLHOUSE, which was followed by a lecture from Professor BRIDGE on the "Ancestral History of the Domestic Cow," in the course of which he described the wild cattle still to be seen near Utoxeter. After giving a racy account of the dangers incurred during inspection, for which tree-climbing seems a necessary accomplishment, Professor BRIDGE suggested that those present (ladies and gentlemen) should form a party in the summer for the purpose of going to see, from as safe a distance as possible, these formidable animals.

Professor ALLEN then exhibited butter in process of formation, explaining its properties, after which the meeting terminated.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

We have to announce the success of Mr. GEORGE ST. JOHNSTON in the recent 1st M.B. Examination of the University of London.

We were glad to see that Mr. JOHN DAMMANN, a past student of the College, was rowing in his College boat in the Torpids at Oxford.

We have to announce that Mr. T. JOHNSON, a past student of this College, was successful in the recent examination for the degree of Bachelor of Music in the University of Cambridge. Mr. JOHNSON was one of those interested in the proposed formation of a Mason College Musical Society.

We have also to announce the appointment of Mr. T. J. BAKER, B.Sc., to the post of Assistant Science Master in King Edward's High School, New Street.

We have also to announce the appointment of Mr. W. R. JORDAN, M.B., as House Surgeon in Queen's Hospital.

The match under Rugby Rules played with Queen's College, on Thursday March 15th resulted in a victory for Mason's by two goals to two tries.

The Editor begs to apologise for the following misprints which occurred in the last number:—in the 10th line of the report of the Poesy Club, Mr. LARNER should be Mr. LEDSAM. On page 15, line 27 "the Death of little Death" instead of "the Death of Little Nell."

The next number will appear on Friday, May 18th, and will contain the Index and Title Page of the last volume. Contributions should reach the Editor on or before April 12th.

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Peter 200 (Hil. 1887)

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BY

ALFRED HAYES, M.A.

*Author of "The Last Crusade."*

---

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THE  
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BIRMINGHAM.

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CONDUCTED BY



THE STUDENTS.

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MAY, 1888.

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## CALENDAR.

- JUNE 1.—Business Meeting of Union.  
" 2.—Poesy Club Excursion to Oxford.  
" 9.—Tennis Match with King's Norton (Mason's Ground).  
" 16.— " " " Harborne (Harborne Ground).  
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- 

## TRANSLATION FROM GEIBEL.

Siehst du das Meer? Es glänzt auf seiner Fluth  
Der Sonne Pracht;  
Doch in der Tiefe, wo die Perle ruht,  
Ist finstre Nacht.  
Das Meer bin ich. In stolzen Wogen rollt  
Mein wilder Sinn;  
Und meine Lieder ziehn wie Sonnengold  
Darüber hin;  
Sie flimmern oft von zauberhafter Lust,  
Von Lieb' und Scherz;  
Doch schweigend blutet in verborgner Brust  
Mein dunkles Herz. —*Geibel.*

---

Know'st thou the sea? The sunbeams on its breast  
Flash golden light;  
But in the deepest, where the pearl doth rest,  
Is gloomy night.  
The sea am I. In billows free and bold  
My wild thoughts dash;  
My songs, with glitter as of sunlight-gold,  
Upon them flash.  
With magic gleams of joy, of love or jest,  
They dance and dart;  
But silent bleeding in its secret breast  
Is my dark heart.

Translated from *Geibel* by F. J. ALLEN.

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## THE RELATION BETWEEN THE SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF A COLLEGE.

### PART II.

Taking as an illustration of the subject we have been considering the College in which we feel the most interest, what are the different agencies in Mason College for developing the social life of the students, or for bringing about a vital relation between it and their intellectual life? I think they may be classed as follows :—

1. The Mason College Union.
2. The various Scientific and Literary Societies.
3. The Tennis and Cyclists' Clubs, which we like to regard as the nucleus of the Athletic Club that is to be.
4. The occasional meetings—*e.g.*, Social Evenings.

With regard to the Mason College Union, Dr. Tilden bore testimony to its usefulness, both socially and intellectually, in his address at the prize distribution in 1882. He says: "One development achieved by the students, unaided as well as untrammelled by intermeddling on the part of the authorities, is recognised by all of us as a source of strength, alike as affecting work and discipline. Of course I refer to the Union. In this society professors and students meet on equal terms, and relieved from the formalities of the class-room. For myself, I can honestly say that no part of the life here has afforded me greater satisfaction than the opportunities supplied by these meetings of extending my personal acquaintance with my pupils. And to students themselves they must be of incalculable advantage."

Writing this paper, not so much as a member of the Mason College Union as a student of Mason College, I regard the Union as a means rather than an end, and consider the chief aim of the Mason College Union to be the formation of a union of Mason College, and the "intellectual recreation" of its members a secondary aim. The Union is indeed a very powerful means to this end. But the Mason College Union should not be the only means for creating a spirit of union, nor, if from some unavoidable reason, a student is prevented from joining it, should he be allowed to think himself outside the general body of students, or in any way exempt from social duties.

Our College falls mainly into two great divisions, known respectively as the Science and Arts sides of the College, which

have their various sections. It is of great importance that these various departments should be in some way connected. We may get some idea of the value of the agencies which are at work for connecting the scattered portions of the College, and bringing them into closer relation with each other, if we imagine our College without a Union, without a single society, without clubs, and without a magazine. Each section would then form a department entirely separate, and the disconnected character of the intellectual life would be one result of a non-existent social life, whereas now it is a source of the greatest gratification to all that there are such friendly relations between the various sections, as evinced by the friendly attitude of the various societies and clubs in connection with these sections to one another.

The Union itself has greatly altered its character within the last few sessions; it has assumed such gigantic proportions that it is no longer possible to go *en masse* to garden parties and At Homes, as in the olden days; and a walk across the Physical Laboratory during a certain half-hour is fraught with appalling dangers. But in the growth of the Union we see but the fulfilment of our desires, and yet we frequently hear regrets that acquaintance among the members of the Union is not more widely extended; and it is occasionally a matter of wonder to find how possible it is for students to meet again and again, and yet be entirely unacquainted with one another. There is, moreover, a special difficulty—that of knowing what constitutes acquaintance. It is possible for two students to be for two years or more in the same class—we will suppose, for the sake of example, a Latin class—to profit by each other's mistakes, to pass a certain number of hours each week in the same room, to scan eagerly, yet fearfully, the same examination list, even to perform such mutual services as the loan of india-rubber or knife, and yet, during the whole time, to receive no formal introduction. Still, at the end of the two years, especially if their social life has brought them into contact with each other, they will hardly regard each other as perfect strangers. It may be the fact that in the Mason College Union the older members have not quite fulfilled their duty. We have ourselves gradually enlarged our circle of acquaintances by some means or other, and we meet our friends and enjoy their society, frequently forgetting that there are so many new students among whom introductions would be of service. I am obliged to confess that if all students depended upon formal introductions for extending their acquaintance, they would find it

a long and tedious work to learn to know many of their fellow-students.

It is the usual thing for a new member to be proposed and seconded, it may be by friends, it may be by strangers—such as the members of the Canvass Sub-committee—and to enter the society without the slightest recognition beyond the formal announcement from the chair. Would it not be advisable for every proposer or seconder of a new member to introduce that member to the officers of the society, or at least to the secretaries, through whom any further introductions might take place?

All the students acknowledge that the Professors of our College give to the students every help and encouragement in the development of the social life, and yet I think we must also regret that we do not meet some of them more frequently at the Union meetings. The disadvantages which we are obliged to recognise in the Union do not occur in the various societies of the College. In the first place, they are much smaller, and a new student finds it easier to prepare a paper when he knows that all present will give him a sympathetic attention, as it will probably be upon a subject with which all present have a more or less extensive acquaintance. I think the value of these societies at Mason College cannot be over-estimated. "They are at once adjuncts and auxiliaries to the serious business of the class-room," to quote again the words of one of our Professors; "they are designed to subserve the purposes of the teaching in the several departments by affording opportunities for the discussion of topics of current scientific and literary interest such as could not be conveniently imported into the systematic courses of the Professors, and, further, to give freedom to the spirit of enquiry which must ever pervade successful teaching and learning. They are the nucleus of a school of research in our midst, where the professors are either working themselves to extend the bounds of knowledge, or are so well acquainted with the methods of research that they are able to give sympathy and encouragement to those of their pupils who are strong enough to question nature for themselves. The leaders of the school are looked up to as guides, not as infallible directors; the pupils are taught from the very first to examine the evidence for all they learn—to accept what they hear from their teachers only if it commend itself to their own reasoning faculties. On the student who is himself capable of original work the effect of such a training is invaluable. He learns how to work; he is inspired by the example of his teacher, and encouraged by the

sympathy and advice of his fellow-students." Our societies are all this, but they are yet more. From the fact that, almost without exception, they are preceded by tea and conversation—the latter not *always* upon subjects connected with the work of the society—and from the fact that the attendance at the meetings is not enormous, the social life of the students receives manifest stimulation, and, in a more perfect way perhaps than in any other institutions in the College, assumes its right relation to the intellectual life. The president of the society is always within reach, and one makes the acquaintance of many of one's fellow-students at these meetings. There is one more very great privilege connected with them: it is that all conversation about one's work is not prohibited. Mr. Goschen, in his inaugural address to the students of the Aberdeen University, a few days ago, spoke with disapprobation of the wide-spread censure involved in the common reproach that a man "talks shop."

"What does this mean?" he goes on to say; "what is 'talking shop'? It means talking of the interests of the work which you do, or the profession to which you belong. Too often it means the exclusion from lively conversation and pleasant discussion of that which forms the dearest intellectual interest of a man's life. Fashion has much to say in determining what men may 'talk shop,' and to whom the privilege is inexorably denied. Be on your guard against this fashionable criticism. Many men are never so interesting as when they 'talk shop.' The privilege is accorded in the fullest manner to the votaries of pleasure, of sport, of games; let it not be denied, in some degree, to higher intellectual interests."

At Mason College we have a Physical Society, a Chemical Society, an Engineering Society, a Poesy Club, a French Debating Society, a German Union, a Biological Association, which includes Physiological and Botanical Societies; and I believe I may say that we could not do without any one of them. The training which students receive in the organization and management of such societies as these will be of great service to them in after-life. A pretty thorough acquaintance with the business of committee and sub-committee, the experience of office, and an insight into business matters will never be without good effect, whatever position of life the student is to occupy.

The two clubs which, I believe, have done much to effect a real social union in the College, considering the short time they have been in existence, are our two athletic clubs. We cannot



say that we row in the same boat, though we do when we have the opportunity; but we can truly say that we ride the same hills, not at the same speed, I admit, and we drink tea on the tennis ground in full view of the everlasting hills.

Nothing is so strong an incentive to good humour and high spirits as a cycling expedition, which is acknowledged to be all the more enjoyable because it is thrown open to every student of the College and any number of their friends, whether cyclists or otherwise; where at the start a few remarks on the state of the roads and a few enquiries as to the make of one's machine constitute an introduction, and where acquaintance spreads rapidly to every member of the expedition. The Tennis and Cycling Clubs are the only pretensions we make to athletic exercise, and it is unfortunate that there is not an athletic club, with cricket and football teams, for those students who go in for neither cycling nor tennis.

There are other meetings which minister to our social life, or at least, which should minister to it. Such are the various social evenings, though I hardly think that the value of these is recognised.

The *Magazine* ought to form one of the most efficient connecting links between the various sections of the College. If it consisted of nothing but full reports of all the meetings of the Union, societies, and clubs, with interesting College intelligence, such as the results of the various examinations, it would be well worth the support of the whole body of the students.

The final question upon which I ask your consideration is this: Is there in Mason College, as far as we can judge, a healthy relation between the social and intellectual life of the students—such a relation that the development of the social aids, and in no wise hinders, the development of the intellectual? For my own part, I believe we may be justly proud of our social life, but might make it yet more perfect by bringing it to a condition of more universal excellence.

There is evidence, both external and internal, to be examined, which, although at first sight it appears to be conflicting, tends in reality in the same direction. According to internal evidence, I think the verdict would be that our social life is not sufficiently strong in comparison with our intellectual life; according to external evidence, I believe the judgment would be exactly reversed. Not that I think the external evidence of great importance, for it can be proved that it is a result of misapprehension,

caused by ignorance on the part of a few students as to what the relationship we have so often mentioned really is, and by their carelessness in giving undue prominence outside the College to its social aspect. I have been frequently amused, and occasionally a little vexed, at the ideas of Mason College which are afloat in the world without, and they have led me to believe that all students are not quite so jealous for the honour of their College as they, in the spirit of true loyalty, might be. There are students and students, and it is only those who are surrounded by the atmosphere of a vigorous intellectual life who can experience to the full, and who ought to experience, the enjoyment of a correspondingly vigorous social life. The one class, and I believe they are very few, simply through want of thought, enlarge upon the social life of the College, its societies, its meetings, its club-runs, its tennis matches, &c., &c. Such students, I am told, become students simply for the sake of the social life, and the society in which they move hears only of the numberless recreations of Mason College students, and gives no thought to the hours of hard study and conscientious work which make the real student so ready and so able to enjoy his society and other meetings.

The more brain work a man has, the more need, surely, for him to take occasional rest and systematic physical exercise—a fact which is recognised more every year, by the increasingly large provision made, in the shape of clubs, societies, recreation classes in grammar schools and board schools, for the alternation of periods of mental activity with periods of social activity. So the harder the intellectual struggle among the students, the more need for rest occasionally in the shape of entire change of occupation. What if a student does happen to belong to several societies, and to endeavour to do his duty by them all? We should think the young man of business a pattern of industry and full of promise who, at the close of office hours, chose to attend lectures in connection with his calling in preference to passing away his leisure in some form of amusement.

The fact that our society and Union meetings are prefaced by tea seems to cause some amusement outside; but this very practice only proves the growth of the habit of thrift among the students, for surely a tea that takes half an hour, at the most, of our time, and costs 6d., at the most, of our money, and gives an opportunity at the same time for meeting with friends and enjoying their conversation, is in every way economy itself. Not even men of

business are, as a rule, much more careful of time and expense than this.

Again, we hear it said within the College, as well as without, that the existence of so many societies and the attendance of students at their meetings interferes with the steady intellectual work of the College, and causes a large percentage of the failures in examinations, and otherwise wastes the time of the students.

I think I can prove this not to be the case. Last year was our year of greatest success in examinations as a College; it was also, I believe, the year of the greatest number of societies, one new one at least having been formed during the year. Four out of the five students who obtained the degree of B.Sc. in October, were—and, I am glad to say, still are—active movers in the social work of the College. To take another example, simply from one society—the Mason College Union: those who have been in office know that the posts of chairman, secretaries, and treasurer are no sinecures, yet last year all of the four officers were successful in their respective examinations. I believe that in more than one case failure at examination may be traced to the fact that the student, by retiring from his social life, has put too great a strain upon his mental faculties, and these have failed him at a time when they needed to be vigorous and strong.

The fact is that time, if it is wasted at all, is wasted not within College, but outside it. I believe that in Oxford and Cambridge there are no lectures in the afternoon: our classes continue in certain instances from 9.30 to 6.30., though I believe that the normal College day is 9.30 to 5.30. As a further precaution, we contrive that all meetings of committees, &c., shall be held as much as possible outside College hours; in several cases they are held in the houses of the professors. Many people have yet to learn the judicious use of time, and the advisability, even the necessity, of occasionally wasting a little. It is a great thing to be able to tell when your powers have been strained to the utmost, and to know the right moment at which a quarter of an hour's rest puts a good quarter of a day's work into a man, and to have the strength of will to make a dead stop for a short time occasionally. Such knowledge comes to a student by experience.

A remarkable instance came under my notice a short time ago which relates to this part of the subject. Two students of this College, at the beginning of the present session, announced their determination of retiring from every society, and devoting themselves entirely to study. Much against the advice of their

College friends, they slipped out of the social life ; and surely it was a remarkable coincidence that, three weeks before the end of last term, both of these students had to confess themselves "knocked up," and have been compelled, for the present at least, to give up all ideas of the examination for which they were preparing.

Outsiders, again, object: "Why do we need to cultivate a social life within Mason College when so many of the students have their own circle of friends in connection with their home-life and the society in which they move, apart from the College?"

I would remind such that not the whole of our students are in the midst of home-life. Upon taking up a calendar at random—the calendar chanced to be the one for Session 1886-87—I found that, roughly speaking, two-thirds of the students were inhabitants of Birmingham, one-third of other towns and districts at greater or less distances. If only for the benefit of such, it would be worth while to secure a pleasant social life ; and, besides, what can be more natural than that students should wish to enjoy the society of those with whom they are so closely connected intellectually ? Or, again, how can one better become acquainted with the character of another than by seeing that other under various aspects ?

To turn to our internal evidence concerning the state of our social life. Perhaps we may apply this test : Does a reasonable suggestion from a student or students, which is likely to be useful to the development of the social and intellectual life of the College, or both combined, obtain the hearty co-operation of the whole body of the students ? Does it receive the sympathy of the Professors ? Does it obtain fair consideration at the hands of the Governors of the College ?

Will you allow me to suppose three possible cases ? A scheme, we will suppose, fairly reasonable, and intended for the social good of the students, is set on foot in order to meet the oft-expressed wish of many of them. It is tried non-officially, it is tried officially, and again semi-officially, yet it fails.

A magazine, which is of the greatest value to the students, in that it informs them of what is going on in the various departments around them, and supplies them with intelligence which they could not obtain of themselves without a systematic and painfully constant attendance at all meetings of all societies, has a hard struggle for existence, and receives lamentably poor support among the students.

Once more : A dramatic performance is at hand, and out of 300 members composing the society upon whose programme it appears, less than eighteen (the total number required to take part in the performance) can be found within the society itself. Not that the talent does not exist within the society, but that the knowledge of its whereabouts does not.

It might be interesting to suggest a few causes to which, I think, we might fairly attribute such effects as the cases I have supposed ; and I venture to do so, simply judging as a student. I think such effects would be likely to spring from a slight inclination to selfishness, or a lack of public spirit, or a want of enthusiasm, or a spirit of over-cautiousness manifesting itself in a disinclination for independent action.

A certain kind of selfishness is apt to spring up in a large society, caused simply by want of thought ; on the one hand, in those who, perhaps from a natural reluctance, refuse to take a share of responsibility, and on the other hand, in those who, from the force of habit, frequently lay upon themselves too great responsibility. It is from this cause that we have to confess the need of a more equal division of labour, whereby some students might be relieved of a little of the worry of business affairs, and others might profit by the advantages offered to them of obtaining training such as they can get in office.

With regard to a lack of public spirit, I should not consider that there was a proper display of such spirit until a scheme for the apparent good of the students were certain to receive the hearty co-operation and sympathy of every student. So every suggestion from the body of the students may fairly expect, and, we must all confess, never in our College fails to obtain, the support of the professors ; so also any proposal from students and professors may reasonably deserve the careful consideration of the Council. Only true pride in our College, interest in our fellow-students, singleness of purpose, can foster a true public spirit among us.

But by far the greatest need, I believe, in our College life is a growth of enthusiasm, without which we shall always do our work in a half-hearted manner, experience nothing but drudgery where we might feel real pleasure, see nothing but irksome duties where there are real privileges, and hold back timidly from steps which might advance the interests of our College, both socially and intellectually.

The display of an over-cautious spirit or the manifestation of

timidity on the part of members of a body arises from the fear which some have of taking the lead, and a reluctance to strike off on a new path for fear it should lead them apart from their fellows; and thus boundless tracts are left unexplored in the region of progress. Hence the nerveless waiting and searching for precedent, and the loss of golden opportunities for starting on original, and therefore hopeful, courses.

Taking everything into consideration, I think we may all look forward to the time when our College shall be a place which, to quote the closing words in an address to a similar institution, "attracts the affection of the young by its fame, wins the approbation of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the memory of the old by its associations"—a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, an Alma Mater of the rising generations. J. E.

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### THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

She entered the dim old hall, whose walls strange trophies bore,

Of many a joust and chase, of many a bloody war;  
But buried in thought was she, in her eyes a restless fire,  
For she knew not which she loved, the knight or his faithful squire.

That morn she'd seen them ride, to the sound of the hunter's horn,

Up the slope of the gorse-grown hill, when the sky was red at dawn;

The knight with his raven locks, his spurs and his waving plume,

The squire with his flowing hair as bright as the flow'ring broom.

But at eve, when the chase was o'er, they would seek the maiden's side,

Each hoping he'd won her love, and might claim her for his bride;

The knight with his lands and gold, the heir of a lordly race,

The squire with his brave young heart, whose wealth was his manly grace.

And all day long in her heart there had struggled love and pride,

If love, indeed, it was that ambitious thoughts defied;

And still in her eyes there gleamed the light of a restless  
pain,  
As she thought and sighed and pondered, then pondered  
and sighed again.

Till at length on the old oak board a tankard she espied,  
Which bubbled with red red wine, around whose quaint  
mouth wide  
The frothing liquid shone, like foam on a sandy shore  
When the wind and surf are high, though the night and  
storm are o'er.

Then softly beside the cup on the old oak board she  
placed  
The crimson rose that since morn her bosom white had  
graced,  
Still sweet though drooping and limp, with its leaves no  
longer green,  
As when kissed by the rays of dawn in the pride of their  
dewy sheen.

She glanced at the beaded cup, she glanced at the faded  
flower,  
Which should fix her fate for life in that silent twilight  
hour,  
Then she turned aside and hid in the depth of the window  
seat,  
And waited and watch'd, while her heart in expectant  
tumult beat.

Till at length the tramp of feet broke the calm of the  
evening air,  
And she knew by the clanking step that the knight and  
the squire were there.  
They entered the ancient hall, when straight through the  
open door,  
The slanting rays of the setting sun shone red on the  
oaken floor.

For a moment the maiden paused, then leaving her hiding  
place,  
She stood where the sun-set glory shone full on her grave,  
sweet face,  
While the folds of her pure, white raiment gleamed with  
a ruddy light,  
And her wealth of golden hair grew so strangely soft and  
bright,

That the knight in sweet bewilderment paused with the  
cup half-raised,  
And the squire, the red rose at his lips, stood silent, half-  
amazed,  
And the maid, a swift joy in her eyes, was trembling,  
mute and dazed.  
Till she cried in accents low, with a smile that was half-  
divine,  
"Love lies in the red red rose, and not in the red red  
wine."

J.

---

### WHY THE WORKERS ARE POOR.

Whatever progress may have called forth our jubilations during the past year, there is one grave subject which calls for an unprejudiced investigation, and which all the progress of the century has failed to eliminate, and that is the wide-spread poverty which exists in this land.

"The poor ye always have with you" is accepted by some minds as a prophecy for all time, and as an expression of the insuperability of the question. Nevertheless, even those who accept the teachings of Him who uttered these words must confess that it is their duty to investigate the matter, and to find out whether, at any rate, some of our poor are the victims, not of Divine or natural laws, but of human arrangements, which can be remedied by human thought and human action.

In July last year, shortly after the rejoicings of June, it was stated in the House of Lords that probably about 50,000 families in London alone had no more than *one room for each family to live in*; and in the first place, we would call the attention of thinking men to the awful consequences of such a state of things. Let our readers of the middle class imagine what kind of men and women they would be if they had been accustomed from their earliest childhood to live and sleep in one room with father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and remember that in London alone about a quarter of million of people live under such circumstances. Are there not builders, and bricklayers, and carpenters in existence who could build suitable dwellings for these people; and would it not be possible and better, even to Sir Henry Knight's mind, to give employment to men in such useful work than in making bunting and turtle soup for aldermen? And in the second place, we would point out to our readers that when children are reared under such circumstances their depravity is not to be laid to the



account of human nature, if it is within the power of man to alter these circumstances. The energy, therefore, which is thrown into city missionary and reformatory work is practically wasted, seeing that one set of depraved beings is continually replaced by another, and the same amount of energy directed once for all to eradicating the *causes* of such depravity, would do infinitely more permanent good to the world.

Now it behoves all honest-minded men to consider this question: Are the laws by which our social system is regulated natural and Divine and, therefore, unalterable? or are they human and unnatural and, therefore, alterable? Those who hold the first view form what is known as the *laissez-faire* school, which includes both atheists and theists; whilst those who hold the second are, to some extent, socialists.

Poverty consists in an inability to obtain an average share of the food, clothing, and other necessities and comforts of life which are being daily produced by the toil of our myriad workers, and the wealthy people are those who can obtain, by some means or other, a large share of those things and the best of them; and we may point out this curious fact, that the poor include the majority of those who are engaged in producing those very things of which they suffer the want, whilst all who obtain the best of everything, who live in the best houses, dress according to fashion, and have three good meals a day, are people who, whatever kind of work they do, do not directly produce these things. In fact it may be briefly said that *those who produce do not enjoy, whilst those who enjoy do not produce.*

Labour makes all wealth. The Duke of Westminster without the labourers might die of starvation, whilst the labourers would be none the worse without the Duke of Westminster. This Duke, and all other landlords, live solely by the right they possess to tax the workers for their own special benefit, and this taxation must necessarily leave the workers poorer. Lord Clanricarde is made rich *solely* by the labour of the peasants of Galway, not by any peculiarity in his method of doing nothing, and the contrast between Lord Clanricarde's wealth and his tenants' poverty arises entirely from the right he possesses of taxing them, not for any public purpose, but for his own private enjoyment. No doubt in the case of many of the Irish peasants their poverty arises to a great extent from the pooriness of the soil in Ireland, and so far it can only be remedied by artificial improvement of the soil, but the poverty of the workers in a rich country like England

can only be accounted for by the fact that they do not receive the due reward of their labour.

There are possibly some people still in existence who imagine that rich idlers live on the savings of their ancestors. It might be as well to point out to such people that "rich" men do not keep a hoard of cash by them upon which they draw whenever they need any, but that these independent gentlemen depend for their maintenance on a yearly income, which is certainly not drawn from an ancestral hoard, and which may cease at any time when a commercial collapse or a strike takes place. The fact is, whenever savings are invested, they are spent, and the yearly income which arises from an investment simply consists of fleecings from a set of workers who have no voice whatever in the conduct of the business, and who through circumstances are compelled to submit to such fleecing.

Thus society may be roughly divided into two classes, the workers or the proletariat, and those who live by fleecing the workers. The wealth of the country is produced and distributed by cotton-spinners, iron-workers, coal-miners, navvies, railway-workers and carters, and all these are more or less poor, whilst those who get the largest share of the income of the country are landlords, railway-shareholders, contractors and so-called employers of labour, men who either do nothing, or if engaged at all, are simply struggling with one another for a share of the spoil. True it is that some of the workers are themselves engaged in fleecing their fellow-workmen, but the extent to which they do this is insignificant.

But, some may say, are not doctors and professors useful workers, and are not some of them well enough off? True, but who are they that make their fortunes in these professions, are they those who heal and teach the people, who devote their energies to those who most require them? No, to make your fortune in either of these professions you must lose sight of the people and turn your attention to the fads and fancies of the *élite*.

There can only be one explanation as to the chief cause of poverty among the great mass of the workers, *i.e.*, that they are exploited by the propertied classes, that our social system maintained, as it is by brute force, allows the property-holders to extort wealth from the workers, and to use them not as fellow-men and women, but as part of the machinery which enables them to build up their fortune. Such a social system cannot last. The increase of knowledge amongst the workers is undermining

its foundation, and the ever-increasing struggle for profits amongst the capitalist class will inevitably bring about the final downfall of the system, and the day will come, and is perhaps not far distant, when there will be no other remedy but for the people to take possession of the land and machinery and use them, not to produce profits and luxury for a class, but plenty and comfort for the whole people. A. T.

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### THE UNION.

*Friday, March 9th.*—Debate : "That the assimilation of female to male education is to be deprecated."

Mr. DELL in opening the debate, expressed his regret that the motion did not include the whole subject of woman's position in society, since our ideas on that subject must determine our opinions on female education. While deprecating the evils of the old-fashioned ladies' schools where the pupils were taught a number of accomplishments in a superficial manner, Mr. Dell expressed his conviction, that while the duty of women in the world was quite different from that of men, their education should be different also. The utter lack of reasoning power on the part of women rendered it impossible that their education should be identical with that of men. Mr. Dell quoted Dr. Richardson's words on the inadvisability of competitive examinations, especially for women, but added that the chief reason why women could not follow the same professions as men was, that if they married they had not time for it. To be wives and mothers ought to be the chief aim of the majority of women, and it should be considered, not as a degradation but as an honour. Again, there was not enough employment in the world for women as well as men, and that so many women in the labouring classes had to work for their living was an unmitigated evil. Again, the method of male education was not perfect; there were too many competitive examinations, and education which should be primarily for general culture, had degenerated into a system of cramming. Lastly, as the qualities in which woman surpasses differ from those in which man surpasses, man being stronger in mind and body, but woman being more imaginative, sympathetic, and unselfish, to talk of elevating her to the standard of man is mere nonsense; to put her on a level with man would degrade her.

Miss JORDAN in replying said, that if women were deficient in reason, that was an argument why they should be better educated. The question was, should women be educated as men have been, or evolve a new system; but since development was always better than creation it was preferable to proceed on the old lines. The object of education being to train and culture the mind so as to make it able to take a wide interest in many subjects, no child should be allowed to specialise; the foundation should be broad and should include classics, modern literature, mathematics, and natural sciences. Girls' schools excelled those of boys in the teaching of English, and in this respect, it would be well to assimilate the education of boys to that of girls. Schools brought out what there was in common between boys and girls. What was different was developed in home life. A separation of interests

would follow from a different training for the same occupation, and since it was now absolutely necessary for thousands of women to earn their own living they must have the same variety of occupation as men. Girls' schools had created a new learned profession for women, and women teachers could not do better than go to the best sources for their information. Even if a woman married her education was not thrown away on her, and the woman who had been well educated would be the better able to harmonise household duties with intellectual pursuits, while her wider culture would enable her to sympathise with the interests of her children, and would make the home happier. Miss Jordan concluded by expressing her opinion that the assimilation of female to male education was desirable (1) because it gave men and women a greater number of interests in common; (2) because the present system of male education was the best yet known.

Mr. LAWRENCE maintained that there was no reason why female education should be identical with that of men, as their occupations were not the same. The increase of competition was already serious enough, and the evils of the employment of women in manual labour in the working classes were manifest.

Mr. STERN brought forward statistics to show that in 1871 the number of unmarried women equalled one-fourteenth of the whole number above twenty years of age. Any women might have to earn her own living, and all should therefore be trained to do so.

Mr. SUNDERLAND thought that the capabilities of woman should be developed by her education, and that languages and literature were the most suitable subjects for her study.

Mr. TARN considered that education was good for everyone, and that men had no right to lay down a rule for the education of women. As women were the chief educators of children, they should be well trained; by degrading them we degrade society.

Mr. LARNER quoted the report of Washington College, U.S.A., to show that the women students did not suffer from ill-health.

The debate was continued by Miss ALBRIGHT, Miss DRANE, and Messrs. HOWARD, LANGFORD, O. JONES, LIVERSEGE, and BAYLIS, and Mr. DELL replied. The motion was lost by a majority of 43 on the negative.

*March 23rd.*—Paper on "Grieg," with illustrations. At this meeting of the Union, at which 258 members and visitors were present, Miss PEARSON read an interesting paper on the Norwegian Composer, Grieg. After touching on the difficulty of writing a man's biography during his lifetime, Miss Pearson turned to the life of Grieg, who was born at Bergen in the year 1843, whither his father had migrated from Scotland. His mother, an excellent pianist, gave him his first lessons in music, and at the age of nine he composed his first opus, variations on a well-known German air. At the age of fifteen he was sent, at the advice of Ole Bull, the violinist, to the Conservatorium at Leipsic, where he acquired during his last two years quite a style of his own. He took home with him a knowledge of how to express himself, a mastery of form, and an acquaintance generally with the apparatus of composition, but his inspiration he drew from Norway alone.

He went to live in Copenhagen, where he resolved to create a type of Norwegian music on the numerous motives to be found in national songs, legends, and dances. Here he wrote his *Humoreaken* (opus 6), his piano sonata (opus 7), and his sonata in F for the violin (opus 8). The *Humoreaken* rank highest among his works, for in them he succeeded in conveying the idea of humour without the aid of words; they are fresh, bold and novel in means and subject, and full of a rough kind of playfulness; and he probably made studies for them at the fairs of Bergen. A strong power of will is manifested in his abrupt and even hazardous rhythms, and not less characteristic is the occurrence of syncopations and strong accents. Another important point in his style is his habit of repeating phrases, sometimes in a different octave, or with a slight variation in rhythm or melody. Grieg's songs form a characteristic and important portion of his artistic work, and testify to a profitable study of folk-music. In them he aims at simplicity of melody and form, but at the same time they possess energy and considerable dramatic power. Out of his seventy songs there is scarcely one which is not characterised by some delicious novelty; they are all truly national, melodious, and eminently singable, as in them, he has successfully hit off the true ballad tone. Grieg spent the winter of 1865-6 in Rome, whence he returned to Christiania, where he began the work of organising the musical life of the capital, inaugurating it by a concert, at which none but Norwegian pieces were performed. In 1868, his great work, the Concerto in A minor (opus 16), appeared, but his violin sonata was his supreme achievement. His later sonata, (opus 13) though charming and interesting, is marked by mannerisms which become disagreeably obtrusive. During this period the friendship of Liszt was a source of great pleasure and encouragement to Grieg who dedicated to him his opus 20, "Before the Cloister of the South." Grieg was able to express in his music all the shades of a poet's feeling as shown in his "poetical tone-pictures," which though an early work ranks among his best. He set to music poems by his friend Bjørnson, as well as poems by Ibsen, whose poetry has a pessimistic tinge and is less adapted for musical treatment, though "Margaret's Cradle Song" is pre-eminently sweet and simple. Grieg also set to music as a duet Ibsen's celebrated dramatic play "Peer Gynt" in which "Solveig's Lied" is especially noticeable. In 1874 Grieg left Christiania, spending most of his time at a country house on the Hardangerfjord. Here it was that he wrote one of his most characteristic songs, "Autumnal Gale." In 1872 he received the medal and became a member of the Royal Swedish Musical Academy, and in 1874 received a pension from the Norwegian Parliament, being knighted at the same time by Oscar II. At this time he travelled about in Europe, bringing out his string-quartet (opus 27) at Cologne, in which nationalism is rather too conspicuous, rendering it somewhat rhapsodical. Among various other compositions he also wrote a second album of lyric songs, of which "Mit einer primula veris" and the "Cradle-song" are illustrations. Grieg's music cannot be properly appreciated at one hearing, in spite of its freshness, it is not bright enough, and is sometimes marred by affectation and often lacks smooth and elegant form, while his larger movements want logical development. But there is no doubt that he will always hold the high place he has won in his countrymen's hearts. His greatest charm lies in his individuality, for from the first he has had a manner of speech of his own which almost invariably breathes the spirit of northern scenery.

The paper was illustrated by the following selections from Grieg's works :—

Piano Solo ...	...	"Humoreschen" ...	Miss WALKER (visitor).
Songs ...	{ (1) "Sie ist so weiss" (2) "Sonnenuntergang" }	...	Miss HADLEY.
Song... ..	"Ich liebe dich" ...	Mrs. FRED. PEARSON (visitor).	
Song... ..	"Ausfahrt" ...	Mr. TAUNTON (visitor).	
Violin Solo... ..	{ "Middle Movement of the Sonata in F" }	Miss G. A. PEARSON (visitor).	
Piano Solo ...	"Poetische Tonbilder"	...	Miss PEARSON.
Piano Duet... ..	"Morgenstimmung" ...	{ Miss WALKER and Miss PEARSON.	
Songs ...	{ (a) "Margaret's Wiegenlied" (b) "Solveig's Lied" }	Mrs. F. PEARSON.	
Song... ..	"Herbststurm" ...	Miss MERRY (visitor).	
Song... ..	"Mit einer Primula veris"	...Mr. TAUNTON.	
Song... ..	"Wiegenlied" ...	...Miss MERRY.	
Piano Solo ...	"Prelude, Saraband and Rigandon"	...Miss WALKER.	

All the music was very much appreciated, Miss G. A. PEARSON's violin solo and Mr. TAUNTON's second song winning the most applause. At the conclusion a very hearty vote of thanks was proposed in an interesting speech by Professor ALLEN, and seconded by Miss ELLERMAN, when, after a few appropriate words of thanks from Miss PEARSON, this very successful evening terminated.

### ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

An excursion of the members of the above took place on the 18th of last month to the Breweries of Messrs. Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, Limited, and Messrs. Allsopp and Sons, Limited, Burton-on-Trent.

The members were met at Burton Station by two of Messrs. Bass' brewers, who conducted them over the whole of their Maltings, Brewhouses, and Steam Cooperage. Messrs. Bass' works cover over 200 acres, and most of the journeys from one department to another were made in one of the Company's Railway Cars, which had been kindly placed at the members' disposal. In the afternoon Messrs. Allsopp's Breweries were visited, and there also the members met with every attention, one of the firm showing and explaining all the processes of Brewing including that of Sampling, which seemed to interest the members very much.

### FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

A meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday, February 8th, 1888, Mr. MACSWINEY in the chair. There were present between 30 and 40 members and friends. Mr. SOLLY read an excellent paper on "La Fontaine" and admirably illustrated it by reciting a number of his fables. He was also assisted by other members. Mr. AINSWORTH then read a short but interesting paper on *Florian*. The meeting then terminated.

The usual Soirée of the Society took place on Wednesday, March 20th. There was a large attendance of members and friends to witness the represent-

ation of two comediettas, "En Wagon" in which Miss O. HARCOURT and Mr. FORDHAM, B.A., took part, and "Le Biblot," which was well rendered by Misses FRENEY and LOREILLE and Mr. SOLLY. During the evening selections of music were performed by the following friends: Misses HARCOURT, DONALDSON, TREADWELL, DEANE, and CLARKSON.

### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—March 21st. Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Seventeen present. Six new members were elected. A recommendation from the Committee was laid before the Society, to the intent that certain members of the Society be requested to report on current chemical investigation, each reporter to undertake one of the six divisions into which the Science would be divided for the purpose. The President announced that Mr. T. J. Baker, B.Sc., and Mr. Liverseege would undertake Physical and Analytical Chemistry respectively, and he asked for reporters on General Theoretical, Organic, Inorganic, and Technical Chemistry.

Mr. TARN read a paper on German student life, and described his experiences in one of the chemical laboratories of the University of Berlin; the paper was listened to with great interest, and was supplemented by a few remarks from Dr. NICOL, who gave his experiences at the same University.

Mr. TANGYE contributed a very exhaustive account of Dissociation. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Tangye the paper was read by Mr. LIVERSEEGE. During tea, Mr. BECK showed the preparation of manganese trioxide, which compound has only recently been investigated, and Mr. STERN crystals of Tetra-methyl-ammonium triiodide, which act on polarised light like a Nicol prism.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—The notice of the meeting held May 10th is deferred till our next issue.

### POESY CLUB.

March 13th.—Professor ARBER in the chair.

Miss CHARLES read a paper on "Lewis Morris." After giving a rapid sketch of the poet's life, which was rendered unusually interesting by illustrative quotations from his poems, she proceeded to criticise "The Songs of Two Worlds" and the "Epic of Hades."

Mr. BAYLIS then gave an exhaustive account of the life and works of Pope. Pope was the foremost of those English poets who sought to graft English literature upon the artificial classicism of France. All his verse was correct; and even his first works, although they could not be held up as great poetic productions, were models of versification. It was, however, by his efforts in didactic poetry—direct as in the "Essay on Criticism" and the "Essay on Man," and indirect or satirical, as in the "Moral Essays," the imitation of Horace, and the "Dunciad" that Pope would live. Here Pope was supreme. His purely didactic efforts certainly did not develop a complete system of criticism in the one case, or of philosophy in the other; but the

incisiveness with which Pope presented old truths, and the beauty with which he invested hackneyed truisms was unsurpassed. His satirical productions, too, had a definite moral purpose, notwithstanding that personal animosity often directed the selection of the objects of his satire.

A short discussion followed each paper, and the proceedings terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the readers.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

*The Girtton Review* is usually interesting, and the present number is quite up to the average. The article of P. S. "On the sorrows of an Assistant Mistress" will be awakening reading for the inexperienced, to whom it is addressed. The event of the Old Students' Dinner causes one writer to ponder over the past history of the College, and, starting therefrom, to wonder as to its future. The article touches very briefly on the important question of the type of education that Girtton ought to supply: a wider education is argued for. "A Revisitation" is amusing. The rest of the number consists of College news. After the Old Students' Dinner, we read, the guests met to decide on a suitable present for the College. "Finally they decided to give a selection from the English classical authors and recent biographies, together with a full-length mirror for the general use of the students." The myriad Girtton Societies appear still to flourish. In the Correspondence columns one writer wishes that students were allowed to write in the *Review* on "rather lighter topics more suited to their capabilities." Another, while praising the *Review* "for the consistency with which it pursues the even tenor of its didactic way between those contradictory critics, the Solemn-Seniors and the Flippant-Frivolous" parties, thinks it might be improved by inserting the births, deaths, and marriages of old students, and by making contributors sign their articles. The writer signs her own letter, and offers to explain personally to anyone the meaning of the phrase "births of old students."

*Our Magazine* is, as usual, very full, very enthusiastic, very varied, and rather didactic. We desire to thank the *Magazine* reviewer for the kindly appreciation of our own pages expressed, as also for the suggestion that "a few light or humorous articles would be a relief to the graver part of the *Magazine*." Now, ye humorous Masonians, seize your pens!

The chronicle of Institute events which make up the *Institute Magazine* is prefaced by an account of "An Autumn Trip to the Land of Burns," and backed up by an unintelligible copy of verses, entitled "If."

*The King Edward's School Chronicle* opens with a good article, "οι ετιροχβρες." The Debating Society have decided by a majority of three to view with regret the substitution of the Steam Tram for the Sedan Chair. Why not start a limited company with the object of re-introducing the latter vehicle?

*The Marlburian* is a good number. It opens with a counter-blast against learning. "Knowledge puffeth up," quotes the writer, and then he draws a parallel between a learned man and Hotspur's fop. "The truth is," he further remarks, "learning is apt to create an artificial atmosphere, which



stunts the healthy natural growth of the mind : or to take another image, it is like that barbarous mutilation of trees which was once fashionable, which forbade them to grow in their natural shape." "Echoes of Court" is an interesting, local, descriptive paper. "Utopia" is probably sarcastic. The author of "Selfishness" is severe. He says "It is a melancholy fact that one of the most distinguishing characteristics of Marlburians, past and present (not all of course, but the vast majority), in their unmannerly and unsightly selfishness." He is unable to suggest a remedy. The correspondence is as amusing as usual.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

We have to announce that Mr. B. B. SKIRROW, B.A., has been appointed to the post of Demonstrator in the Physical Department. Mr. SKIRROW was formerly a scholar of University College, Oxford, at which University he graduated with first-class honours in Mathematics and second-class honours in Physics.

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The Cyclists' Club have taken advantage of the recent fine weather, having already had four runs at which the attendance has been so good that they have every hope of a successful season. On April 21st the Club visited Hampton-in-Arden, on April 28th Rednal, on May 5th Knowle. At this run, at which 16 were present, the members after arriving at Knowle walked to Temple Balsall, the walk forming a pleasant diversion after the 12½ miles ride to Knowle, and enabling the cyclists to enjoy the society of those who had preferred the "locomotive" to the "velocipede."

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The Tennis Club has already begun its meetings, and looks for a successful season as the courts are in very good condition and already the play shows an improvement upon that of last year. Those desiring to join should at once communicate with one of the secretaries. A list of the matches for June is appended in the Calendar.

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The opening meeting of the Biological Association having been deferred, was held on Monday, May 14th, the report of which will appear in our next number. This Society has issued a very inviting programme.

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We regret that our Reviewer has not forwarded to us the notice of the pamphlet on "Mesmerism," which we received from Mr. Barwise, M.B., a former student of the College, which, however, we hope to insert in our next number.

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We are glad to hear that Miss J. A. Pearson has selected "Schumann" as the subject of her paper for the musical evening on June 29th.

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POESY CLUB EXCURSION TO OXFORD.—At the request of the Secretaries we publish the following notice:—"Applications for tickets having greatly exceeded the number arranged for, to prevent disappointment a few additional tickets, if necessary, will be issued at 10s. 6d.

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The next number of the *Magazine* will be issued on Friday, June 29th. Contributions should reach the Editor not later than June 6th.

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"Original, and with the mark of distinction which differentiates the great poet from the facile versifier."

*Birmingham Daily Post, December 1st, 1887.*

"It is refreshing to turn to a poem like this, cast in a simple yet strong mould, full of timeliness and pathos, and pure and lofty thinking, and characterized throughout by a beautiful beauty of conception and execution."

"Its Author has 'the great poet's heart' and has already won the fame in addition by his first poem."

*Birmingham Daily Gazette, December 6th, 1887.*

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THE

# Mason College Magazine

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CONDUCTED BY



THE STUDENTS

JUNE, 1888.

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## CALENDAR.

JULY	18.—	Tennis Match with Beaufort, at M. C. Ground.
"	21.—	" " " Priory, at M. C. Ground.
AUGUST	8.—	" " " Beaufort (mixed), at Beaufort Road.
"	18.—	" " " King's Norton (mixed), at King's Norton.
SEPTEMBER	1.—	" " " Moseley, at Moseley.

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## WHY THE WORKERS ARE POOR.

### REPLY.

It is rather a remarkable feature in the life of the present day that while the dominance of law and the necessity for working in accord with it are admitted, those problems which beset our social existence are too commonly treated by most people as though they were the result of bemuddlement produced by a *deus ex machinâ* whose vagaries it is impossible to forecast. It does not appear to strike these men that the "survival of the fittest" has to do with aught else than progress in the lower sort of animal life. It has not dawned upon their intellects that it is of universal application; that it explains as well why one nation is superior to another, why one class is superior to another, as it explains why the mammoth has ceased to exist and the elephant survives.

The records of man, whether they be found in the palæolithic or neolithic periods, in the earliest roots of language, in vaguest myths, or in historical record, all point to and prove the existence of classes; or, if you like, of the "down-trodden" on the one side, and the "down-treaders" on the other. At various epochs the "down-trodden" have risen in vindication of their "rights," and have ground their oppressors under foot. But the misery of it all is this: that in short historical time the "down-



trodden" have become the "down-treaders," only in their turn to suffer a fate which they had previously inflicted. They have smashed the capitalists to become capitalists, and in due course themselves to suffer the fate of their predecessors. So the weary tale repeats itself, until there is, may be, not a single square foot of this poor earth's surface which has not been stained with human blood in the conflict.

In times gone by, when natural phenomena were recurrent for which no adequate explanation could be immediately offered, men took refuge in the theory of "miraculous" interference; the *deus ex machina* was invoked. We have professedly a better system now. We carefully collate the carefully ascertained facts, and we seek to find the point to which they converge. If nine facts go towards the proof of one theory, and the tenth is opposed to it, we do not relegate the wanderer to the realms of the miraculous. We strongly suspect, and often find, that the errant tenth holds the key to the mystery we would solve. We have no warrant for setting up in opposition to any demonstration or even to any theory, the assertion that it must be wrong because it may be in opposition to some preconceived notion of ours as to the manner in which the Almighty would have gone about the work, had he known as much about it as we do. We accept a fact when found, and, placing our finger upon it, declare that therein is to be found the law of God, because it is the Truth.

Let it be given, then, as a proposition to be demonstrated that there is a certain fundamental law, or a fundamental set of laws, which govern our natural and social existence. The wise course to take is to examine the proofs offered. The Rev. Sydney Smith it was, I believe, who called political economy "a godless science." I suppose he meant by that, if he meant anything but a sneer, that the theories of Adam Smith were opposed to his own theological ideas, and therefore ought to be dismissed. But suppose Adam Smith were right, then it follows, not that the science is godless, but that the Dean should mend his theology. Let A. T. do the like!

Granted for the sake of the argument that, as A. T. asserts, "landlords live solely by the right they possess to tax the workers

for their special benefit," the question arises whether the remedy is "for the people to take possession of the land and machinery and use them." I am free to confess that if I thought this would solve the problem I would advocate it.

But I recur to the first portion of my paper, and declare again that the thing has been tried over and over until humanity is sick of it. If experience can prove failure, then failure in this has been fully proved.

Would it not be as well to see what the "law" is? Would it not be well, when that law has been ascertained, to work in accord with it?

In this spirit, then, instead of railing against those who hold "high places," let us consider these words of Thomas Carlyle:—"Neither was that an inconsiderable moment when wild armed men were raised aloft on the buckler throne, and with clanging armour and hearts said solemnly, 'Be thou our acknowledged strongest!' In such acknowledged strongest (well-named king or köning) what a symbol now shone for them, significant with the destinies of the world! On which ground, it was well said, there lay in the Acknowledged Strongest a divine right as surely as there was right in the strongest, whether acknowledged or not, considering who it was that made him strong."

For centuries following the fall of the Roman Empire men had sought by violence, by "smashing the capitalist," by taking land into their own hands, to work out their political redemption. During these long years of conflict the historian can see little plainly save the flames of burning towns which burst through the darkness; he can hear little save the clash of armed men, and the groans of the myriads done to death in the fight. When the clouds do clear away, the first fact apparent is that, after all the striving, a class has arisen superior to the mass; men, who by virtue of their greater bravery, their greater brain power, their greater physical strength, their greater skill in the use of arms, form centres around which the inferior sect gather, to whom they look for protection, and to whom in return they tender service. Once more in the history of the world the fittest have survived, and the fittest of the fittest have become the kings of men.



The present is but a repetition of the past in another form ; this excepted—that we do not now usually strive by physical force to subdue our fellows to our will. But much the same qualities which prevailed in the olden time suffice now to bring men to the front in social, political, and commercial life. Success is to those who acknowledge the law, and work in accord with it. It may be a hard law, but there it is ! It is no use trying to shirk it, to evade it, to turn it, to “dodge” it, to outwit it, or to cheat it. And say what of it you will, it is a good law. It means hard work, constant unremitting devotion to business, self-abnegation, abstinence, clearness of brain, honesty, physical strength, and caution. “Does it,” may be asked, “mean that I may indulge in no amusement, seek no pleasure ?” It does. It says you must deny yourself all these things, except in so far as they will minister to your ability to do your chosen work. You may, of course, if you like, cross the line ; but do not grumble when you see others pass you in the race of life : you are only paying the price ! I suppose if you were training for a running match you would not eat pastry, lie in bed until midday, and get drunk every night, or any night, if you intended to win. Then why should you expect success as a workman, as a tradesman, or a manufacturer, or as a merchant, if you do any of these things in ever so remote or lesser a degree ?

The greatest difficulties to be encountered—difficulties so great that they may well dishearten the bravest—arise from those artificial laws which have been enacted for the so-called protection of the weak. On every hand the man who seeks to obey the law finds himself pulled back by those who refuse to abide by it. The moment that, by the exercise of every virtue, he has raised himself some little, that moment “A. T.” and his friends are “down upon him.” He is treated as an enemy ; it is opined that the success he has so dearly bought has been secured by the robbery of those he has left behind. He is an “exploiter” of others’ labour. He is a capitalist, to be pursued by the Trades Unions, to be taxed for the support of the drunkard, to pay for the education of children whose parents spend their earnings in the public-house. He is, as Herbert Spencer said, “made to increase pauperism by felicitating

the increase of paupers ;" while the very men who advocate these measures fail to see that the means they take, by placing obstacles in the way of honest labour, talent, sobriety, abstinence, and forethought, intensify the evils of which they so loudly complain. They do their little best to prevent the accumulation of capital, and, as a natural consequence, give greater power to that which has been accumulated.

The subject is large, and may not be treated adequately in a single article. I have this to say, in conclusion : that by the sins of our forefathers an artificial state of society has been formed, the consequences of which we must take. To give the law of the "survival of the fittest" full play now would be to invite the dissolution of society. We must "pay the price"; and those who come after us a higher price still. So long as sentiment is allowed in the place of law, so long will "the law" seek revenge by an increase of the debt due to it. But that is no good reason why we should intensify the evil by still further pursuing the course advocated by A. T.

C. H.

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### *THE POESY CLUB EXCURSION TO OXFORD.*

The excursion of the Poesy Club to Oxford took place on Saturday, June 2nd. The party assembled on the platform at Snow Hill Station at 7.15 a.m., and consisted of seventy-five persons, among whom were Professor Arber (the president), Miss Edwards and Mr. Ledsam (the secretaries of the Club), and Professors Sonnenschein and Allen, under whose guidance the party had placed itself. After a prolonged interchange of greetings, the three saloon carriages engaged for the party made their appearance, when, with less judgment than might have been expected of the students and friends of the Mason College, the excursionists, with the exception of three persons, who presumably could not squeeze themselves in, packed themselves into two of the three carriages.

After a pleasant journey through a country beautiful in its spring attire, the party arrived at Oxford at nine o'clock, when, to the relief of all, the weather, which in Birmingham had held no certain promise of sunshine, was decidedly brighter. From the

station the seventy-five pleasure-seekers proceeded towards the Roebuck, where those laden with cloaks and other paraphernalia disposed of their burdens, and where Professor Sonnenschein arrayed himself in cap, gown, and umbrella.

The serious business of sight-seeing now began, and, with Professor Sonnenschein at its head, the party streamed along towards the "Tom Quad" of Christ Church, passing the tower in which Great Tom is situated. The sunshine had now broken forth, and each one of the party could congratulate himself that he was about to see Oxford at its best. They proceeded down one side of the quad, which at that early hour was wrapped in an uninquisitive stillness, to the hall which is the largest and finest in Oxford. At the far end, above the raised dais, the portraits of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and Cardinal Wolsey were duly admired, as was also the fine carved ceiling.

After a cursory examination of the other portraits, which include works by Holbein, Lely, Van Dyck, Reynolds, and other celebrated portrait-painters, the party descended the stairs from the refectory and passed out by way of the kitchens. In spite of the interest excited by the huge frying-pans and other culinary instruments with which the white-capped cooks had already begun to busy themselves, most of the party were glad to leave the warm, odorous atmosphere and light, which elsewhere might have been called dim and religious, for the fresh, sunshiny air of the bright June day.

The party next proceeded towards the Broad Walk, which is faced by the newer buildings of Christ Church, at the windows of which appeared numerous heads, so that it is to be feared that the party of seventy-five, in the midst of their innocent delight in the fine old avenue resplendent with the golden green of the lime trees, somewhat distracted from their studies a certain small number of Oxford undergraduates. It was not for long, however, for the party soon streamed along a narrow road, bordered by lilacs in full bloom, which led them after a time into the Peckwater Quad of Christ Church, a quadrangle which, though smaller and less imposing than the Tom Quad, looked brighter and more picturesque on account of the profusion of scarlet geraniums and marguerite

daisies which blossomed in most of the windows, relieving the sombre tint of the grey stone.

Through this quad Professor Sonnenschein led the way into the College Chapel, which is at the same time the Cathedral of Oxford, in which there was found plenty to excite admiration and wonder. The window, which portrays the history of St. Frideswide, a heroine of the eighth century, with whom the cathedral is connected, as the chapel consecrated in 1180 was built on the remains of the convent church dedicated to her, was specially noticed.

From the cathedral the party proceeded to the chapel of Merton College, whose vault-like coolness was a pleasant change after the almost oppressive heat of its quadrangle. Here Dr. Allen pointed out in the antechapel the ancient monumental brasses, and farther on the monument of Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library; but what excited most interest was the altar-piece, which is attributed to Tintoretto, and the east window above, which, though modern, is of an extremely pleasing though uncommon tone of colour.

From Merton College Professor Sonnenschein led the way, by a narrow street which skirted the back of the new Schools, into the High, by which Magdalen College was soon reached. Here the party wandered round the cloisters, whose cool peaceful beauty was extremely refreshing, and whose quaint picturesque architecture, covered with graceful trailers of Virginia creeper still of a bright, fresh green, and here and there a honeysuckle already in flower, attracted universal admiration.

From the cloisters the party proceeded into a large grassy quadrangle, which itself contained fine lilacs, loaded with blossom, while it adjoined a park where, under the magnificent forest trees, brown-coated deer added to the charm of the scene. Here the party was met by Mr. Underhill, a Fellow of the College, and a cousin of Professor Allen, who had kindly offered to conduct them round the College.

They next proceeded to that most delightful of walks beside the River Cherwell which bears the name of the poet Addison, where the sunbeams penetrated with softened ray through the leafy roof

of tender green formed by the trees, which met in a gentle embrace overhead ; where the path was bordered with a carpet of dark shining periwinkle, whose pale blossoms showed starlike among the tender young shoots ; where on the one hand were seen hawthorns laden with bloom overhanging the river bank, on the other the rich Magdalen meadows, with a brilliant centre-piece of golden buttercup bounded by a billowy forest of graceful umbellifer, with whose sweet odour the air was redolent ; in whose cool shade every sense was gratified, as the ripple of water swelled the glad chorus of the singing birds.

At one point the grass of the meadow was charred and burnt ; this marked the spot where a huge bonfire had been lighted to celebrate the headship of the Magdalen boat on the river.

From Addison's Walk the party streamed back through the cloisters to the hall, which was situated up some stairs opposite the buttery ; and here the portraits of Cardinal Wolsey, Prince Rupert, Dean Colet, and many others were seen. The Chapel of Magdalen was next visited, and from the gloom of the ante-chapel the party passed into the brighter light of the chapel itself, whose fine carved stalls were duly admired.

From Magdalen the party proceeded to the new Schools in the High Street, where some disappointment was felt when it was found that no undergrads were at that time undergoing the torture of a *viva voce*. The spaciousness, the airiness and brightness of the building, added to the effect of its fine staircases and marble pillars, excited much admiration, and not a little envy, when compared with the uninviting aspect of Burlington Gardens. The rooms upstairs were filled with small tables, put ready for an approaching examination, most of which were covered with the hopeless scrawls of candidates who, fearing that their names might not appear in the list of the successful, wished to distinguish themselves at least by the sage advice they gave their successors. On one of these was the name of " Randolph Churchill " in a neat caligraphy, which the attendant, with justifiable pride, announced as his lordship's own ; nor did the Poesy Club party disdain to regard that table with interest.

From the Schools Professor Sonnenschein led the way to

University College, on one side of whose quadrangle were pointed out the rooms of Shelley ; on the other those formerly occupied by Professor Sonnenschein himself. Both were naturally regarded with interest. After visiting the hall and the Chapel of Univ, the party crossed the High to All Souls, where the Chapel and Library were seen. The chief objects of interest were, in the former, the reredos, with its large number of canopied niches filled with statues of persons many of whom fought in the battle of Agincourt ; and in the latter, a planetarium.

The Radcliffe Library, now known as the Camera Bodleiana, was next visited, in whose domed reading-room the party preserved, though with difficulty, a strict silence, and from which they were not sorry to escape by a narrow winding staircase to a circular gallery on the roof, from whence a magnificent bird's eye view of Oxford was obtained.

They then proceeded to the Bodleian Library, where, in the picture gallery, a few of the curiosities were examined and admired, among which were a chair from the timbers of Francis Drake's ship, a raised plan of Jerusalem, a model of the cathedral at Calcutta in white marble, and a portrait of Lady Jane Grey, which last did not excite the admiration due to that gifted but unfortunate lady. In the next gallery a number of illuminated missals, Korans, &c., were duly admired, after which the party received the great privilege of glancing at an ancient manuscript of Caedmon's works, supposed to be a copy made about the year 1000, which was shown to them, at Professor Arber's request, by the Librarian, an august personage, whose eye-glass excited in the minds of the frivolous as much wonder as the manuscript itself.

After this most of the party made their way towards the Roebuck, where a cold luncheon was served at a quarter to one, at the conclusion of which a few speeches were made in reference to the afternoon's proceedings, and in acknowledgment of the kind services of Professors Sonnenschein and Allen.

Professor Allen, in the afternoon, conducted a party to the remaining colleges and museums—this party consisting of those imbued with a deep architectural and scientific interest, as well as those whose fears kept them off the water.

Another party, conducted by Professors Sonnenschein and Arber, went down to the river, where they enjoyed at ease the sight of blue skies and green fields, bright with glowing sunshine, on a river crowded and gay with boats, on which the latter professor, we are told, assisted by a damsel, gallantly rowed a boatful of ladies.

At tea, to which the party returned in instalments, Dr. Murray, the distinguished lexicographer, was present as a guest of Professor Arber, and after a simple repast of tea, bread and butter, and ultra-Sunday-school cake, many of the party were honoured by an introduction to him.

Some of the party then set off to Dr. Murray's house, while others went to Magdalen Chapel, where, through the kindness of Mr. Underhill, they were admitted to the nave and thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful service. This was followed by a short organ recital, during which the organist played part of the overture from "Samson" and the War March in "Athaliae."

As it was now too late to go to Dr. Murray's, Professor Sonnenschein conducted a small number of the party through some of the quadrangles and gardens, which looked inexpressibly lovely in the quiet, subdued light of evening. Wadham Gardens, the favourite haunt of the nightingale, were visited; but loveliest of all were New Gardens, surrounded by their ancient battlemented wall, built, not for ornament, but for fortification, in the centre of whose well-kept lawns was a rising knoll, on which blossomed guelder-roses, hawthorns, lilacs, and many another tree.

This quiet stroll in the cool of the evening formed not the least pleasant part of the day's pleasures, increasing the admiration which the magic beauty of Oxford in its bright spring dress had already excited, and adding not a few to the pleasant memories which had been stored that day to brighten and gladden the gloom of less happy days; since memories were all that was left of their day's pleasures when once more they found themselves in smoky Birmingham.

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### *THE OXFORD EXCURSION.*

BY ONE WHO DID NOT GO.

Enterprise is pre-eminently the spirit of the age, and found, I thought, a fitting development in the proposition which I discussed with my breakfast one day last month—an invitation

to join the Mason College Poesy Club excursion to Oxford; not, however, without conditions. Prepayment, not only of the fare, but of the Club subscription too, was insisted on with Draconian severity, and application for tickets must be made "on or before" a certain fixed date. How I hate those fixed dates!

I consulted my bank account and my tailor's bill. The first I found to be very small, and the second, alas! very large and long due. Much I pondered, and then wended to the house of my uncle, who, as an old College Don, might well be looked to for help.

I opened the conversation with some respectful civilities, and, having ascertained that his gout was away on a week's holiday, broached the subject. He might like to hear, I remarked, that the M.C. people, in their reverence for our Old Institutions—(he looks down on M.C. as newfangled and almost pernicious)—longed to get a chance of seeing how things *ought* to be done, and feeling that nowhere could this be seen better than at Oxford, had determined to pay a visit to that classic city. My uncle was evidently flattered. So I proceeded to cast some judicious scorn on Mason College, and declared that my heart was set on seeing the University where he had so greatly distinguished himself. My uncle, still more evidently pleased, expressed his approbation; but did not refer to the exchequer department. Somewhat downcast, I changed the conversation, and spoke in praise of his conservatory, touched on his taste in wall-papers, deferentially acceded to an expression of political opinion on his part, and in various ways endeavoured to make things smooth. Then, as I was leaving, I suddenly stopped, and, in an unconcerned tone, mentioned that I feared a lack of funds might prevent my joining the excursion, and partaking of its benefits. My uncle frowned. He was rather too well accustomed to this sort of thing. But, after a few moments' pause, he said that on *this* occasion he would not object to paying my expenses.

Obtaining the money with what celerity I might, I left.

So, in some few days' time, I received a ticket for the excursion, on which was inscribed the programme.

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The eventful morning dawned at length, and I managed to reach the station five minutes before the time of starting, and then found the whole party—some fifty—filling the air with words. Singling out a certain young lady—dressed to-day in light pink—with whom I had always associated my anticipations



of the excursion, I assisted her into one of the compartments reserved for our party, and got in after her.

As we steamed out of the station with an inspiring cheer, she remarked, "We are off." I was impressed with the sentiment, but finding no other reply, remarked that we had a fine day for our excursion. A youth in spectacles here produced a guide-book to Oxford, and seemed much surprised that the lady in light pink had not been getting up the subject. He then began to give us an address on the Colleges, which was received with somewhat disconcerting indifference. The only other occupant of the compartment who attracted much of my attention was a poetic young man with a dirty collar, who said nothing the whole time, but glared, rolling his eyes horribly at each stopping place.

"Oh, bother! let's have a game at Old Maid," said a sporting gentleman in the corner, producing a pack of cards. All agreed, except him of the spectacles, who re-betook himself to his guide with evident disgust, and the poet, who ground his teeth.

Just as the lady in light pink had for the fourth time successively been declared old maid, and I was whispering to her that cards, like dreams, go by contraries, the train stopped, and we found ourselves in Oxford. The whole party, having cleared the station, made for "Christ Church, Great Tom, Walks, and Cathedral," as per programme. It struck me, however, that the river was more my form, and I accordingly brought all my persuasive faculties to bear on the lady in light pink to get her to accompany me thither. She demurred at first, but on my pointing out that in the afternoon there would be a great rush for the boats, and that we had better take the present opportunity for them, and visit the sights in the afternoon instead, which we could do just as well, she gave way, and we spent a very pleasant morning on the river, where no one can prove that we did not study archæology—theoretically at any rate.

12.30 found no one missing from the Roebuck's festive board, where dietetic science was practically studied by all to excellent effect.

In the afternoon we—the lady in light pink and myself—were about to start for the colleges, when I suddenly remembered that we had not had sufficient outdoor exercise for the day, and it was impossible to controvert the necessity for it as laid down in the science lectures at Mason's. We accordingly went into the hotel garden instead, and engaged in a game of rounders, in which I took care to afford the lady in light pink seventeen easy chances of

catches, two of which to her great delight she secured. For the rest of the day her affability to me was extreme.

After a short rest we again essayed to start for the colleges, but finding it was just six o'clock there appeared no question as to the advisability of rather having some tea, which we did.

The remainder of the time was pleasantly spent in seeking for the missing of the party and catching the train. This all managed except the Poet, who just as we had left the station was seen in a fine frenzy rolling up the street.

And now no one talks more ardently of the beauties of the architecture, the sweetness of the music, the grandeur of the towers of Oxford city than the lady in light pink and myself; and as I wended my way home that night I came to the conclusion that scientific excursions are things to be desired. I do not think there can be too many of them, and take the present opportunity of advising the M. C. authorities to alter the college curriculum, leave the chairs permanently vacant, and go in, heart and soul, for the only true method of tuition—science and art by excursion.

### THE UNION.

*May 4th.*—There was a large attendance at this meeting of the Union to hear Mr. KAUNREUTHER's paper on Charles Kingsley. After a brief sketch of Kingsley's life and character Mr. KAUNREUTHER passed on to his career as a novelist.

His first novel "Yeast" appeared monthly in *Fraser's Magazine*. In this book, bearing though it does the imprint of immaturity, Kingsley grappled with the great religious and social problems of the day, and laid down his grand principle that man's faith should be broad and liberal and show itself more in *action* than *argument*. This story of "Yeast" manifests the author's discontent with the existing relations between landlords and tenants. It teaches men and women to beware of particular philosophical or religious theories, to be reasonable in their opinions, and to act up to the same, and to refrain from doctoring themselves morally by giving way to the craze of the day. *Lancelot* is taught by the example of the brave Christian keeper *Tregarva* to see that philosophy is bootless and fruitless without religion. There is but little light and shade in the book, it is practically a succession of sermons which might have been delivered from the pulpit, neither does it end well as *Lancelot* is left a bachelor; however, it gives the impression that the author was a pessimist rather than an optimist because evil appears prominently throughout the story. Still "Yeast" should be read by all students of Kingsley as a key to his tales and more powerful works.—Mr. LAVINE here read from "Yeast" the account of a conversation at a dinner party given by Lord Minchampstead.

"Yeast" was followed in 1850 by "Alton Locke" which produced a much more marked impression. Carlyle describes it as possessing every-

where a *certain wild intensity*. Whilst directed against the upper classes there is nothing rabidly Socialistic in it. Indeed violence is denounced throughout as the greatest of crimes. As we read the story of the life of the socialist *Alton Locke* we enter into and sympathise with the wants and woes of our poorer brethren and feel how much injustice there is in the world. The scene of the trial and the imprisonment of *Alton* is characterised by the *wild intensity* of which Carlyle spoke.—Mr. JORDAN then read this passage in his usual good style.—This work was very much criticised but it did a great work by directing attention to great wrongs and hidden misery at a time when Socialism was exceedingly unpopular owing to the Chartist riots. The language of "*Alton Locke*" is more forcible and flowing than that of "*Yeast*," and a good specimen of its rare bits of humour is found in the account of *Alton Locke's* first entry into a fashionable house and his contempt thereof.—Miss SMITHSON gave this passage as a reading.

In 1853 Kingsley published "*Hypatia*," undoubtedly his highest work of art, and which cost him more labour than all his other works. It was, however, a work of enthusiasm and well suited to his genius. It is realistic, yet the realism is of a high order, refined and dignified, and never descending to coarseness. Of course it was attacked on the score of its realism, yet it remained popular with the nation at large. "*Hypatia*" unfolds truthfully the corrupt Alexandrian life of the fifth and sixth centuries, at the period of transition from Heathendom to Christianity, and sheds light on a little-known chapter of the world's history. At the time of which the novel treats the Pagan philosophy of the old Greek school was making its last stand against the great onrushing tide of Christianity, and in the character of *Hypatia*, the woman philosopher, Kingsley gives us the noblest type that Greek civilization and philosophy could produce. Miss SOUTHWALL here read a portion which was a veritable panegyric of Pantheism, and showed the immense amount of study required to produce such a work. Our sympathies are aroused for the brave *Hypatia* who dies at the hands of her Christian foes, a martyr indeed, but her greatest blow was to hear from the lips of her Jewish proselyte, *Raphael Aben-Ezra*, of his conversion to the new and hated faith. This man, Jew, stoic, sceptic, and Christian at last, is a masterful character moulded with studious elaboration. Old *Miriam* plays the part of woman-villain of the piece. It is interesting to learn that Mr. John Ruskin says about "*Hypatia*": "The story is the most ghastly in the Christian tradition, and should for ever have been left in silence." As an instance of a descriptive passage Miss SMITHSON read the description of day-break in the desert.

Two years after "*Hypatia*," "*Westward Ho!*" which is undoubtedly the most popular and best known of Kingsley's novels, was published. It is intensely patriotic, and thus appeals to all classes of Englishmen. It is a prose epic of an all-important period in English History, yet somewhat narrow in judgment. Its descriptive sketches are most powerful, such as the description of Bideford which was admirably rendered by Mr. JORDAN.

In 1857 was published "*Two Years Ago*," which is, in a word, the "apotheosis of work." In this work there are a larger number of characters than is usual in a novel, and plots lie within plot. It betrays a maturer knowledge than "*Yeast*" or "*Alton Locke*," and probes society to the bottom, pointing out its responsibilities and duties. Its leading character,

*Tom Thurnall*, is the personification of indomitable, dogged pluck. When converted at the end of the chapter he is transformed to what may have been Kingsley's ideal of a man: honest, unflinching in the performance of the hardest duties, shirking no trouble or danger. Of *Tom, Elsley Vavasour* is the direct opposite. — Mr. IRVINE then read an account of *Vavasour's* memorable midnight scramble. *Grave Harvey* and *Mayor Campbell* are two fine types of feminine and masculine virtue respectively. Mention should be made of Kingsley's excellent and life-like rendering of the language and habits of the Devon fisherfolk, admirably illustrated by the reading given by Miss SOUTHALL. Kingsley's style is flowing and clear and free from mannerisms of any kind. His language is rich and effective, and always to the point. In the midst of dialogue and description he frequently breaks out into English heroics. Bustle is one of the chief characteristics of his novels; the dialogues are full of animation and embrace the most varied topics. Love of nature glows through his works. His teaching was that life should be spent not in dreaming but in work, and that no work brings true satisfaction without religion. His sentiments and sympathies are English to the core. We have to value his novels in spite of defects, because they abound throughout in lofty principle and kindly sympathy for the meanest and most wretched of the human race.

*May 18th.*—Debate: "That the punishment of crime is irrational."

Mr. TARN opened in the affirmative. He remarked that the tendency to punish crime was becoming daily less, and that crime was most rampant where punishment was most severe. Wrong-doing of all kinds was the result of moral disease, and of this disease there were two main sources. First, heredity; secondly, the circumstances forced on individuals by their social surroundings. Errors arising from the former source should not be punished but eradicated by kindly and humane influences. The second source could be checked by a change in our social system. The State should not interfere to punish wrong-doing because punishment on its part was obviously partial and therefore evil in its tendency. This condition of the State was owing to its division into two antagonistic and opposing parties. Great causes of crime were abuse of social power, degradation of honest labour, gambling in the commercial world, over-crowding in small houses, due to the avarice of landlord class. Therefore, man was not responsible for his wrong doings and must not be punished for them.

Miss CHARLES then spoke in the negative. She argued that punishment produced a very wholesome effect on the wrong-doer and acted as a deterrent from future crime, for the fear of it would help the criminal to resist temptation. It was not irrational even to punish a man for what he could not help, if by that means alone he might be made to help it. So long as sin existed and the tendency to sin, punishment was rational as a deterrent, and for the protection of others. External circumstances had a great effect, but their influence might be exaggerated; sin abounded both in the upper and middle classes, though the lower classes, which were constantly increased by those who sink through crime, had the greatest temptations. Crime existed in every country and under every form of constitution, and everywhere punishment was the most powerful deterrent.

Mr. LARNER thought that the death penalty ought to be more frequently inflicted, and that the law of the greatest good to the greatest number demanded punishment of crime. Just as certain physical diseases demand the

knife, so did certain moral diseases demand elimination by capital punishment. A great need was a Criminal Court of Appeal.

Mr. BROWETT said that having strong Socialistic tendencies, he would on those very grounds demand decisive punishment for crime as likely to do most good to the community at large. There ought to be gradation in punishment, and hardened criminals ought to be treated quite differently from beginners in crime. One ought to try and stamp out crime just as one does the rinderpest.

Miss ELLERMAN deprecated extreme punishment, as she thought that no criminal was too bad to be restored by kindly influences and wholesome teaching.

Professor ALLEN thought that crime should be treated as a physical disease, and be eliminated accordingly. He would introduce capital punishment for burglary.

Mr. BAYLIS said that he could not agree with the cheap view of human life enunciated by some of the speakers. He would abolish the life penalty, and though he agreed with punishment for crime, yet would vote in the affirmative to express his sense that Mr. Tarn's idea was more humane than that of the opposition.

Mr. TARN replied, and summed up by saying that prevention was better than cure, and it was the duty of the State to prevent crime by removing the causes of it, and not to punish it in a partial manner, which would tend to increase it. The negative was carried by an overwhelming majority.

*Friday, June 1st.*—BUSINESS MEETING.—Present, fifty-four members and friends.

Mr. WARD moved, and Mr. HAINES seconded an alteration in Bye-law 1, so that it should read, "The openers shall be allowed twenty-five minutes, the seconds fifteen minutes."

Mr. STERN proposed, and Mr. HOOSON seconded, that the time be twenty minutes for each opener and ten for each seconder. After some discussion Mr. Stern's amendment was carried as a substantive resolution.

Mr. C. F. M. WARD then moved, and Mr. LEDSAM seconded, that at the annual election of the committee only those members of the retiring committee who had made a three-fourth's attendance be eligible for re-election. An amendment was moved and seconded that one-half be substituted for three-fourths, and this was carried as a substantive resolution.

The CHAIRMAN moved, on behalf of the committee, Mr. F. R. HOWARD seconded, and it was carried *nem. con.*, that Bye-law 6 be rescinded.

Mr. C. F. M. WARD moved, and Mr. STERN seconded, "That the Dramatic Performance be arranged for by the Union Committee, and by a Stage Manager and Secretary whom they shall elect, and who shall be members of the committee for the time being." After some discussion an amendment was moved by Mr. BAYLIS, seconded by Mrs. SONNENSCHNAIN, and eventually carried, but not as a substantive resolution, "That the Secretaries be *ex-officio* members of all sub-committees."

Mr. F. R. HOWARD and Mr. W. R. JORDAN enlivened the proceedings, at the conclusion of the business, the former by a reading, the latter by a recitation.

The meeting then dissolved.

*Monday, June 18th.*—A meeting of the Union was held in the Chemistry Theatre to hear Mr. STERN's paper on the "Forest of Arden." The

paper was given by Mr. Stern, B.Sc., with the idea of arousing some little enthusiasm in his hearers about Warwickshire and its scenery. The members of the Union by means of a *map* kindly presented to each of them were enabled to follow Mr. Stern in his rambles, and to get a more connected idea of the various localities. One special feature of the paper was its illustrations by beautiful photographic slides prepared by Mr. Stern himself at no little cost and labour, which were greatly appreciated by those present. The Forest of Arden, Mr. Stern remarked, never existed perhaps as an independent forest, like the New Forest for instance or Epping Forest, but was simply the woodland portion of Warwickshire divided from the field portion by the River Avon. It was perhaps the largest of such woodlands in England, at one time extending from the Avon to the Trent on the North and to the Severn on the West, and bounded on the East by an imaginary line drawn from the High Cross to Burton-on-Trent. The Romans seem to have visited the forest, which was inhabited by a warlike tribe, the Ceangi. In Saxon times the kings of Mercia seemed to have had castles there, but from that time to the Wars of the Roses we hear very little of Arden. It is interesting, however, to note that there was an old county family bearing the name of Arden, one of whom was Mary Arden, the mother of Shakespeare. Warwickshire scenery is characterised by its quiet rural beauty, beautifully described by George Eliot in "Middlemarch." One prominent feature of the country is that the hedges are full of trees which assist in no small way in beautifying the scenery. The wild flowers too are very numerous and varied so that the spot has been well called the garden of England. MR. STERN then gave in detail an account of the chief places of interest in this district, which account was rendered extremely interesting by the photographic views.

At the conclusion of the paper Mr. TURNER moved a vote of thanks to Mr. STERN, and in doing so alluded to Mr. Stern's approaching departure from Birmingham, and added the hope that the Union might still retain him as a member.

Miss N. MARRIS seconded the vote of thanks, which was unanimously carried. Mr. STERN replied that the excursions had given him much pleasure and gave his parting advice to the Union to cultivate enthusiasm.

[Mr. STERN wishes through our pages to express his acknowledgment of the kind assistance which Dr. NICOL rendered during the course of the evening at the lantern, and of Dr. TILDEN's kindness in lending the lecture-theatre and lantern. Ed.]

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### POESY CLUB.

*May 8th.*—Symposium, "That parody is a legitimate form of poetical composition.

Mr. WALTER R. JORDAN, M.B., opened in the affirmative with a concise and logical paper, in which, after claiming that our idea of parody must be based on the consideration of good specimens, he argued that the framers of the resolution had intended the emphasis to be laid on the word "legitimate," and meant by "poetical composition" little more than verse

composition. He could not admit as fatal to the proposition allegations that certain parodies have this or that bad quality unless these qualities were common to every parody, and essential to its spirit. Parody was legitimate, because while answering a definite and worthy purpose—intellectual amusement—it neither injured nor destroyed anything men properly prize. He did not admit that parodies could injure our minds; to excite laughter by a perversion of a poem was not to ridicule that poem; the idea of parody was simply to excite amusement by showing the result of changing some words or thoughts in a poem.

Miss PEMBERTON complained of the moderate ground taken by Mr. Jordan with regard to the meaning of "poetical composition," which rendered her task more difficult. She admitted the legitimacy of one of the two classes into which she divided parodies. Intellectual amusement was a worthy object only as long as it did not injure truth, artistic beauty, man's inner sensibilities, the soul; parody, she believed, did injure one or other of these. She failed to see the distinction between "ridiculing a poem" and "exciting laughter by the perversion of a poem." She regarded parody as illegitimate, as tending to corrupt the taste and pervert artistic truth.

Miss THOMSON, in the course of a paper, relieved by numerous well-chosen poetical quotations, did little more than amplify Mr. Jordan's views. She expanded the distinction which Miss Pemberton had failed to see, and pointed out the necessity for satirizing a bad book or poem in order to prevent imitation.

Mr. REYNOLDS, on the negative, admitted that there were many good parodies, which afforded genuine amusement without injuring the original; but believed parodies to be in general instigated by a mischievous and sometimes even immoral spirit. He regarded the spirit of parody—seeking amusement in things of an opposite nature—as illegitimate; but as he somewhat jesuitically believed in the advisability of employing illegitimate things under special circumstances, he admitted the advisability of employing parody as a means of exposing error and inconsistencies, with a view to improving them. On the whole, as a parody created amusement at the expense of the original, it must be regarded as a form which was sometimes admissible, like many other illegitimate things in the world, but which, for the sake of the poetry of the nation, ought not to be encouraged.

As no one wished to enter into the discussion, the Chairman, Professor ARBER, after a few words, called upon Mr. JORDAN to reply.

*Tuesday, June 12th.*—Professor ARBER commenced proceedings by reading the following letter from Mrs. Matthew Arnold, addressed to Miss Edwards (the Secretary):—

Pains Hill Cottage, Cobham, Surrey, June 7th, 1888.

Dear Madam,—Will you and Mr. Ledsam accept my best thanks for your letter enclosing the resolution of condolence (passed by the members of your College Society) for me in my great and irreparable loss?

I am deeply touched by your true appreciation of my beloved husband's great gifts, and that you feel his poetry will live for generations yet to come. In my great and lasting sorrow it is gratifying to know that his work has not been in vain, and that you and your fellow-members have studied his poems

with interest and profit to yourselves ; and I like to feel that his name and memory will be cherished by you and your College Society, of which he was an honorary member.—With renewed thanks I am, dear Madam,

Yours very truly and gratefully,

FRANCES L. ARNOLD.

It was then proposed by Professor ARBER, seconded by Mr. LARNER, and carried unanimously, that Mr. Lewis Morris be elected an honorary member of the Club.—Mr. LARNER then asked permission to move a vote of thanks to Professors Arber, Sonnenschein, and Allen, and to the Secretaries of the Club for their able and successful management of the expedition to Oxford, which took place on Saturday, June 2nd.—This was carried unanimously.

Mr. KINETON PARKES then read a paper on "The Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century." The three greatest writers of poetic drama in this century he considered to be Browning, Shelley, and Sir Henry Taylor, of whom Browning was actually the greatest, though Shelley was potentially greater, and he supported this contention by a review of Shelley's play "The Cenci." Sir Henry Taylor's merits were too often overlooked, but no one who read his plays "Philip Van Artevelde," and "A Sicilian Summer," could fail to perceive them. In a second class he would place Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne. Tennyson's dramatic work was superior to most of his lyrical poetry. Swinburne's was "most astonishing" mainly by reason of its enormous length. Mr. Parkes also made mention of Lord Lytton, Dr. Westland Marston, Judge Talfourd, Mary Russell Mitford, Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, and Tom Taylor. He concluded a very interesting and exhaustive paper by the final judgment that the poetic spirit of the nineteenth century was in its essence not dramatic but lyrical.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed on the proposition of Mr. NICHOLAS, seconded by Miss SOUTHALL.

### COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*Wednesday, June 15th.*—Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Fifteen members present. Mr. WARMINGTON read a paper on the "Recovery of Sulphur from Alkali Waste," describing first the different methods which have been tried to utilise the waste products which consist chiefly of calcium sulphide. He then gave an account of the process lately invented by Messrs. CHANCE BROTHERS, of Oldbury, by which, practically the whole of the sulphur could be recovered from the waste at a very small cost. The paper was made doubly interesting by the fact that Messrs. CHANCE had invited the Professor and students to see the process in operation. Dr. TILDEN considered CHANCE's process a chemical triumph as well as a commercial success, and congratulated the manufacturers of Birmingham and the District on another addition to the already numerous and valuable discoveries which had from time to time been made by them. He thought that Mr. WARMINGTON had made the process very clear, and hoped the paper would be beneficial to those who joined the excursion to the works at Oldbury. After a few remarks from Mr. LIVERSEGE the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to Mr. WARMINGTON.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*Thursday, May 10th.*—Mr. HOUTSMAN in the chair. Mr. A. J. MAYNE read an interesting paper on the new dynamo in the Physics Laboratory, in which he clearly described the machine in question



pointing out its peculiar advantages. The paper was followed by a discussion in which the CHAIRMAN and Mr. MORGAN took part.

Mr. N. CHAMBELAIN then gave a short paper describing "Hopkinson's Electrical Meter," explaining both its theory and mode of action. A vote of thanks of the Society was passed to the readers of both papers.

*Friday, June 14th.*—The PRESIDENT in the chair. Miss K. M. DEANE read an historical paper on "The School of Science at Alexandria," in the course of which she investigated some of the erroneous theories held by those ancient philosophers. Professor POYNTING then gave his paper on "An elementary method of treating some problems in diffraction." This paper was illustrated by some paper diagrams, which rendered the explanation of many problems much simpler. This was followed by experiments illustrating some phenomena in diffraction.

### MESMERISM.\*

Dr. Barwise has re-written in popular language the paper on Mesmerism he read before the Queen's College Medical Society. The result appears in the pamphlet now before us, which is both interesting and well-written; we regret that we have not space at our disposal to notice it in detail. Dr. Barwise is to be congratulated especially on the amount of original research on his part to which the pamphlet bears evidence, and also on his courage in attempting the scientific study of a subject which sorely needs such study, but which has, ere now, brought misfortune on those who have identified themselves with its investigation. Calm unprejudiced inquiry into the mass of phenomena grouped together under the name "Mesmerism" is much to be desired, and we rejoice to see the subject taken up in such a spirit by the younger members of the medical profession.

The pamphlet opens with a short historical review of the subject and then passes on to notice the conditions necessary for the induction of the hypnotic state and the method of inducing it. The hypnotic state is then described, and theories as to its causation alluded to, after which the symptoms and physical signs of hypnosis are examined in detail. The author next discusses the interesting questions of suggestion and imitation, this leading directly to hypnosis as a therapeutic agent. Dr. Barwise believes that the possibilities of hypnotism in the treatment of epilepsy are very great. It may also be used as an anæsthetic, and in hypochondriasis. The author also seems to think that it may be useful in the treatment of moral disorders. He says "I have employed hypnotism myself in the treatment of sick-headache, hysteria, functional paralysis, neuralgia, and neurasthenia with good effect. I have tried it, too, in chorea, but have seen no benefit from it." Before concluding Dr. Barwise glances at the dangers connected with hypnotism. He thinks it should be made illegal for anyone to hypnotise who does not possess a medical qualification. To all who wish to gain some introductory knowledge concerning hypnotism we can recommend this pamphlet.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We have to thank the *Owen's College Magazine* for the acceptance of the explanation in our March number. Their last number opens well with an

\* Mesmerism (Hypnotism : Its Possibilities, its Uses and Abuses, by SIDNEY BARWISE, M.B. (Lond.) Birmingham CORNISH BROTHERS, New Street; HUDSON & SON, Edmund Street.

article on "The Spasmodic Poets," by James Tait, M.A. Under this title the works of Bailey—the author of "Festus"—Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell, Gerald Massey, and their followers are treated of in a very interesting manner, and with much justice. The author includes, too, an account of Professor Aytoun's burlesque "Firmilian," which ruined the spasmodic school in the eyes of the public. A paper, entitled "The Author of Absolutism in Politics," deals with Hobbes, about whom we imagine any information is news to the majority of readers. Besides the verse, for which we do not care much, the rest of the number consists of College news.

*The Pioneer* for April is good, as usual. The first subject discussed is that of prize-giving in schools, against which practice some weighty arguments are adduced. We cannot ourselves, however, regard the practice as so unhealthy as the writer of this article would have us believe. Other articles bear the titles "Work *versus* Waste" and "Co-operative Production" respectively,, while the more literary minded will be interested in "Shelley, as a self-revealing poet," and "The Open Road," which latter deals with Walt Whitman.

*The Reptonian* and the *King Edward's School Chronicle* are both intensely athletic, cricket and sports leaving little room for other matters.

*The Marlburian* is again a good number. It opens with a really well-written paper entitled "A London Street," which is followed by two others, by no means bad, called respectively "Dreams" and "Letters from Hades," the latter article is of a totally different nature from the "Letters from Hell" which George Macdonald introduced to us a few years ago.

*The School Magazine* (Uppingham) is very scrappy. "Iwyddfa" is fair as a descriptive article, but too slender to form the backbone of a magazine issuing from so renowned a school as Uppingham. There are besides this a couple of translations of average merit and little else. The "English Hexameters" given as a translation of "Pugna præmio" are painful, very painful.

Two numbers of the *University College of Wales Magazine* continue the series of interesting and instructive articles, and the careful record of College doings, for which we are accustomed to look in this journal. "Guy of Warwick" would be interesting to students of our own college. "Classical Scholars" is very good reading.

### TENNIS CLUB.

The following matches have been played :—

*Beaufort* (men).

Charles .....	}	beat	{ Milligan .....	}	(6-3) (6-2)
Clayton .....			{ Bellis .....		
Charles .....	}	beat	{ Peacock .....	}	(6-4) (6-3)
Clayton .....			{ Edwards .....		
Jordan .....	}	beat	{ Peacock .....	}	(6-1) (6-1)
J. F. Jordan .....			{ Edwards .....		
Jordan .....	}	beat	{ Milligan .....	}	(6-4) (7-6)
J. F. Jordan .....			{ Bellis .....		

This resulted in a victory to Mason's of 8 sets to love.

*Beaufort (mixed).*

Charles .....	} were beaten by {	Weller.....	(4-6) (6-5)
Miss Rainafor.....		Miss E. Goodman }	(4-6)
Charles .....	} were beaten by {	Bevin .....	(0-6) (5-6)
Miss Rainafor.....		Miss Goodman ... }	
Jordan .....	} were beaten by {	C. Weller .....	(5-6) (5-6)
Miss Albright ..		Miss E. Goodman }	
Jordan ..	} beat	Bevin .....	(6-4) (6-2)
Miss Albright .....		Miss Goodman ... }	

This resulted in a victory to the Beaufort of 6 sets to 3.

*Harborne.*

Clayton .....	} were beaten by {	Roberts .....	(2-6) (6-2)
Miss Charles .....		Miss Bennett..... }	(1-6)
Clayton .....	} beat	Dr. Winn .....	(6-5) (6-4)
Miss Charles.....		Miss Roberts .....	
Jordan .....	} were beaten by {	Dr. Winn .....	(5-6) (6-4)
Miss Albright .....		Miss Roberts ..	(1-6)
Jordan .....	} beat	Roberts .....	(6-4) (2-6)
Miss Albright .....		Miss Bennett..... }	(6-4)

This resulted in a victory to Mason's by 6 sets to 5.

*Moseley.*

Jordan .....	} beat	Cox .....	(6-2) (6-2)
J. F. Jordan .....		Rogers.....	
Jordan .....	} beat	Smith .....	(6-4) (8-6)
J. F. Jordan .....		Bewlay .....	
Substitute and Charles	} were beaten by {	Smith .....	(4-6) (6-8)
Clayton .....		Bewlay .....	
Charles .....	} beat	Cox .....	(6-1) (6-3)
Clayton.....		Rogers.....	

The King's Norton and Priory matches were prevented by wet weather.

*COLLEGE NOTES.*

Mr. KELLETT, a former student at the College, has obtained a first class in the second part of the Natural Science Tripos at Cambridge, his subject being Zoology.

Mr. BERNARD BADGER, a former student at the College, has obtained a first class in the final schools of Natural Science at Oxford.

The next number of the Magazine will be issued early in October.

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*Birmingham Daily Post, December 1st, 1887.*

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*Birmingham Daily Gazette, December 6th, 1887.*

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THE

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CONDUCTED BY



THE STUDENTS.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

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*(Conducted by Students of Mason College, Birmingham.)*

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## CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER 12.—Monday—Biological Association.

" 13.—Tuesday—Poetry Club.

" 19.—Monday—Botanical Society.

" 23.—Friday—Students' Union.

" 29.—Wednesday—Physical Society.

DECEMBER 3.—Monday—Zoo-Physiological Society.

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## SKETCHES FROM OUR VILLAGE.

QUINEBANG is a little New England village "way up in Connettycut," a part of the world where we find a strange medley of names, Indian, American, and English; from "ye ancient citie of Canterbury" it is but a step to "Wauregan," and the nearest town is the modern-sounding "Danielsonville."

The nucleus of our village is a good old-fashioned "green," round which clusters a surprising number of churches, Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, and Unitarian. A little farther down the street stands the post office, the real centre of life and interest during six days of the week. No such institution as a postman is known or desired, and 8 a.m. sees regularly a crowd of worthy townfolk, smoking, chatting, and waiting for their mail. There is no hurry here, and if the mail-cart arrives half-an-hour late "because the going is so awful bad to-day," well, there is all the more time to discuss the state of creation. A motley crowd, including a well-appointed buggy, with a handsome team of black horses; the editor of the local paper, with his hands in his pockets and his ears open for all scraps of news; the parson's son, home from college, with an imposing eye-glass; various well-to-do, rugged old farmers, whose time hangs somewhat heavily at this season; Irish labourers; gentlemen of colour—it is not etiquette to speak of "niggers" in this free country—clad in striking costumes of blue-and-white checked canvas; and not a few small boys, furnished



with the high rubber boots *de rigueur* for all the sterner sex, and tin dinner-pails, ready for school.

A stone-house is in these parts a rarity, everything from the Town Hall downwards being built of wood, and generally with a shingled roof. Usually the quaint, two-storeyed dwellings are painted white, with green Venetian shutters; here and there a more ambitious building rejoices in gables and a colouring of "yaller-green," with maroon shutters; now and again a brown house nestles cosily under the branches of a great elm. Two principal roads, at right angles, intersect the village, which straggles in all directions. At the cross-roads, by the green, stand the two "stores," where everything is to be purchased, from needles to molasses. One of these institutions boasts a piazza and two long steps, from which the weary are warned by a placard: "Gentlemen will not, *others must not* sit on these steps." The proprietor seems to be more hospitable than he would have us imagine, for clustered round the stove inside the store there is to be found a group of the most ragged, unwashed, and "tobacco-y" sons of toil, occupied apparently in keeping warm, and in "passing the time of day."

Leaving the haunts of men, it is but a few yards to the open country. Hedges are nowhere to be seen, the "lots" being divided occasionally by railings, but principally by stone walls. The roads are at this season more easy to imagine than describe; never mended with stones, but only with "dirt," the mud after the hard frosts is a foot deep, except in places where a "wash-out" has left boulders and deep holes. The grass is still brown as biscuit, the monotony of tint being relieved by green pine woods, and the varied colours of the still leafless trees. Silver-stemmed birch crowned with a haze of bare twigs, shaded richly as an Orleans plum; oak, with leaves still clinging, and bleached a pale straw-colour, or dyed in every tint of brown, till almost purple; willow withes dipped in carmine, or glowing with gold, and "pussey willow" breaking into gleaming tufts of silver-grey. A few early butterflies rise in front of us as we pass; now and again a flash of brilliant colour betrays the lovely "blue bird," while the robin here is big as a blackbird and has a bill as yellow, with a corresponding large expanse of red upon his breast. Blue jays in a neighbouring spinney announce their presence by their curious screaming, while a rattling sound indicates the red-headed wood-pecker, a little black and white bird, darting up the trunk of a maple.

Farm-houses, shaded by trees, stand every half mile or so along

the road ; we miss the warm look of English red brick, thatched roofs, and ivy covered walls, but these stiff white homesteads, with their uncompromising angles, have a character of their own, that accords well enough with this stony New England country. Ox teams, drawing heavy loads of timber, crawl creaking and groaning along the roads, the well-fed beasts, with their great patient eyes and wooden yokes, strangely recalling pictures of Oriental life.

Turning off the high-road through the pine woods, we crept along a road so narrow that the twigs brushed the wagon on either side ; long fronds of last year's fern trailed on the banks, beaten down by heavy snows ; winter-green, ground-pine, and mountain-laurel showed rare gleams of green upon the brown carpet of fallen leaves and pine needles. The road opened out near a wooded dell known as the Dingle, now half-filled with water, and a tumble-down, unkempt-looking farmhouse stood near by.

"This is the residence of 'our poet,' Mr. Francis Graves ; let's see if the old fellow will come out." We had scarcely stopped before the door opened and a queer shambling figure hurried towards us ; a man between fifty and sixty years of age, with a grizzled yellow beard, blue eyes that squinted fearfully, and an aquiline nose. He wore a picturesque old suit of blue canvas, and a most ragged cap. The situation was evidently not new to him.

"Good-day, Mr. Graves ; there's an English lady here who would like to hear something of yours."

"Like to hear me speak some poetry ? I can give you 'Putnam's Gone'—that takes about eight minutes—or I've made a new piece, 'The Soldier's Last Farewell,' which is shorter," he responded promptly.

"Wait while we draw out of the wind, and then we'll have 'Putnam's Gone.'"

"I think 'The Soldier's Last Farewell' is particular delicate, as it is the brave soldiers of Quinebang who are meant and described in it ; but Putnam lived just here, too."

He cleared his throat vigorously for some minutes while we took up a sheltered position, and then began : "I don't know how the English'll like this, but they must take it from us Yankees."

PUTNAM'S GONE, by *Francis Graves*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then for the space of eight minutes there flowed from his lips in a steady strain an epic of the Revolutionary war. Putnam, the

hero, was born and bred and followed the plough in these peaceful vales. Thence he was summoned to head the American troops, and he succeeded in breaking in pieces the oppressor. At length—

"Beneath this granite monument  
His bones in peace do lie."

—["I wrote it 'marble' first," explained the bard, "but as it was really granite, I thought I'd better say granite."]

His elocution was accompanied by appropriate gestures, and characterised by a funny little lisp. We sat in silence, the occasional crackling of a twig or movement of the horses being the only sound that broke the stillness amid which his accents fell. It was strangely suggestive of the White Knight and his dreamy, soulful recitation of the ballad of "The Aged Aged Man," and then, too, it was "all his own invention."

Another day he gave us "The Soldier's Last Farewell," a less spirited and rather mawkish production, but delivered with a sincerity that lent a certain dignity to the uneven lines.

In his younger days, this "mute inglorious Milton" wrote a book, which, however, never got beyond M.S. He called it "A Guide to Morality, a Book for the Young." The gem of the collection was perhaps the following:—

"The Rich Man died. With gold in hand  
"He at the heavenly gate did stand.  
"The Angel said 'You can't come in,  
"Through this bright gate your gold to bring.'  
"But Mercy called to the Powers on high,  
"To run him through the needle's eye.  
"And Love her silver trumpet blew  
"As the Rich Man's little soul went 'through.'"

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### HERB OF GRACE.

"There's rue for you; and here's some for me. We may call it Herb of Grace on Sundays."—*Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene I.

Returning at the close of day,  
Homeward from work I came;  
A traveller joined me by the way,  
"Now friend, what is thy name?"

A basket on his arm he bore,  
And peace was on his face;  
"And what, my friend, hast thou in store?"  
He answered, "Herb of Grace."

"And tell me what is that, I pray!"

He gave me some to taste ;

But straight I cast it by the way,

And wrathfully, in haste,

I turned me round upon the place,

And cried, "What wilt thou do?"

"Behold, I asked for herb of grace,

"And thou hast given me rue!"

"You asked for herb of grace," he said,

"Have I not given it you?"

"He only gaineth grace," he said,

"Who first hath tasted rue."

The traveller vanished as he came,

I turned my footsteps thence ;

But ere he went he told his name,

——'Twas old Experience.

C.

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### BAILEY'S "FESTUS."

(FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MASON COLLEGE  
POESY CLUB.)

Not long ago a friend remarked to me, "How strange it is that Bailey's *Festus* should be already forgotten." To whom I replied, "Don't say *forgotten* ; it is not forgotten, only out of fashion. At present fashion is held by *She*, and *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* ; and, if there be any room left for a fashion in poetry, it is for that kind whose beauties require organized research for their discovery."

No, I could almost as soon believe that *Romeo and Juliet* could be forgotten. *Festus* is one of the poems of our language, and will be as good a thousand years hence as it is to-day. It is true that there is not now that rage for the poem that there was forty years ago : nevertheless it is still read constantly by most true lovers of English poetry. This is evident from the number of new editions which have appeared ; and, since the book seldom finds its way into a second-hand book stall, it seems that those who once own a copy are not willing to part with it. Moreover, a number of aphorisms from *Festus* have become common literary property ; so much that in reading the poem one is inclined to remark, as has

been remarked of Shakespeare, that Bailey "uses too many quotations." Such aphorisms are the following:—

Manner 's a great matter.

It matters not how long we live, but how.

Life is the one great truth, the fiction death.

I rather love

A splendid failing than a petty good.

The golden side of Heaven's great shield is faith ;

The silver, reason.

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which

Men are and ought to be accountable.

The reasons why it is not read by common readers are not far to seek. They are, I think, (1) the name *Festus*, which suggests a didactic poem with a subject taken from the Acts of the Apostles ; and (2) the great amount of extraneous matter which burdens the work, and which a judicious author would have cut out.

My object in this paper is only to introduce the poem to your notice. There is no occasion for me to criticize it ; the criticism has already been done over and over again, and by the most eminent critics, and I need only quote their words when required.

The author, Philip James Bailey, was born at Nottingham in 1816, was educated for the legal profession, and called to the bar. His first work, *Festus*, was mostly written before he had finished his twentieth year, and was published when he was twenty-four—that is, in 1839. He brought out another remarkable poem, *The Angel World*, in 1850. His third poem, *The Mystic*, published in 1855, was a failure ; and after this he only produced some miserable verses in a would-be satirical vein, which all his admirers must wish to see entirely forgotten. The poet is still living, but has long ceased to write anything of consequence.

While we are amazed at the precocity of his genius, which is only approached by that of Chatterton, we cannot but wonder that it should so soon have died out. We must suppose that when he entered upon the real business of life, the growth of his higher nature was choked by the thorns of daily life, which he calls—

\* \* the ceaseless, changeless, hopeless, round,

Of weariness, and heartlessness, and woe,

And vice, and vanity !

and really I can scarcely conceive a kind of life less conducive to poetry than that of a barrister. And moreover, it has often happened that genius which matures too soon also fades too soon.

In certain instances, among musicians especially, not only the genius, but also the whole constitution, has died of mere exhaustion: this seems to have been the case with Purcell, Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn.

One symptom of Bailey's failing genius was his insatiable desire to add to his *Festus*. In each successive edition, he inserted fresh matter, and contrived somehow to introduce all his later poems as *episodes* in *Festus*. The result of this has been to extend the book to a bulk which is almost stupendous. Now the first edition, since the poem was an immature work, contained much that required extirpation; and while we thank him for many choice passages inserted in later editions, we can only regard it as a sign of great lack of self-criticism that he should go on overloading a poem whose most pressing need was excision. Bailey's best friend will be the man who some day publishes a carefully abridged edition of *Festus*, retaining all the finest passages without alteration, and indicating in every case where excisions have been made.

Bailey's relationship to the other poets is worthy of consideration. Like Tennyson and Longfellow, he owes something to Keats and Shelley, to Milton and Goethe, but is not a follower of either. In fact, Bailey is considered to have founded a new school of poets; of whom one other member, Alexander Smith, achieved great things, and was a worthy follower of his leader. Two others, Sydney Dobell and Thomas Lovell Beddoes, also produced remarkable poems; which, however, are of less general interest than those of the former two. These poets were dubbed with the unkind sobriquet "The Spasmodic School." This name was intended to describe their proneness to outbursts of intense feeling, which is not essentially a fault. We might as well call Schubert and Chopin the spasmodic musicians because of similar traits in their music. It is far better to be a spasmodic than a paralytic poet. The name was meant to do injury when it was invented; but by this time the position of the poets is so well established that we may use it with no more fear of injury than in using the term *Gothic* architecture, originally applied only as a sobriquet.

The poem *Festus*, being the work of so young a man, is marked by many of the characteristics of youthful works. It is full of freshness and exuberance of spirits—"le feu de vingt ans," as the French have it; of the airiest flights of imagination, such as are unknown to riper years; and of dreams that could not possibly be realized. On the other hand, it has nearly every fault

of construction that can be imagined. It is in the form of a drama, but has no plot; the story seems, like that of *Hamlet*, to consist of nothing but a series of situations designed for the display of wit and wisdom. In Bailey's own words—

"It has a plan, but no plot. Life hath none."

The action of the drama is often mere nothing, everything seeming to occur haphazard; the poet jotting down his thoughts just as the inspiration took him, without pausing to consider or arrange, to alter or expunge. The dialogues, too, are often all one-sided, the secondary speakers only putting in remarks edgewise, as it were. Bailey's sense of rhythm is as perfect as can possibly be; and yet he often allowed himself to commit the grossest errors of rhythm, especially in the blank verse portions, some of which, like certain occasional pieces by poets laureate, may be described as stilted prose written in lines of approximately equal length. We too often find short lines, long lines, lines with cross accents, and indeed some lines with no scansion at all. A specially provoking fault of his consists in putting an unaccented word (as for instance an adjective) at the end of one line, and the principal word (as its noun) at the beginning of the next. He also uses many awkward words, some of them coined by himself; but he never shows the one fault which one would chiefly expect in a boy—namely, ignorance. His knowledge is most astonishing for its extent and accuracy, and even in the regions of science and philosophy his thoughts are remarkably mature. I must not leave the subject of the good and bad qualities of the poem without saying what is most important, and what cannot be said of all great poems—namely, that its morality is absolutely without a flaw.

Few poems, it is said, either in our own or in any other language, have produced so great a sensation on their first appearance as did *Festus*. Critics, favourable and unfavourable, lavished their words over it; and some of the favourable criticisms are expressed in terms which seem positively extravagant. If I quoted them here, they would raise your expectation in a way which would possibly lead to disappointment. I shall therefore only read two short and well-weighed criticisms, and then proceed to the poem itself. The first of these is from the *London Literary Gazette* of 1839: and runs thus—

"It is an extraordinary production, out-Heroding Kant in some of its philosophy, and out-Goething Goethe in the introduction of the three persons of the Trinity as interlocutors in its wild plot. Most objectionable as it is on this account, it yet contains

"so many exquisite passages of genuine poetry, that our admiration of the author's genius overpowers the feeling of mortification at its being misapplied, and meddling with such dangerous topics."

The second criticism is in "Moir's Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century," where we read:—

"As a poet in actual achievement, I have no hesitation in placing him (Bailey) far above either Browning or Stirling. His *Festus* is in many respects a very remarkable production,—remarkable alike for its poetic power and its utter neglect of all the requirements of poetic art. Yet with all these excesses and defects we are made to feel that *Festus* is the work of a poet. In the *Angel World* we have the youthful poet more sobered down; and the consequent result has been one not exactly to be wished—its beauties and its defects are alike less prominent."

We will now turn to the poem itself. The hero, *Festus*, is a young Englishman of the 19th century, and especially imbued with the spirit of his time. He is handsome and intellectual, and in his mental and spiritual organization he finds himself far above ordinary men. Like many young men of his stamp—and young women, too, for all I know—he is full of dreams and lofty expressions, finds the routine of life intolerably wearisome, and, in fact, may be said to live in a sphere of his own, into which the world in general could never penetrate. He has been in love, but his love has grown cold; and he thinks he can never love again, nor any more take interest in the joys of earth. He longs to solve the great problems of the universe; to know the cause and the object of existence, the reason of evil, and the nature of the unseen and intangible, especially the Deity.

It is not bliss I seek; I care not for it.

I am above the low delights of life.

The life I live is in a dark cold cavern,

Where I wander up and down, seeking for something

Which is to be—and must be—what, I know not.

In the midst of his perplexities and prayers the Evil One appears to him in a most attractive form—as a friend, a young, handsome and intellectual man like himself—and offers to grant him the fulfilment of all his desires. This offer is made by *Lucifer* without any concealment of his true nature and mission, and therefore *Festus* hesitates to accept it; but great temptations come in seductive forms, and so *Festus* finds himself a willing slave, for is he not face to face with the realization of the great desire of his soul? *Lucifer* promises to give him once more an interest in



life and all its pleasures—he is to love ten as others love but one ; but more and loftier than this, he promises him a knowledge of the whole universe, of the stars and suns, of heaven and hell, and of the deepest mysteries, even of God himself.

The first revelation which *Lucifer* gives to *Festus* is a view of the world from “an exceeding high mountain” at sunrise, where the beauty of the prospect begins to waken in him something of his former love of earth.

I'll woo thee, world, again,  
And revel in thy loveliness and love.  
And since we must part sometime, while I may,  
I'll quaff the nectar in thy flowers, and press  
The richest clusters of thy luscious fruit  
Into the cup of my desires.

The next scene is a country market-place, where *Festus* is disgusted with the sordid aims of the poor money-grubbers with which the scene is thronged, and he indulges in lofty thoughts as to the noble aims in life, from which I quote four lines only :—

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

In the midst of this scene, a funeral procession enters, which *Festus* discovers to be that of his former love, who has died broken-hearted because of his neglect. In his new state of mind he regards her death with nothing more than a respectful regret. *Lucifer* takes this opportunity to deliver to the crowd a very humorous sermon, whose teachings and warnings, as in too many sermons we hear, are couched in language specially designed to prevent their doing any good. In this sermon occurs the following strange saying :—

There is no past,  
And the future is the fiction of a fiction ;  
The present moment is eternity.

Next we are introduced to a love scene between *Festus* and his new love, *Clara*, to whom he declares

Thou art my first, last, only love ; nor shall  
Another ever tempt my heart.

His declaration is however soon belied, for we find him, as time goes on, paying his attentions with equal fervour to several others in succession.

From this love-scene we are suddenly transferred to a wild ride which *Lucifer* and *Festus* take on demon horses, flying over land

and sea, around the whole circumference of the earth in the space of one hour. Then we find the two contemplating the simple pleasures of a village feast. And so we see them visiting in succession the centre of the earth, a metropolis, the planet of love (that is, Venus), a charming garden party of young people, a churchyard, the outer realms of space, and heaven. Then again we are introduced to the garden scene, which is no conventional garden party, but an innocent moonlight revel among the trees and flowers, with dancing, singing, and ideal love-making. Here occur some of the most charming passages in the poem, especially a profusion of exquisite lyrics, of which I quote two of the shortest :—

Oh ! many a cloud hath lift its wing,  
And many a leaf hath clad the spring ;  
But there shall be thrice the leaf and cloud,  
And thrice shall the world have worn her shroud,  
Ere there 's any like thee,  
But where thou wilt be.

Oh ! many a storm hath drenched the sun,  
And many a stream to sea hath run ;  
But there shall be thrice the storm and stream,  
Ere there 's any like thee, but in angel's dream ;  
Or in look, or in love,  
But in heaven above.

A heart full of feeling, a cup full of wine,—  
Come—sip, love ; Come—sip, love ;  
There's nothing I need but that sweet lip of thine,—  
Thy lip, love ;—Thy lip, love.  
Thine eyes are like two romping stars,  
That look as they had drunk of wine ;  
And, flying from night's brow, had brought  
Their liquid love to thine.

It is not surprising if, with such a whirl of pleasure and novelty, *Festus* begins to get satiated. The poet's invention, too, seems exhausted ; for from this point the interest of the poem fails, and afterwards we find a number of dreary scenes, with fine passages at wider intervals than before. A few more songs occur, one of which is well worthy of quotation :—

Like an island in a river,  
Art thou, my love, to me ;  
And I journey by thee ever  
With a gentle ecstasie.  
I arise to fall before thee ;  
I come to kiss thy feet ;  
To adorn thee and adore thee,  
Mine only one ! my sweet !

And thy love hath power upon me,  
Like a dream upon a brain ;  
For the loveliness which won me,  
With the love, too, doth remain.  
And my life it beautifieth,  
Though my love be but a shade,  
Known of only ere it dieth,  
By the darkness it hath made.

*Lucifer* still continues to take *Festus* into outlandish places, such as the sun, hell, and heaven, the skies, and Hades. But *Festus* is not happy with all his new gifts. He discovers, as many have done before, and always will do, that the tree of knowledge is the tree of sorrow ; that he whose object is bliss must seek it in ignorance, for to such a one wisdom is folly. He cares no longer for life, but he has gained an insight into the higher aims of existence, which (if I rightly read the meaning of this diffuse part of the poem), he learns, are neither pleasure nor knowledge, nor any personal advantage, but simply to fill one's own little space and do one's own little work in the great design of the universe, without knowing either the reason or the result.

The name of the hero, *Festus*, was no doubt suggested by that of Goethe's *Faust*, and both these poems seem to have derived from the Book of Job the idea of a beneficent result brought to a man through a mission of evil sent, as it were, from heaven. Like the Book of Job, *Festus* opens with a scene in heaven, where *Lucifer* asks and receives permission to tempt his intended victim.

The eccentricity of the poem culminates in its terminating with a representation of the end of all things. The material universe is dissolved, and both the just and the unjust are received into glory. *Lucifer* alone remains ; but in a fine poetical passage he also is represented as being forgiven—the first to fall and the last to be restored. All created beings, having played their part, are united in the Diety, and God alone remains.

Bailey thus teaches a form of pantheism. He imagined the whole universe a mere emanation from the Creator, which having performed its duty will sink back into the Creator, so that the end will be as the beginning. On the philosophy of this I am not prepared to speak. I will only say of the poem that its inspired passages are such, that I sometimes fancy that all other poetry is prose by comparison. This may be partly because they often express very exactly my own thoughts and feelings ; but I am not alone in this respect : several excellent judges of poetry maintain that *Festus* contains many passages whose beauty has never

been exceeded. On the other hand, I freely confess that for poor trash I know no greater fiend than this same *Festus*, especially in the later editions; and at times I could exclaim, "Balderdash, thy name is Bailey!" However, there is no need to read the trash: a poem of the extent and construction of *Festus* may be cut and sifted from its faults, and be little worse for the process. The songs in *Festus* are to my mind the finest in our language. In rhythm they are more musical than even Tennyson's. They are rich with sentiment and felicitous in expression, and have an ecstasy which I have not yet found in the songs of any language.

The poem is an excellent one for desultory reading. If one has but five minutes' leisure, it is only necessary to turn over a few leaves of *Festus* in order to find something worth an hour of reading in some more fashionable poets. And I would say to all who are young, "Read the poem now. It was written by a young man, and appeals especially to youth. You will never in the future be able to enter into its spirit as you can at present, but, if you once take to reading it, the book will become to some of you a life-long companion."

F. J. ALLEN.

### THE UNION.

June 29th.—Mr. NEAL in the Chair.

Miss J. A. PEARSON read a paper on "Schumann." In reading the story of Schumann's life we meet with no such obstacles, in the shape of parental obstinacy or poverty, as such musicians as Handel and Beethoven had to struggle against; indeed, had Schumann's father lived, he would have been specially trained for the musical profession. He was born at the little town of Zwickham, in Saxony, in 1810, and, encouraged by his father, soon showed signs of the peculiar genius which unfolded itself in his after-life. The death of his father in 1826 shattered the plans for his training, and probably first gave rise to that gloom and reserve which for ever after hovered over and shadowed his life. At the wish of his mother, Schumann entered Leipsic University as a law student, and many were the struggles which he made to succeed in this most unsuitable profession. For some years he endeavoured to carry out his mother's wishes, and at the same time to perfect himself as a pianist. This, however, was impossible, and after consulting with Wieck, his instructor, Madame Schumann yielded to his entreaties, and so ended what Schumann calls his "twenty years' strife between music and law, or poetry and prose."

Schumann then entered Wieck's family and settled down to serious study. So anxious, indeed, was he to succeed that by too frequent use of an invention of his own for rendering the third finger flexible, he crippled his hand for life. Pitiable as this accident was, we nevertheless probably owe to it Schumann's magnificent compositions; for, undaunted, he turned all his energies in this direction, and his first symphony was performed at Zwickham in 1833 by Clara Wieck, the famous pianiste, whom he afterwards

married. While developing his powers as composer, he also assumed the rôle of musical critic, and was instrumental in promoting a journal entitled *Die Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the organ which propagated the views of the Romantic school of music. To this he and his band of sympathising friends were prompted by the "mediocrity and superficiality" of the music of the time, and the mild inanity—"honey-daubing," as Schumann contemptuously called it—of the musical criticism. In this journal appeared many articles from Schumann's pen, which afforded him ample scope for his poetical powers, and for spreading abroad nobler and higher ideas as to art than were common at the time. In 1840 Schumann was married to Clara Wieck, after a long and trying time of separation, and in the year following he produced a cycle of one hundred and fifty of the most beautiful songs ever composed, which at once gained for him popularity and renown. The next years of Schumann's life were productive of much fine orchestral work, operas, and other compositions; much of his time also being taken up with tours to foreign Courts and countries with his wife. After various residences in Leipsic, Berlin, and Dresden, he accepted the post of Musical Director at Dusseldorf; but very soon the malady which had so constantly threatened him throughout his life assumed a more serious form, and his lucid intervals became less and less frequent. After an attempt at suicide in 1854 he was compelled to retire to a private asylum at Bonn, where he spent the last two years of his life in darkness and unconsciousness of mind, and died July 29th, 1856. The works of Schumann are throughout characterized by a wild and fantastic beauty, and a wealth of ornament and image that at times almost hide from us his original nature, and (in his earlier works, at all events) by an evident longing to escape from the limits and restrictions of musical art. His songs are quite unique, so thoroughly do they embody the words in the music. As a critic Schumann probably had no equal. He came forward at an opportune time, when criticism was merely a name, and boldly contended against its weakening and degrading influence, carrying out in his whole life the spirit of the last words he ever wrote—"In every age there is a secret band of kindred spirits. Ye who are of this fellowship, see that ye weld the circle firmly, so that the truth of art may shine ever more and more clearly, shedding joy and blessing far and near."

The paper was illustrated by performances of selections from Schumann's works, according to the following programme :—

<i>Vocal Trio</i> .....	"The Noblest" .....	{ Miss GOODMAN, Miss L. J. CHARLES, Miss KNOWLES.
<i>Pianoforte Duet</i> ...	"Three Oriental Pictures" .....	{ Miss WOOD, Miss PEARSON.
<i>Song</i> .....	"Devotion" .....	Miss GOODMAN.
<i>Song</i> .....	"I will not grieve" .....	Mr. TAUNTON.
<i>Pianoforte Solo</i> .....	"Blumenstück" .....	Miss RUBY.
<i>Songs</i> {	"To the Sunshine" .....	Miss KNOWLES.
	"O, my love's like the red, red rose" .....	
<i>Violin &amp; Pianoforte</i> ..	"Three Fantasiestücke" .....	{ Herr SÜCK, Miss RUBY.
<i>Song</i> .....	"Old Stories" .....	Miss GOODMAN.
<i>Song</i> .....	"The two Grenadiers" .....	Mr. TAUNTON.

*October 5th.*—In the absence of Mr. NEAL, Mr. EHRHARDT took the chair. Papers were read by Mr. RAINSFORD, Miss DEANE, Mr. EHRHARDT, and Professor SONNENSCHN (in the absence of Mrs. Sonnenschein), the subject being "Holiday Notes."

Mr. RAINSFORD gave an account of a holiday spent in the Channel Islands and the northern ports of France. He described Guernsey as being distinguished by its beautiful bays and lofty cliffs, the wild rock scenery of this island having been especially brought into notice by Victor Hugo in his "Travailleurs de Mer." The chief industry here and in the neighbouring islands of Sark and Jersey is grape-growing. Mr. Rainsford then proceeded to give an account of St. Malo, where the rest of his holiday was spent, and also of an excursion to Dinant. On the 14th of July there was to have been a military review to celebrate the storming of the Bastille; but, a few drops of rain falling, it was decided that it could not take place. The holiday was terminated by a visit to Cherbourg, whence the return home was made.

Miss K. DEANE gave an amusing description of a holiday spent at Molesworth, on the Thames. The surrounding country has little historical interest, but abounds in botanical and geological specimens. The first few days were spent by the river, with the protection of a mackintosh cloak and an umbrella; but afterwards several excursions were taken by boat, the chief incidents of these being caused by the extraordinary facility with which hats floated away and the boat stuck fast in the rushes. On Bank Holiday a cycling expedition to Oxford took place, and Abingdon was visited in the same manner.

Mr. EHRHARDT took, as the basis of his paper, a description of the meeting of a Chemical Society at Munich. This, as is usual in Germany, was held in a "beer-keller," or garden provided with tables for the visitors, and surrounded by buildings for shelter in wet weather. After the rather curious greeting, "Mahlzeit," had been exchanged, the members took their seats, and were each provided with a pot of beer, while two bands alternately discoursed music. The first part of the evening was devoted to speeches and recitations, but the great event of the entertainment was the pantomimic representation of a chemical combination, the atoms being represented by students. The evening concluded with songs from the members, and as they were of many nationalities, a great variety were sung.

Mrs. SONNENSCHN's paper was devoted to an account of a holiday spent at Sidestrand, a village on the eastern coast. The place consists of a few fishermen's cottages, but as the sea is constantly encroaching on the land, many houses and even churches have been submerged, and the people complain that, though the land is continually decreasing, the rents remain the same. At Yarmouth, eighteen miles south of Sidestrand, there is a deserted church, the landmark of a former generation; and sometimes the sea lays bare human bones, and washes them up on the coast. The number of churches in Norfolk is a striking feature, and bears witness to the former prosperity of the place. The people are generally intelligent and hospitable, differing in this particular from their neighbours of the Broads.

At the conclusion of the papers a vote of thanks was moved by Mr. BROWETT, seconded by Miss KEEP, and passed unanimously.

*October 19th.*—GENERAL BUSINESS MEETING.—Mr. NEAL in the chair until the vote for the president of the year had been taken, when he vacated it in favour of Mr. WARD.

The election of officers then took place in the following order :—President of the Union, Mr. C. M. F. WARD ; Treasurer, Mr. DAIN ; Hon. Secs., Miss LAKE and Mr. PARROTT ; Union Committee, Misses BISHOP, CHARLES, DEANE and EDWARDS, Messrs. BAKER, BAYLISS, O. JONES, J. NEAL ; Editor of the Magazine, Miss C. THOMSON ; Hon. Secretary, Mr. REYNOLDS ; Editorial Board, Miss FALLOWS and Miss PEARSON, Messrs. BECK, IRVINE and W. R. JORDEN.

The reports of the Union Committee and Treasurer were read and accepted, the latter showing a balance in hand of £8 2s. 10½d.

The report of the Editorial Board was read and accepted, and it was resolved that an extract of it should be printed with the Union Report.

Mr. WARD read the report of the Dramatic Sub-Committee, showing the exact position in which the Union now stood in this matter. The CHAIRMAN then read the following resolutions :—

- (1) "That the Accounts of the Union shall be audited by two non-official auditors, such audits to be made in January, April, and October."

This was seconded by Mr. LANGFORD, and carried unanimously.

- (2) "An alteration in Rule 15 (ii.), so that it shall read 'The Treasurer shall exhibit audited statements of accounts.'"

Mr. PARROTT seconded this, and it was carried unanimously.

- (3) "That the Secretaries be ex-officio members of all Sub-committees."

This was seconded by Mr. NEAL, who pointed out the advantages of this law, referring to the case which had happened in the holidays, when the Union Committee had received no formal notice of the correspondence between the Academic Board and the Dramatic Sub-committee till ten weeks after its occurrence. The recurrence of such a case would be prevented by the resolution, which he now seconded.

Miss EDWARDS, in moving the amendment, "That two members at least of every Sub-committee shall be chosen from among the members of the Union Committee," explained that it had been impossible to give formal notice of the correspondence between the Dramatic Sub-committee and the Academic Board till the Union Committee met. She considered that two members of the Union Committee must necessarily serve on the Dramatic Sub-committee, and that these members would keep up the communication between the two Committees.

Mr. LARNER seconded the amendment. He thought that the resolution would have the effect of overloading every sub-committee, and the mistake seemed to have arisen from the Union Committee not meeting itself.

After further discussion by Messrs. BROWETT, BAYLISS, REYNOLDS, O. JONES, TYLDEN, WRIGHT, and HARRIS, Mr. LANGFORD, moved as a further amendment, "And that the members shall be prepared to present a report to the Union Committee when desired."

This was seconded by Miss CHARLES, and Mr. LANGFORD's amendment being added to that of Miss EDWARDS, the CHAIRMAN put it to the meeting and it was carried, the votes being 42 for, 11 against.

- (4) "That the Committee have power to erase members' names from the list, provided that a resolution to that effect be carried at a duly summoned Committee meeting by a three-quarter majority. If carried by less than a three-quarter majority, the matter to be referred to a special general meeting."

Mr. NEAL seconded this, saying that he had come to the meeting prepared to vote against the motion, but that the behaviour of certain members in the back rows that evening had induced him to change his decision.

Mr. LARNER moved, and Miss SAXELBY seconded, as an amendment—"That the Committee have power to suspend members for one term, provided a resolution," &c.

Mr. PARROTT moved, and Miss SOUTHALL seconded, as an amendment—"That the Committee have power to suspend members for one term, but that the expulsion of members be referred to a general meeting."

Mr. LARNER withdrew his amendment in favour of Mr. PARROTT'S, which was carried unanimously.

The proceedings then terminated.

*October 26th.*—Mr. WARD in the Chair.

The programme of the evening was a debate, the subject being—"That a democracy is the ideal form of government."

Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU, B.A., opened in the affirmative. He defined a democracy as the rule of the whole people, where the term "people" was used in its widest sense. This was quite different from what was called Social Democracy, which was nothing more than a government by the dregs of society for their own advantage. To such a government as this the Czar of Russia or a Venetian oligarchy would be infinitely preferable. The abstract argument for a democracy was very simple. A government should possess two qualifications, first—the desire to make those governed happy; second, the power to bring the same to effect. In a democracy the governed and the governors were identical, and had identical interests, and thus the desire to make the people happy would most certainly exist, and therefore a democracy would fulfil one of the two necessary conditions for a good government. As a rule, it would fulfil the other qualification. There were very few nations who could not rule for themselves. It had been urged that democracies had failed. Let them look at other forms of government. Every one would be found to have failed. Rome had failed as a monarchy, as an empire, and as a hierarchy under the empire. All that was good in Rome and in its literature had disappeared. Under the hierarchy light and education had been denied to the people; kings and potentates had been pandered to; the government became corrupt, and now no shred of power was left to it. The Venetian oligarchy was another example of a government which had fallen by not consulting the interests of the whole people, and by disregarding its rights. Under Garibaldi, that great and democratic leader, Italy was rising, and bade fair to recover its old position in the world. As a process of development absolute monarchy had given place to an aristocracy, then still further to a timocracy, and finally to a democracy of a more or less perfect type, and under the democracy arts and literature had always been most flourishing. There were undoubtedly some nations who required a strong hand to guide them, and who were not fitted for a democracy; but despite these exceptions it could not be denied that a democracy was the only form of government which best satisfied the desires and needs of the people. As a form of government it was certainly increasing, and the increase was coincident with the wider diffusion of knowledge and the more extended spread of education.



Mr. TARN, B.Sc., answered in the negative. Mr. Martineau's speech had appeared very vague and indefinite to him. His opinion of Social Democrats was that they were a set of people who were a little wiser in their generation than other folks, and who used their wisdom to catch the popular votes. Governments had always been apart from the people. Members of Parliament were sent to Westminster merely to maintain the Queen and Constitution, and to look after their own interests. Nothing short of a complete revolution would bring about any real change. Every man, in his opinion, was competent to look after his own interests, and did not need anyone else to do it for him. No government could make a man happy; every man must make himself happy. Voluntary police would be much better than the present arbitrary and officially controlled system. No justice was maintained by the Government, whatever form it was. Each man could maintain the principles of right and justice much better himself by some such system as that of boycotting. Education would be carried on much better by voluntary schools than by a Government. All governments had been a failure. The greater the number of people who had a voice in it the more cumbrous it became—*e.g.*, England to-day. Therefore what was necessary was no form of government, but that each person should consult his own idea of happiness, and should be free to carry it into effect.

Mr. REYNOLDS thought that Mr. TARN's idea was practically that of a self-governed people—*i.e.*, of a democracy. It was ridiculous to say that all governments had been utterly bad, and had in no wise consulted the interests of the people. Neither had all members of Parliament been self-seeking, else what should we say of men like Hampden and Pym and all other patriots? His ideal form of government was perhaps more in harmony with a beneficent despotism, where an all-wise and all-powerful king guarded and controlled a body of well-governed and contented subjects.

Mr. B. F. JORDAN contended that England was governed by public opinion—*i.e.*, the average, settled, and often repeated conviction of the great majority; and that this was the best possible form of government. Of course public opinion could go wrong, and often had gone wrong. He characterised Mr. Tarn's speech as a farrago of nonsense. If the whole English people could meet on Salisbury Plain, their first business would be to elect a committee to transact their business for them. He regarded boycotting as a poisonous and hellish practice. Sooner than be a member of a State like Mr. Tarn's he would prefer a thousand times to be a blue-blooded aristocrat.

Miss BERTNEY argued that every form of government had its disadvantages, but by comparison with any other a democracy was the most ideal; but even this could not be perfect until each individual member of the people became perfect. Every fault of a democracy was intensified in Socialism, which was a government by the uncertain and changeable masses. To such a government it would be impossible to entrust such undertakings as the control of industries. There would be no such difficulty in a democracy. True social equality was just as visionary as intellectual equality.

Mr. E. H. PIERCE, a visitor, then addressed the House. He thought that the ideal form of government was that which brought into power the whole mass of the people. Loyalty to a personal monarch was no hindrance to the perfection of freedom. A democracy had a good tendency, to elevate the moral and intellectual life of a people. All classes of the people should

be made responsible in some way. On the whole, a democratic form of government was best tempered by traditions of loyalty, as in England.

Mr. WARMINGTON criticised Mr. Tarn's government as like a race run without rules and without fixed starting-point, and where every man looked after number one. He thought that education only made better rogues; instead of highway robbers men had become stockbrokers.

Miss MARRIS, Messrs. ARBER, BAYLISS, STEAD, PODESTA, and SPROAT also spoke.

Mr. MARTINEAU then rose to reply. Mr. Tarn's idea seemed to him to be the very vague and visionary one of no form of government at all. Yet, according to Mr. Tarn, we were to have voluntary officials; but by electing these we should agree to obey them, and hence would arise the germ of a government. It might have been better to prove a very elementary proposition, that some form of government was necessary. This Mr. Tarn had assumed. The ideal form was that best fitted for the ideal people, and was to be tested by experience and probable utility. Under these circumstances, if any form of government at all were necessary, a democracy would be the ideal form.

### POESY CLUB.

October 16th.—After a few introductory remarks by Professor ARBER, Miss EDWARDS read the following letter from Mr. Lewis Morris, received in acknowledgment of his election as an honorary member of the Society :—

The Reform Club, July 1st, 1888.

Dear Madam and Sir,—I am much flattered by the kindness of your club in electing me an honorary member, and have great pleasure in accepting the position in succession to so honoured a name as that of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

I am greatly interested in the work of Mason College, with which I am more or less familiar through some of its former students, who are now, or have been, engaged in teaching at our Welsh Colleges; and while I am strongly in favour of scientific teaching as the foundation of modern education, I feel also that it is very desirable to keep the imaginative faculty alive among students of science, in the interests of science itself; and therefore I am glad to hear of your club, and to see the programme of its subjects for discussion, though I may feel, as I do, that you are doing me too much honour as an individual writer of verse.—With good wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

LEWIS MORRIS.

Miss Jessie Edwards

and  
Mr. H. T. C. S. Ledsam,

} Mason College, Birmingham.

Dr. ALLEN then read a paper on "Bailey's *Festus*," which is printed *in extenso* in another part of the *Magazine*.

### CYCLISTS' CLUB.

The four runs which have been held during the month of October have been well attended, owing partly to the fact that the tennis season has closed, and partly to the favourable weather.

On October 6th fifteen members and friends visited Solihull, where they

had the pleasure of attending an organ recital at the church by Mr. Courtenay Woods.

On *October 13th* fourteen members and friends visited Alvechurch, and on *October 20th* the run to Coleshill was attended by ten persons.

On *October 27th*, in spite of the threatening weather, twenty-five members and friends of Queen's and Mason's Cyclists' Clubs attended the inter-club run to Knowle, which was a most enjoyable conclusion to a fairly successful season. Immediately on their arrival at Knowle the clubs were photographed at the Greswolde Arms, an operation which had to be hurried through as quickly as possible, owing to the swiftly waning light.

At this run we were pleased to meet three of our professors—viz., Dr. Allen, Dr. Poynting, and Professor Smith, all of whom are members of the Mason College Cyclists' Club.

We venture, at this, the close of the season, to express the hope that every cyclist of the College who has not already done so will, before next season commences, enrol his or her name among the members of the M.C.C.C.

### COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.—THE EXCURSION TO SCOTLAND.—Of the many excellent opportunities afforded by our various College Societies for the exploration of the paths of knowledge, perhaps none are voted more excellent than that system of tuition advanced by one of our most recent contributors, —viz., "Science and Art by Excursion."

That this idea should suggest itself as an admirable diversion for the long vacation seems quite natural, and striking proof of it has recently been presented by the Engineering Society. During the summer term one or two of our leading officials made, at the expense of a considerable amount of time and energy, complete arrangements for a five-day trip to Scotland. Of course, this was a bold undertaking, and sincere hopes were expressed by those interested that the support received would be substantial enough to ensure a successful excursion. Nor were they altogether disappointed.

The date for the start was fixed for Monday, July 23rd, and on the morning of this eventful day a party of fourteen individuals assembled at New Street Station to give practical testimony to the interest they felt in the proceeding. Having taken possession of the saloon carriage, previously insuring our lives for a trifle, and importing several loads of baggage, we started for the North with minds fully made up for a week's enjoyment. I will not pretend to describe the incidents of the journey. We successfully survived them all, and arrived in Edinburgh, where we were met by Professor Smith, soon after 6 p.m., with appetites rather calculated to remind us of our expected dinner at the Central Hotel, than to allow us to admire the points of interest which impress an observer on entering "Auld Reekie." However, the proverbial amicability of John Bull *subsequent* to the performance of his first duty was by no means lacking on this auspicious occasion. Liberal and numerous were the expressions of admiration called forth by the numerous scenes of historic acquaintance visited during the evening.

On Tuesday we began our programme in earnest, and 9.15 p.m. found us—our number now increased by lady friends—seated in a drag engaged to convey us to Queensferry for the purpose of inspecting that appalling triumph of engineering skill, the Forth Bridge.

How we looked, saw, and wondered, and how we were wound up to a height of about 860 feet in the midst of a thunderstorm, and thanked our stars on regaining *terra firma*, are items which imagination must relieve me of describing. After investing in a few extensive photographs, we returned to headquarters, and spent the rest of the day in visiting the Leith Docks, and when the daylight was no more, betook ourselves to the coffee, room and had a convivial evening, indulging in an impromptu smoking concert. Here the virtues of the Duke of York, and the charms of rural scenery were alike extolled with increasing ardour.

On the following morning we left for Dundee, and here ample proof was given of the wide fame of the M.C.E.S.

A special train was placed at our disposal to enable us to inspect the upper part of the new Tay Bridge, and when we had so far satisfied our curiosity, a steam launch was provided, that the understanding portions of the structure might be examined.

Further diversion was afforded by a visit to the University, when, having attested our skill in shooting and bowling at the galleries and cocoa-nut booths which invade the town during the annual week's holiday, a start was made for Glasgow.

Here we were met by Mr. Hamilton, who became conductor-in-chief, and escorted us to our intended hotel, but on presenting ourselves we were conducted *en masse* to a single apartment—presumably a quondam lawyer's office—crowded with miniature beds. In answer to cautious enquiries, we were assured that suitable accommodation in Glasgow was beyond the persuasion of love or money, but after a *lle-a-ille* with the enterprising proprietor we succeeded in establishing ourselves in a Hydropathic Hotel in Kilmalcolm—about seventeen miles out—shortly before midnight, and very favourable were the comparisons which suggested themselves between a comfortable bed and the hard seats of a waiting-room, which had prematurely haunted our imaginations.

For Thursday the programme was a heavy one, and after visiting the works of Messrs. Mirlees, Watson, and Tait, Messrs. Doubs, Messrs. Neilson, and the Parkhead Forge, we took our rest with conscious satisfaction at having done a good day's work.

Friday was devoted to the Fairfield Shipbuilding Yard and the Exhibition, and here, alas! the official programme terminated with the return journey by night to Birmingham.

We collected, a melancholy company, at St. Enoch's Station, and gave forth our regret at the untimely end of enjoyment in the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." I will not further particularise.

The rest of our acts, and how some of the party extended their visit, sailed up the Kyles of Bute in pouring rain, ornamented pulpits on the following Sunday, and generally distinguished their identity, are they not written in the chronicles of our private diaries?

In twos and threes we have all returned, unanimously voting the excursion a perfect success from every point of view; and now as we gather round our glowing hearths, we recount our adventures, and sometimes in the enthusiasm of the moment suggest the possibility of a similar trip next summer to somewhere else. Shall it be to Paris?—MACPHERSON.

*August 25th.*—Fifteen members and friends visited Leamington. Mr. Housman, of the Midland Electric Light and Power Company, (a former

student of the Mason College) conducted the visitors over the installation. After spending a pleasant day in exploring the neighbourhood the party returned home.

*September 22nd.*—Through the courtesy of Mr. Seward, clerk of the works, about twenty of the members were enabled to pay a visit to the works of the Cable Tram, and this method of road locomotion being new to them, they were greatly interested.

*October 10th.*—Messrs. KNIGHT, ARNALL, and WATKINS were elected honorary members.

Mr. R. J. RICHARDSON read a paper on the "Forth Bridge." His description of the work was copiously illustrated by a large number of prints, photographs, and large diagrams which had been very kindly lent by Mr. Baker, one of the designers and engineers of the bridge. Much valuable information was elicited from the discussion which followed, in which the President, Messrs. Arnould, Watkins, Langford, and others took part. A vote of thanks concluded the meeting.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—A meeting was held on *October 18th*, Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Twenty-five members present. Mr. LIVERSEGE gave some novel tests for detecting the presence of nitrates, nitrites, and chlorides in drinking-water, and showed a new way of separating antimony and stannous sulphide by shaking up a mixture of the two with ether, which then carries up the  $SbS$  while the  $SnS$  remains behind. The adulteration of milk and sugar with cheaper cane sugar can be detected by heating with oxalic acid in a water-bath. For noting the exact point of neutralization in a liquid Mr. Liversege recommended methyl orange and phenol-phthalamine instead of litmus; the former shows red in an alkaline, the latter red in an acid solution.

A discussion followed in which Drs. TILDEN and NICOL, and Messrs. WARD, HAINES, and BECK took part. The utility of some of the tests was questioned on account of the unusual reagents, and the little-understood character of the reactions, particularly the colour changes in which the presence of  $H_2SO_4$  which Mr. Liversege used freely.

### PRIZE DAY.

The usual distribution of prizes took place on October 1st. Professor HILLHOUSE announced the following awards:—Entrance Scholarship to ALFRED ALLEN BROCKINGTON and HENRY SINEGAR; First Year Scholarships to GUY JOSEPH BRANSON and JOHN HACKETT; Second Year Scholarships to WALTER H. BAYLISS and JOHN JOSEPH SUDBOROUGH; Tangye Scholarships to ALFRED EDWARD JACKSON and CHARLES R. BECK. By the kindness of Dr. LAWSON TAIT and Mr. R. TANGYE, an Extra Technical Scholarship had been awarded to JOHN JAMES PODESTA. Prizes of books to the value of £3 had been awarded to Miss JESSIE CHARLES; of £3 to Mr. T. J. BAKER; of £3 to Mr. G. F. DANIELL; of £3 to Mr. A. L. STERN; and of £3 to Mr. A. W. HAINES, as a recognition of first or second class honours gained in the examinations of the London University. The title of Associate of Mason's Science College had been conferred on Miss JESSIE CHARLES, Mr. T. J. BAKER, Mr. W. M. LANGFORD and Mr. A. L. STERN, in recognition of the distinguished positions they had taken as students of the College. The Heslop Gold Medal had been gained by Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT

for his essay on "Some Condensations of Ketones and Ethers by the action of Sodium Ethylate." Junior diplomas in engineering had been awarded to Mr. A. E. JACKSON and to Mr. JOHN JAMES PODESTA, and the Senior diploma to Mr. W. M. LANGFORD.

Professor HILLHOUSE then gave an address on modern educational difficulties. Referring to the lowness of the standards of the entrance examinations to our universities, he compared them with those necessary for admittance to a German university, which are of a much more serious character. As the difference obviously does not depend on the superior intellectual character of the German nation, it must be due to the unsatisfactory state of our secondary schools. We are still on the threshold of the question as to what education should consist in; our definition is probably "the acquisition of knowledge," but true education is not for this, but for the training of the faculties. Our secondary schools are incapable of dealing with this problem; boys cannot move from one school to another of a higher grade with sufficient ease, and they are practically tied down to pass their days in the kind of school from which they started. An uneducated democracy is a national danger, and national education should be a continual chain from the highest to the lowest, with no link missing or weak. Primary education should be the same for all. The chief difference in education should be the time spent over it. It might be argued that such a system of national education would be enormously expensive, but no premium was ever expended for a better or more necessary purpose.

### COLLEGE INTELLIGENCE.

#### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON EXAMINATIONS.

##### MATRICULATION (JUNE, 1888).

###### HONOURS DIVISION.

W. A. Bruckington.

W. d'Este Emery.

###### FIRST DIVISION.

H. Bishop.

W. F. Blewitt.

E. D. Fridlander.

G. H. Green.

Marian Lloyd.

J. Malins.

F. J. G. Medd.

###### SECOND DIVISION.

O. Tonks.

##### INTERMEDIATE ARTS.

###### FIRST DIVISION.

P. Madeley.

C. W. K. Wallis.

###### SECOND DIVISION.

C. W. Barber.

F. S. Davies.

###### HONOURS.

(Candidate Recommended for a Pass.)

W. H. Baylis.

##### INTERMEDIATE SCIENCE.

###### FIRST DIVISION.

C. Birt.

J. E. Hooson.

E. Knowles.

###### SECOND DIVISION.

T. J. S. Hooson.

##### PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC (M.B.)

###### HONOURS.

Second Class Honours in Botany.

\* A. W. Haines.

Third Class Honours in Chemistry.

H. G. Dain.

###### FIRST DIVISION.

\* T. C. Cantrill.

\* W. Chapman.

\* T. H. Hill.

\* H. P. Mottaram.

\* A. T. Sadler.

###### SECOND DIVISION.

C. D. D. Roberts.

###### HONOURS.

(Candidate Recommended for a Pass.)

J. A. Berlyn.

##### COMPLETED EXAMINATION.

J. R. Hickinbotham.

##### INTERMEDIATE MEDICINE.

Second Class Honours in Anatomy.

Mary Darby Sturge.

### CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATION.

D. Ehrhardt, Group A, Distinguished in Early English.

In July last Miss WILMER FRANCE was awarded a scholarship in Classics of the value of £75 per annum, tenable at Girton College, Cambridge; and Miss J. G. PEMBERTON has recently won an open scholarship in Classics at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

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Also, Mr. PERCY GROOM has been elected to a studentship at Cains College, Cambridge.

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—*All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be written on one side of the paper only, and be fully signed; names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.*

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To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

October 29th, 1888.

Dear Madam,—I have been told that for some inscrutable reason the authorities of the College intend to put a stop to the dramatic performances, to which we have lately become accustomed to look forward. I have, however, far too great a respect for the authorities to believe that, after permitting us for years to spend our time and money on the Mason College stage, they could now refuse a previously granted permission.

I hope, Madam, you can oblige me by giving an authoritative denial to this libellous report.

I remain, yours respectfully,

AN OLD STUDENT.

[We regret that we are unable to give the denial so anxiously requested, as, indeed, the matter has now passed the stage of a report, and is a well established fact.—Ed. *M.C.M.*]

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GEORGE EDWIN BOTT.—We greatly regret to have to record the death of George Edwin Bott, a student of the College, who was accidentally killed by a fall from the cliffs at Cheddar on August 2nd. He was one of our most promising students, being a holder of a scholarship from King Edward's School, and having just matriculated at London. He was a member of the Union, of the Physical Society, and of the Cyclists' Club, and a subscriber to the *Magazine*. His loss is already appreciably felt by the College Societies.

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The next number of the *Magazine* will be published on Friday, December 21st. All contributions and reports should be sent to the Editor not later than December 10th.

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# Mason College Magazine.

(Conducted by Students of Mason College, Birmingham.)

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## CALENDAR.

JANUARY 15.—Spring Term begins.

„ 23.—Students' Union : Performance of  
*The Honeymoon.*

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## THE WIZARD OF QUESNOY.

### A CHRISTMAS TALE.

ON my return from America at the close of 187—, I received a letter from my old friend Maxwell Quesnoy, inviting me to spend Christmas with him and his sister at their place in Scotland, and at the same time vaguely hinting at some mysterious trouble which threatened his family. It was a new thing for Quesnoy to be in difficulties, for he had always been one of the most prosperous men of my acquaintance, and rightly so, for besides his high intellectual qualities, he was known all through the Lowlands as a just and generous landlord, and as an upright and high-minded gentleman.

I gladly accepted the invitation, for besides my hearty liking for Quesnoy, I had a lively remembrance of his sister, Geraldine, whom I had met a year or two before ; and the 24th of December, therefore, witnessed my arrival at Quesnoy Station. I was met by Maxwell himself, who at once plunged into the story of his trouble. As this involved a great deal of family history, and took some time to relate, I will explain the circumstances to my readers as briefly as possible.

In the year 1745 the Quesnoy family consisted of the then laird and his two sons, Maxwell and Despard. The family had always sided with the Dukes of Argyll in politics, but now a difference in political opinion arose between Maxwell and his father and brother. Maxwell, who was of a romantic turn of mind, and who was fascinated by the charms and wrongs of young Charles Edward, broke off from the family traditions, and, greatly to his father's anger, joined the party of the Pretender. He was present at the



battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden, after which he disappeared, and it was taken for granted that he had escaped to France, though there was no positive proof of this. However, as nothing was ever subsequently heard of him, and his father was too incensed to be very anxious to inquire about him, it was concluded that he had died without issue, and his brother succeeded in due course to the estate. The succession had been unbroken from that time, but now a Frenchman, named Alphonse St. Dair, had appeared, who laid claim to the estate on the grounds that Quesnoy had sought refuge in France, had married there, and had left descendants in the female line, of whom St. Dair was now the representative. The Frenchman's claim seemed perfectly clear and straightforward; he held papers in his possession which proved his descent from the daughter of a Quesnoy who had died at Sèvres in 1772; and as the estate was not entailed, my friend feared that when the case was brought into court, it would go badly with him and his sister. Indeed, he considered that if the claim of the Frenchman could be substantiated, it would be the most honourable course to cede to him at once without going to law.

Such was the position of affairs, and I was obliged to confess that they looked dark enough. No wonder that, though Maxwell and his sister did all in their power to give me a cheerful welcome and to conceal their anxiety, we were all conscious of a "shadow at the feast," which our utmost efforts failed to banish.

After dinner our conversation, partly by way of diverting our thoughts, and partly, I suppose, from a sort of feeling that such topics were suitable to Christmas Eve, turned on the supernatural, and after reminding Maxwell of the ridicule with which he had been accustomed to treat my psychological researches in our college days, I asked his sister if she had had any experience in the subject.

"Oh, yes," replied her brother, "Geraldine is a devout believer in what we Scotch call the 'uncanny.' Come, Geraldine, give us the story of Despard, and his interview with the Evil One. I ought to tell you," he said, turning to me, "that it was the same Despard of whom I was telling you this afternoon."

Thus admonished, Geraldine told the tale. "You must know," she began, "that Despard was a strange contrast to his brother; for whereas Maxwell was bright, gay, and generous as the master he followed, I am sorry to say our ancestor was morose and avaricious, rarely taking notice of anyone, always absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, and, owing to his oppressions, generally hated

and feared by all around. However, there was one person who, in contrast to the general feeling, was devoted to him, and this was his cousin Cicely, to whom he had been betrothed when they were both very young. Cicely was exceedingly accomplished, especially in music and poetry, and on this circumstance much of the tale depends; she was also beautiful and amiable, but she was poor, and though this did not detract from her charms in Despard's eyes at the time of their engagement, yet very shortly his growing avarice chilled his love, and a richer lady coming across his path, he transferred his affection to her, leaving the poor deserted girl to die of a broken heart. On her death-bed she sent him a book of her own poems, but though I believe remorse seized her faithless lover, he did not desist in his suit to her rival, whom he afterwards married. His wife's death, which happened shortly after, left him with one son, who, however, was but one in name, for Despard's heart, which had no room left in it for the ordinary interests and affections of life, had even less for the more imperious demands of a father's love.

"His misanthropy and self-absorption now grew upon him to such an extent, and his miserly, grasping nature so developed, and he began to behave altogether so strangely, that his servants refused any longer to live in a house where, as they alleged, the master was possessed, and the barest necessities of life were wanting; so he was left alone, save for the help of two old people, a man and his wife, who, in pity for the helpless little child, remained to care for it, but who, nevertheless, dwelt in a different part of the building. Soon rumours began to grow that Despard had dealings with the Evil One, and had sold himself for gold, for when he was met in his solitary rambles through the woods, as now and then happened, it was noticed by the awestruck rustic that he muttered and gesticulated as if in conversation with an unseen being. Sometimes, too, he was observed to pore over a book he carried with him, presumably of incantations, and anon he would gesticulate wildly, and repeat portions of it in a loud and excited tone, filling the hearer with fear, and sending him trembling out of his sight and hearing.

"Now, one night, as the tale goes, Despard was sitting in his lonely study, counting his wealth and muttering his incantations, when suddenly a knock was heard at the door, and a figure entered, so closely muffled that only his eyes—which gleamed with a dark and sinister expression—were to be seen. A strange fear seized our ancestor, who asked in a trembling voice the business of his

visitor. It soon appeared that the stranger wished to purchase the book which Despard had beside him. Astounded at this request from one whose name he feared to ask, but whose presence filled him with so chill a dread, he stammered out a hesitating plea that he might keep it, but the stranger, unoffended, courteously persisted in his request for it, and increased his offers, till Despard, assailed at his weakest point, allowed once more his avarice to overcome his inclinations, and he agreed to part with the book. Just as the visitor handed him the price a terrific gust of wind shook the house to its foundations; the stranger vanished, and then Despard knew that he had had dealings with the Evil One. He fell unconscious on the floor, where he was found lying the next morning, and, though he recovered for a time, he behaved more strangely than ever. He was frequently seen in the chapel (which, by the way, we must show you to-morrow); indeed, he spent nearly all his time there, till, finally, one day, he was discovered lifeless by the altar. After this event the chapel was said to be haunted, and had so bad a name that the entrance to it was bricked up, till Maxwell had it opened a little while ago. Despard's little son came into possession of the estate, and since then the succession has been unbroken. That is the whole story."

"Well, really, Geraldine," exclaimed her brother, "I didn't think the old tale would make one feel so uncomfortable. Hallo! how the wind has risen. I'll just go and see if all is right downstairs. It's past twelve o'clock."

Geraldine and I moved to the window and looked out. A frightful wind was raging over the barren fields and causing the branches of an ancient elm which stood near to creak and sway terribly, while the moan of the neighbouring sea mingled faintly with the confusion. Geraldine was pale and trembling; her face, which had regained something of its former animation during her narrative, had again settled into an anxious and sad expression, and I vowed to myself to do all in my power to avert the sorrow which threatened her house. In another moment Maxwell returned; we said "Good-night," and separated.

Too much excited by the events of the day to go to bed, I sat down in a chair in my room, and fell into a deep reverie over the story which I had just heard. I must have sat there nearly an hour when I felt myself moved by a sudden impulse to go out into the corridor, which was dimly lighted by a lamp. Just opposite to me was a small and very low door; this, the same

impulse made me open, and though I found it led into another dark corridor, with which I was quite unacquainted, I felt myself so under the influence of a restless necessity that I went forward, on through labyrinths of passages, up stairs and down them, without once hesitating or making a false step. At last I found myself opposite another door, which gave entrance into what appeared to be a small chapel. My eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, soon discovered a dark figure kneeling before the altar. And now the impulse which had brought me so far deserted me, and I stood abashed and ashamed before Geraldine. I attempted to stammer out some apology, but how could I expect her to understand the cause of my intrusion when I could not account for it myself? However, with graceful tact, she seemed to regard it as quite natural, and said: "So you have found your way here? But it is so dark. Wait, till I fetch a light." She disappeared, and at the same time a rift in the clouds allowed a moonbeam to fall on the carved work at the back of the altar. It brought into high relief a cluster of delicately carved fruit and foliage, and, struck by its beauty, as it shone in the pale light, I examined the carving more closely. The workmanship was exquisite, fascinatingly so; I reached my hand out to realize if it were only carving, and not some delusion of the senses, when suddenly, under the pressure of my hand, the panel flew open, revealing a small hollow niche in the wall behind it. A dark object was lying at the bottom of the niche, which had evidently been originally intended for holy water. I took it out, and found it to be a small volume bound in a velvet cover. Just then Geraldine and her brother returned carrying a candle. They listened breathlessly as I told them what had happened, and we carried the book nearer to the light, to examine it more closely.

It was the lost book, not of incantations, but of poems, alluded to in Geraldine's legend! Of this there could be no doubt, for on the title-page were the Quesnoy arms, and under them was written "To Despard Quesnoy, from C. L., A.D. 1746." We turned the pages over and read the first poem, which was as follows:—

"Ah, sweet, thou art so long away,  
The callow birds which were so gay,  
When you were here that summer day,  
Have grown their wings and flown away.

"Therefore I sing to my guitar,  
His vows like those same wantons are,  
Which grow their wings and fly afar.

“ And often to kind Heaven I pray,  
To go from earth, and be as they,  
Who, when the autumn skies are grey,  
Have grown their wings and flown away.”

“ I say, what’s happening to it!” cried Maxwell. As we gazed, a thin orange circle gradually appeared round some of the letters, and gradually ten letters, one in each line, were thus distinguished. The circle had evidently been made in invisible ink, and the exposure to the heat of the candle, which we were holding close to the book, caused them to become apparent. We read the letters down—“ t, e, n, f, e, e, t, d, o, w, n.” What could they mean? We were not long in arriving at the conclusion that the poem had been manipulated by Despard in order to form a cryptogram of a very simple kind; but what the secret was, which he wished to conceal in it, was not so easy to guess. At last we determined that the mysterious letters must refer to something which was buried *ten feet down* below the niche.

So as quickly as we could, without disturbing the household, we fetched pickaxe and spade, and after having, with some difficulty, removed the tiles which paved the chapel, we began to dig. At last, just as the first morning rays began to steal over the place, my spade struck on something hard, and by degrees a rusty iron chest came to light. Eagerly we forced it open, and found that it contained—only some yellow paper covered with faded writing!

“ Don’t look so disappointed, Geraldine,” said her brother, though I could see that he himself was disheartened by this somewhat tame ending to the night’s work. “ Here, Lawrence,” he added, handing the papers to me, “ take them and see what you can make of them. And it’s quite time we had a little rest, after being up all night.”

I, however, was determined not to rest till I had examined the papers, which I took up to my room for this purpose. I found them to consist of a diary written by Despard Quesnoy in 1755—the year of his death. It began with an account of his early years, the affection which had existed between himself and his brother Maxwell until the invasion of the young Pretender turned their love into enmity; then came a passage which I will give verbatim.

“ Oct. 1755. Since my sickness grows upon me, and I feel my end near, have I determined to confess what hath till now remained hidden from all men. Yet since I would not that men should

know of my transgression, it hath seemed good to me to conceal these papers in some secure place, for I would merely ease my spirit by writing this history. Wherefore, I have hidden the key to the hiding-place in the book of poems which was sent me by my cousin Cicely, the which I mean to conceal in the secret niche behind the altar. Thus, if it shall seem good to Heaven to reveal my sin some day, so be it ; but if it shall remain for ever hidden, I have brought myself peace by this confession."

The manuscript then went on to relate how on April 17th, 1746, after the battle of Culloden, Maxwell Quesnoy and a brother officer had appeared before Despard as he was walking on the shore, and had begged him to assist them in their flight to France. Despard consented with so ill a grace and with so many reproaches against his brother for the course he had taken, that high words ensued. Daggers came into play, and almost before the brothers were conscious of what was happening, Maxwell lay dead on the shore. Despard, struck with horror, and overcome with remorse, was, however, able to convey his brother's body to a wood at a short distance in order to conceal it. Saunders was bribed to silence by a promise of assistance in his escape ; with his help, Maxwell was safely buried, and before midnight Despard returned home, heir to his father's lands, but with his whole life blighted by the terrible deed. From that time he had had no more desire to live ; he shunned all that was pure and holy ; he could not endure the consciousness of his cousin Cicely's devoted love ; he neglected her till it was too late to retrieve his error, and then, fearing that he would die without issue, he afterwards courted the lady whom he eventually married. His only consolation in his misery was the book of poems which Cicely had left him, and which reminded him that once, at any rate, he had been passionately loved. Here the diary broke off, and began again on another sheet as follows :—

"To-night, that hath occurred which hath brought to my mind more clearly than before my wicked deeds. For as I sat and meditated in my chamber, a stranger entered, whom I recognised as Saunders. He informed me that he was now in high favour at Court, since by acting as a spy, (which he did not blush to acknowledge), he had wormed himself into favour with those in power. And now he threatened me that he would disclose the murder of my brother. But by dint of much gold did I dissuade him from this purpose, and he hath given me a receipt for the money, which I shall conceal with this confession."

With the papers was a receipt from Saunders for £1,000, being payment for "silence on a weighty and secret matter."

Here, then, was the complete refutation of the Frenchman's demands. I was aware that he might accuse the Quesnoys of forging the document, but I, an uninterested spectator, could bear witness to the fact that the discovery was a genuine one. It being evident that his claims were false, surely it would not be difficult to convict him of the manufacture of the pedigree, which had at first seemed so plausible.

It was with a glad heart that I wished my friends "A Merry Christmas," at somewhere about 1 p.m., and all that afternoon we sat talking over the events of the past night, and of the sad history of Maxwell and Despard Quesnoy.

"So you see, Geraldine, your legend of the Evil One and his dealing with Despard falls to the ground," said Maxwell, triumphantly.

"It is a strange example of what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call 'Aberglaube,'" I said. "Here are the facts: Despard Quesnoy actually jilted the lady, and, Sappho-like, she really wrote poems on her disappointment. His eccentric and solitary manner of life caused his ignorant tenantry to suspect him of witchcraft. Finally, he had an unknown visitor—Saunders—a short time before his death, whom the fancy of the ignorant transformed into the Devil."

Happily, the Quesnoys were spared the anxiety and cost of a lawsuit. When the Frenchman was told of the discovery, he at once gave in and confessed that his claim was wholly fabricated, but that he had become acquainted with the family history of the Quesnoys through their agent, who had been something of an antiquarian, and had interested himself in it. He had, therefore, determined to put forward a claim to the estate, and managed to fabricate a very natural one.

Since that time many happy Christmas days have come and gone, and we often discuss the events of that strange night. But there is one thing my wife and I cannot decide upon, and that is, what led me to her in the chapel that Christmas morning. She persists that it was mere curiosity, but I maintain that it was some undiscovered psychological force; and I refer my readers for a further consideration of the subject to my forthcoming book, "Some Theories Respecting the Communication of the Material with the Spiritual World," which is in the press, and will shortly appear.

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## EPIGRAMS.

In this short sketch, which is based on a very full article in the *Quarterly Review* for February, 1865, it is the intention of the writer to present the outlines of the history of epigrams. As is well known, the Greeks were the inventors of epigrams, but their model has been far departed from. The epigram was originally an inscription, monumental or otherwise, and took the form of a single monogram, or hexameter verse, or elegiac couplet, and served to record any event of interest, to point a neat compliment, or to sketch some striking characteristic. The Greek epigram was distinguished by "its sweet, direct, and frank simplicity: it was lively without guile, and pointed without intent to vex or offend." But in its sojourn in other lands the epigram has contracted some of their vices. Its simplicity has become coarseness, its liveliness personality, its point a sting, the "graceful sprightly nymph" has become the "coarse and scurrilous harridan." Rumour has ascribed to the epigram three essential qualities, those of a bee—viz., point or sting, smallness, and honey; and these characteristics the first epigrams possessed in a striking degree. Thus we find in the Greek epigrams an incomparable freshness, elegance, and conciseness, combined with refined wit and easy simplicity, which distinguish them from the Latin ones, on the one hand, disfigured by coarseness, and the modern French ones, equally disfigured by biting personalities. Indeed, the epigram has of late fallen into so much discredit that Landor says somewhere, "The dignity of a great poet is thought to be lowered by the writing of epigrams." We have left to us about 4,500 Greek epigrams by about 300 authors, and considering the number of authors there is a high standard of excellence. Some of our best poets have been among the translators of these. Plato was a very fine epigrammatist. Here is an example translated by Tom Moore—

"Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?  
Oh that I were yon spangled sphere;  
Then every star should be an eye,  
To wander o'er thy beauties here."

Another, Shelley translates—

"Thou wert the morning star among the living  
Ere thy fair light had fled,  
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus giving  
New splendour to the dead."

referring apparently to the death of a friend.

*Leonidas of Tarentum* was a distinguished epigrammatist. His verses on "Home" remind us very much of the passage in Goldsmith's *Traveller*: "Thus every good his native wilds impart," &c.

"Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed  
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,  
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,  
Be all that Heaven allots thee for a board."

Here is a very beautiful one by Callimachus, translated by H. N. Coleridge—

"They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead,  
And then, I thought, and tears thereon were shed,  
How oft we two talked down the sun; but thou,  
Halicarnassian Guest, art ashes now;  
Yet live thy nightingales of song. On these  
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose."

These examples show sufficiently well the nature and characteristics of the Greek epigrams. We now turn to the Latin epigrams, and here we find a great deterioration in subject and method of treatment. The two chief writers are Martial and Catullus. There are 1,600 epigrams in Martial, but for the most part they are very coarse and fulsome, and only about one-fifth can be described as unobjectionable. Martial was a man of the world, he wrote to please the public taste, and this was by no means high. Of course he has left among them some very fine ones, which are quite worthy of the Greek school in their tenderness and freedom from personality. Everyone knows the one—

"Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem  
Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te."

and also

"Non amo te, Sabide," &c.,  
the origin of the English "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

In the middle ages most of the great scholars wrote epigrams, mostly in Latin, and these frequently combined the characteristics of both Greek and Latin styles. On the whole, however, they were much more like the Latin epigrams. Their humorous ones are fairly good.

"A humorous fellow in a tavern late,  
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate,  
The surgeon with his implements and skill,  
Searches the skull deeper and deeper still,  
To feel the brains and try if they were sound,  
And as he keeps ado about the wound,  
The fellow cries "Good surgeon spare your pains;  
When I began this brawl, I had no brains."

John Owen who seems to have been a very eccentric man, and who called himself *Johannus Audoenus*, wrote some very biting epigrams. One of his runs thus—

“Democritus said ‘Truth lay buried low  
Down in a well whose opening none might know ;’  
But if truth’s hid in wine, as proverbs tell,  
I’ll warrant me the Germans find this well.”

We now come to the purely English epigrams—that is, epigrams written in the first place in English. Sir John Harrington, the celebrated courtier in Elizabeth’s reign, was much attracted by this kind of verse. Two of his epigrams have become proverbial—

“Treason doth never prosper. What’s the reason ?  
For if it prospers none dare call it treason.”

and—

“Fortune they say doth give too much to many,  
But yet she never gave enough to any.”

In the eighteenth century nearly all the great poets of England wrote epigrams. Pope was among the number, and perhaps one of his best is that on Newton—

“Nature and nature’s laws lay hid in night,  
God said, ‘Let Newton be,’ and all was light,”

a sentiment which I have no doubt my scientific readers will fully endorse. But Pope could be very surly when he liked, and spared no one when in such a mood. A certain Dr. Friend, who was celebrated for his epitaphs, had displeased Pope ; so Pope wrote —

“Friend, for your epitaphs I’m grieved ;  
Where still so much is said,  
One half will never be believed,  
The other never read.”

Prior was bold enough to write his own epitaph, thus—

“Gentlemen, here, by your leave,  
Lie the bones of Matthew Prior—  
A son of Adam and of Eve,  
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher!”

The author of the following graceful inscription on twin sisters is unknown :—

“Fair marble, tell to future days  
That here two virgin sisters lie,  
Whose life employ’d each tongue in praise  
Whose death gave tears to every eye.  
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,  
Together as they grew they shone,  
So much alike, so much the same,  
That death mistook them both for one.”

Amongst the humorous ones we have great variety of taste. Some are very cynical.

"The world of fools has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass,"

is a very fair specimen of this kind, and is worthily supported by such as the following:—

"God works a wonder now and then,—  
Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

"Thrice happy the man who gets thee for a wife;  
Thrice happy indeed, since he's sure of salvation,  
For if heaven's to be gained, we are told that this life  
Must be spent in repentance and mortification."

On the flyleaf of Byron's own copy of "The Corsair" were written the verses—

"Here lie the poems of W. W.,  
There let them lie, and ne'er trouble you, trouble you,"

referring presumably to William Wordsworth. To B. H. Kennedy is attributed one which runs thus—

"Who wrote 'Who wrote Eikon Basilice?'  
'I,' said the Master of Trinity,  
With my metaphysics and divinity;  
I wrote 'Who wrote Eikon Basilice'!"

on a book that was published entitled "Who wrote Eikon Basilice?" Dr. Johnson used to say that the finest epigram in the English language was the following, by Dr. Doddridge:—

"'Live whilst you live,' the epicure would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day;  
'Live whilst you live,' the sacred preacher cries,  
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'  
Lord, in my view, let both united be;  
I live to pleasure whilst I live to Thee."

These examples prove how very much the modern epigram has deviated from its original model, and if we look at the French epigrams we see this deviation still more clearly, for these, being lineal descendants of the Latin epigrams, partake of their nature both in coarseness and personality, and, to French eyes in comparison, it is no wonder that the Greek epigrams appear dull. Still, we may confidently assert that when we have eliminated the bad ones and retained only those which present the three essential qualities—viz., point, smallness, and sweetness—we shall have left a

considerable residuum which will be a source of delight to us, and which will not come under the ban of the poet, who sings—

“Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.”

### THE UNION.

*November 3rd.*—Mr. WARD in the chair.—Messrs. Irvine and Baylis read papers, the former on “Amateur Gipsies,” the latter on “English Cacography.”

Mr. IRVINE's paper described a tour taken by five gentlemen last July through Wales. The party travelled and slept in an ordinary gipsies' caravan, and, as may be imagined, had many and varied adventures. Numbering among them a cook, a postmaster, an auditor, an hostler, and a poet, their physical and intellectual well-being was shown to have been well looked after. This was one of the most amusing papers we ever remember listening to at a Union meeting, and we feel that any attempt to report it would be totally inadequate to represent its humour.

Mr. BAYLIS, speaking on Phonetic Reform, said that English spelling has been called a national misfortune; it is wholly unsystematic. No one sound is represented by a single letter, nor is there any letter which does not represent more than one sound, and the so-called rules are of very little use. We have twenty-eight vowel signs (including digraphs), which represent sixteen sounds in eighty different ways. For the twenty-four consonant sounds we have thirty-four signs, with seventy-nine uses. The confusion is so great that the simple word *it* may be spelt in over a hundred different ways, according to received analogies. The results of this confusion are a great waste of time and money in learning to read, an injury done to the intellectual faculties of the child in having to learn so illogical a system, a general ignorance among English-speaking people as to the principles of phonetics and the written representation of sounds, and an unnecessary difficulty caused to foreigners in learning the language. The best-known alphabet proposed to supersede the present system, is Pitman's. In this, c, q, and x are rejected as redundant, and the other consonant signs are used for the sounds they generally represent, while additional signs are added for the sounds in *church*, *shall*, *vision*, *sing*, *then*, *thin*. For the vowels, the five existing signs represent the short sounds in *pat*, *pet*, *pit*, *pot*, *put*, and another is added for the sound in *but*; additional signs are employed for the corresponding long vowel sounds. The objections most generally made to reform are the “pronunciation” objection, the “dialect” objection, and the “etymological” objection. As for the first, the differences between the pronunciation of educated persons are only alight, and need not be represented in writing; the “dialect” objection is met with the answer that dialects are fast disappearing, and that even now the provincial would be better off with a phonetic alphabet than without, since he would be able to see, from books printed in it, the classical pronunciation of the language, and would also be able to express his own



speech more accurately than with the present alphabet; and the force is entirely taken out of the "etymological" objection when we consider that the present English spelling is, in many instances, unetymological, and even misleading, and in others inconsistent, and that all the philologists and students of language are on the side of reform.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Dr. ALLEN, seconded by Miss DEANE, and carried unanimously. After some interesting remarks by Professor SONNESCHIN on the subject of spelling reform, the meeting separated.

*November 16th.*—Mr. WARD in the chair.—A special business meeting was held to settle the question whether students of the Union should subscribe for admittance to the dramatic performance. It being decided in the affirmative, the special meeting terminated, and an ordinary meeting then took place.

Miss YOUNGERMAN read a paper on "Mrs. Browning." After an interesting account of the early life of the poetess, of her delicate health, her insatiable appetite for knowledge, and her great intellectual acquirements, Miss Youngerman mentioned her marriage in 1846 and her comparatively early death at Florence in 1861. She then passed on to the consideration of her poems, and "The Cry of the Children," which gives us a specimen of the philanthropic nature of the authoress, was sympathetically rendered by Miss SOUTHALL. Miss Youngerman characterized this composition as "full of a nervous unflinching energy—a horror sublime in its simplicity, of which Dante himself might have been proud." "The Rhyme of the Duchess May" and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" were then dealt with, a selection from the latter being read by Miss EDWARDS. This was followed by a reading of "The Swan's Nest," "a brilliant little poem, 'sweet as the scent of new mown hay,'" by Miss WOOD; and the poem, "Mother and Poet," an example of Mrs. Browning's patriotic spirit, was read with pathetic and forcible expression by Miss BROOKS.

Miss YOUNGERMAN then drew the attention of her audience to "The Portuguese Sonnets," and "Aurora Leigh," the latter a modern epic of which the central figure is a woman, and the theme of which is social amelioration. Its defects are many—halting metres, passages of pure prose, and a fondness for quaint and unmusical words—but in spite of all writers have said, it is a great monument of genius. In concluding the paper Miss Youngerman dwelt on the fact that the world has acquired from Mrs. Browning many new ideas as to the capabilities of woman. She insisted on their independence and on their ability to become, without loss of proper delicacy, efficient workers in the world of mind and morals.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. REYNOLDS, B.A., seconded by Miss C. THOMSON, and carried unanimously.

A large meeting of the Union was held on *Friday, December 7.* The subject of the evening was a debate to the following resolution:—

"That the Liberal Unionists, in supporting the Government of Lord Salisbury and in excluding from power the Parnell-Gladstone party, are not only rendering a great service to the country but are also vindicating the principles of the Liberal party."

Mr. B. F. JORDAN opened in the affirmative, and in the first place protested against the identification of the Parnell-Gladstone party with the old Liberal party. The policy which the present Government was pursuing was exactly that policy which Mr. Gladstone, to the dismay of the best men of his own party, and the no small delight of the Tory party, abandoned in 1886, just about the time of the elections. The objects of this policy were threefold—the punishment of crime, the redress of social grievances, and the maintenance of justice. The Gladstone party was a one-man party. Their political faith resolved itself into "*credo in Gladstonum*," and if Mr. Gladstone were to bring in a Coercion Bill to-morrow they would support it with the same blind allegiance as they support him to-day. There had been a great outcry about coercion, but it should be remembered that all law was coercion to those who wished to break it. There was no real coercion in Ireland, save that of the National League. The Liberal Unionists were stronger to-day than they had ever been. Mr. Gladstone would like the Septennial Act abolished now that it kept him from power for at least four years. But suppose him in power. What indications had he given of the policy he would pursue. What about the Land Question? What about Ulster? The recent demonstration of Nonconformist ministers showed the temper of the Protestants of Ulster, and these were the very men who had supported Gladstone before he brought in his Home Rule scheme. The policy of the Gladstonians was veiled in mystery and obscurity, their cause was advanced only by attacking leading Government officials. They had no scruples in rousing feelings of national jealousy, and their chief arguments were the repetition of four exceedingly stale examples of coercion. A Parliament in Ireland, composed of the present Parnellite members, and totally irresponsible to the Imperial Parliament, was a thing to be opposed most vehemently. This would be true Home Rule, and to this even the majority of Gladstonians, including Gladstone himself, were averse. But the Parnellites would be content with nothing less, and thus the Gladstonians were placed on the horns of a very serious dilemma. The Parnellites were a party whose policy was totally alien to the spirit, records, and traditions of the great Liberal party, which, as represented by the Liberal Unionists, sought to support and render more stable the government of the United Kingdom, and to keep out of power men who were desirous of putting Mr. Gladstone at the head of affairs, and giving to Ireland a gift which it was not fitting nor just that it should receive.

Miss LINDSAY then rose to reply in the negative. She remarked that she was not acquainted with the exact wording of the resolution, when asked to speak against it, but she supposed the practical question was whether we should condemn or approve of the policy of the present Government. It was of great importance to look at the historical side of the question, because England to-day was the outcome of preceding generations, and her present policy was entirely shaped by her preceding history. Our treatment of Ireland had been most outrageous. In the first place, we had given her land to aliens; we had controlled Irish affairs more or less for seven hundred years, with the result that we had destroyed her commerce and native industries. We had passed most severe laws against Catholics, and now to-day we were suffering from the effects of these and other acts. We gave them a Parliament, and then, by the Act of Union, took it away. Irish representation was,

to all intents and purposes, a farce. The views and desires of the nation had been entirely disregarded. Political disaffection had been encouraged and extended by coercive measures. What we had done for Ireland had been tardily and grudgingly done, and with bad effect. The cure for her evils had not been found, and it had been scarcely sought. A native legislative assembly was the only fit and proper body to manage the affairs of Ireland, and that the Liberal Unionists refused, being apparently unable to sympathise with the Irish in their efforts to obtain freedom, which could only come by Home Rule. By the provisions of the present Coercion Bill the Lord-Lieutenant was made an irresponsible despot. To report in a newspaper had become a crime; nay, more, it was even a crime to sell a prohibited newspaper. Meetings might be prohibited as illegal at the pleasure of the Lord Lieutenant, and the whole nation was bound down by a harsh and oppressive coercion which was too unnatural to last for ever. The Government policy, moreover, was not a success; no satisfactory relations existed between the various classes; the nation was discontented, and in a crisis might prove a very dangerous thorn in England's side. The hatred existing between the various classes could only issue in crime, and this hatred was intensified by the acts of the present Government, who needed to be taught that of all forces hate is the most destructive, and most likely, therefore, to destroy all union.

Miss MARRIS seconded the resolution in the affirmative. She argued that a temporary settlement had been effected by the present Government which, if carried out successfully, "would lead to a more perfect settlement, such as might have been effected before by the united action of the two great parties, but for the Parnellites. It was a most astonishing thing to consider that the Gladstonians were the allies to-day of men, whose conduct and methods Mr. Gladstone had so strongly denounced in times gone by. By such an alliance they incurred a share in the responsibility for all crime committed under the auspices, or at any rate with the sanction, of the Nationalist party. Liberal Unionists were determined to prevent such men from acquiring the political control of Ireland. It was the habit of the Gladstonians to disclaim the doings of the least creditable of their allies, who called themselves patriots and yet were taking money from the ruin of their country. But they could not shuffle out of the responsibility in this manner. Since Mr. Gladstone had fallen from the old principles of Liberalism we had to look to Bright and Chamberlain, and in them we had leaders who had not changed merely to get office, and who would lead us on to victory and a final settlement of the question.

Mr. SPROAT seconded in the negative. He objected to the personal attacks on Mr. Gladstone, and thought that so great a man should not be set down as a mere place-seeker or time-server. It was quite true that the by-gone speeches of the Gladstonian leaders had not been conciliatory to Ireland, but they had gained valuable experience and now saw their error. It was surprising that the Tories of Birmingham should unite in praising such a man as Mr. Chamberlain, at whose hands they had received such rough handling at the time of his connection with local politics. Mr. Gladstone always had been, and was still, quite worthy of the heartiest support of all true Liberals.

Mr. REYNOLDS, B.A., spoke in the affirmative. He pointed out that the persecution of Catholics, alluded to by Miss Lindsay, had been by no

means confined to Ireland. He thought that Mr. Jordan had very definitely stated the lines which directed the policy of the present Government, and that they were well worthy of the support of all justice-loving Englishmen. What he complained of in Mr. Gladstone was the concealment of his designs and their general obscurity. At the Bingley Hall meeting, for example, he had confined himself to the raking up of four examples of coercion, about which something might be said from a Unionist point of view, as in the case of the Mitchelstown riots, where the real question was: "Were the police justified in firing?" (Cries of "No.") If they were, they were not responsible for the consequences. On the whole, the Unionist Government, by its firm and decided, yet just policy, well deserved the support of all true Liberals who would act from patriotism, and not merely from sentiment.

Mr. TARN, B.Sc., asked the meeting to consider the meaning of the word *liberal* and then to see which was the most truly liberal principle—the principle of coercion, or the principle of liberty. Social disorder resulted from a need of application of the principle of liberty, and he was surprised to find that Mr. Jordan, after his speech, could call himself a Liberal. Liberty was the basis of all true Liberalism, and judged by this standard Mr. Gladstone himself was not a true Liberal. Nature seemed to have destined him to be the great breaker-up of parties. On the whole, he could most heartily support Miss Lindsay, though not professing to be a humble follower of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. BAYLIS opposed the resolution because, first, the Liberal Unionists had not fulfilled the pledges which they gave at the election of 1886; second, because their policy was not producing the results which they professed that it would produce. They had failed to find the middle way which they promised between Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill and coercion, and had also failed to give Ireland a measure of local government at the same time with England. With regard to Lord Ashbourne's Act, the security of the Irish tenant was alone required, while Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, which the Liberal Unionists strenuously opposed, required the more stable security of the whole Irish revenue.

Mr. PODESTA, Mr. TYLDEN-WRIGHT, Mr. JONES, and Mr. STEAD also spoke, the last three gentlemen taking the affirmative.

Mr. JORDAN then rose to reply. He admitted that the historical arguments were very strong, but he did not think that these formed sufficient grounds for giving Ireland a separate Parliament. The mistakes of coercion so often brought before our notice amounted to four, and these very small ones, thus proving what a grand success the present Government could really claim. Mr. Gladstone, though sincere, had a most unique power of self-deception, but he could not deceive others so easily. Mr. Bright had not changed, and his example had had a most encouraging effect, and Liberal Unionists might still uphold the present Government and yet be true to the real principles of the true Liberal party.

*POESY CLUB.*

A meeting of the Poesy Club was held on November 14th, when Miss MARRIS read a paper on "The Woman of Poetry." It being impossible to take a systematic review of all the poets who have written on this subject, Miss Marris contented herself with quoting detached specimens illustrative both of the idea of womanhood and of the manner of its expression. Beginning in the thirteenth century, she read extracts from the troubadour poetry; and then passing on to the Elizabethan lyrists, she gave examples of poems on this subject by the Earl of Oxford, Turberville, Gascoigne, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others. Coming down to modern times Miss Marris dwelt on the manner in which this subject has been treated by Tennyson in "Pelleas and Ettarre," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Maud," "The Princess," and other poems. Longfellow's women are generally marked by serenity and peace; all his descriptions are deeply tinged with religion; thoughts of good women led him ever upwards. A contrast of his treatment of woman is presented by the poems of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, who have painted the darker and more passionate side of woman nature. Mrs. Browning is sunnier than her husband; many of her poems on women—e.g., "The Lady's Yes"—are bright and a little sarcastic. Miss Marris concluded with an examination of Coventry Patmore's treatment of woman-kind in "The Angel of the House."

A vote of thanks was proposed by Dr. W. R. JORDAN, seconded by Miss LAKE, and carried unanimously.

The annual meeting of the Poesy Club took place on *Tuesday, December 11th*, preceded by a tea in the Common Room. There was a very large attendance. After tea the members and friends climbed up to the dizzy heights of the Examination Hall, and after disposing of business affairs, such as receiving reports, alteration of rules, and election of a new committee, &c., proceeded to enjoy themselves. A very varied and delightful programme was gone through. Mrs. HEATH gave a very pathetic rendering of Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" accompanied by Professor HEATH. Dr. ALLEN played in his usual brilliant style one of Bennett's barcarolles. Miss JENNIE CHARLES sang the "Three Chords" in a way which delighted her audience. A recitation of Mrs. Browning's beautiful little poem, "Margret," by Miss C. THOMSON, was much appreciated. Professor HEATH and Mrs. HEATH proved unmistakably that union is strength, (from a musical point of view), in the duet they played; whilst Dr. JORDAN's humorous recitation of the "Chant of the Brazen Head," amused the audience very much. Mr. MINERS gave a very effective rendering of Molloy's sweet and pathetic song, "The Kerry Dance," and the Misses CHARLES sang Spohr's well-known duet, "Rose softly blooming," with a very fine effect. The sonorous voice of Mr. W. A. BROCKINGTON filled the room with the good old-fashioned song, "The Wolf," whilst his brother gave a very pleasing rendering of Stephen Adams's much-admired "Star of Bethlehem." Miss CHARLES, Dr. ALLEN, Mr. LEDSAM, and Mr. REYNOLDS assisted in the accompaniments.

Mr. BAYLIS proposed, and Mr. HAINES seconded a very hearty vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who had kindly assisted in the programme, and the meeting then terminated.

## COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

**PHYSICAL SOCIETY.**—*November 1st.*—Dr. POYNTING in the chair.—Miss DEANE was elected treasurer vice Mr. Langford resigned, and Mr. JACKSON secretary. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. Poynting, who had entertained the members to tea. Two striking experiments were shown by Dr. POYNTING, illustrative of the effects of liquid viscosity, which he compared with the Leyden jar discharge. Mr. B. B. SKIRROW, B.A., then read a paper on the Telephone, in the course of which he gave a most clear and interesting account of the system employed at the Birmingham Telephone Exchange. Mr. JOSEPH, joining in the discussion, gave some statistics as to the use of the telephone in this country.

*November 29th.*—Mr. SKIRROW in the chair.—Mr. BECK exhibited by an experiment, the spheroidal state assumed by aniline, when suspended in a liquid of nearly the same density. Mr. TURNER's sclerometer was also exhibited, a description of which was read, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Turner, by the Secretary.—A paper on "Methods of Determining the Temperature of Change of State," was then contributed by Mr. LIVERSEGE, who gave a very complete account of the methods employed in finding the melting and boiling points of fats, salts, metals, alloys, and liquified gases. This paper was illustrated by several striking experiments. A discussion afterwards took place in which Messrs. WARMINGTON and JACKSON took part.

**ENGINEERING SOCIETY.**—*November 14th.*—Present: The President and twenty-three members. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:—Messrs. R. S. Keep, C. H. Kirton, F. Meakin, J. G. Morrison, J. V. Pugh, J. T. Newman, C. R. Winn, and H. H. Winn. Mr. R. H. HOUSEMAN read an able paper on "High-speed Engines," which was followed by an interesting discussion.

*December 12th.*—Present: The President and twelve members. The CHAIRMAN announced that Mr. Joseph having accepted an engagement in London, the Committee had elected Mr. J. J. PODESTA as secretary and treasurer in his stead. A vote of thanks to Mr. Joseph was carried with acclamation. It was resolved to invite the members of the College Cyclists' Club to the next meeting, on the occasion of Professor Smith's paper on the "Mechanics of Cycling." Mr. T. Skeltcher was elected a member. Mr. TITLEY then read his paper on "Civil Engineering in Holland," which was much enjoyed by his audience. There was no discussion.

**CHEMICAL SOCIETY.**—A meeting was held on Wednesday, *November 26th.* Twenty-six members present. During tea an exceedingly interesting "collection of minerals was exhibited by Miss DEANE, and some very fine gold ores by Mr. BUTOER. A diagram of the "Logarithmic Law of Atomic Weights," by Dr. JOHNSTONE-STONEY, of Dublin, and a photograph of lightning were placed on the table by Dr. TILDEN. Mr. WARMINGTON contributed an experiment showing the liberation of hydrogen from a solution of carbonic acid by magnesium; and Mr. BECK illustrated the spheroidal condition attained by a freely suspended liquid mass, by floating a large globule of aniline in the midst of a quantity of water, the lower layers of which had been rendered slightly denser by the addition of a little salt. Dr. NICOL and Mr. BECK also showed, by the aid of the lime-light lantern and screen, that a drop of water placed on a heated surface immediately takes the form of a

sphere, which floats on a film of vapour. Dr. NICOL having taken the chair, Miss Bayliss and Mr. Haaluck were elected members of the Society. Dr. TILDEN then gave a paper on the "Constitution of Terpenes and of Benzene," commencing with a short account of the occurrence of the terpenes in nature, and their general properties. Afterwards passing on to benzene, he stated that the first specimen was prepared by Faraday, and that it is now preserved at the Royal Institution, London. After reminding the Society of the commercial value of benzene as the source of the coal-tar colours, the author then referred to the view which had been originally promulgated by the late Dr. Oppenheim and Professor Kekulé, of Bonn, to the effect that these hydrocarbons consist of cymene (a derivative of benzene), to which two atoms of hydrogen had been added. He proceeded to show that the terpenes, so far as their properties and nearly all their chemical reactions indicate, are certainly not constituted upon the type of benzene. After referring to the history and characteristic properties of benzene, he then explained the formula given by Kekulé to benzene. That Kekulé's formula must be abandoned is, however, inevitable on other grounds. Dr. Tilden then gave a sketch of the history of "constitutional" formulæ as now used by chemists. Dalton's atomic theory had passed through a succession of phases. Dalton himself attributed chemical combination to the close approximation of atoms, but this mechanical idea of combination was for a long time out of favour, and Gerhardt expressly stated that the formulæ employed in his system merely supplied a record of the possible reactions and decompositions of a body. Out of the theory of types, however, had grown the doctrine of valency and the notion of the linking together of atoms in definite order. According to the most advanced views at the present time, such as appear to be very generally entertained by the most eminent German chemists, chemical constitution can only be expressed by models in which the relative positions of the atoms in space can be exhibited. The paper was illustrated by specimens and models, which were of great assistance in enabling those present to follow Dr. Tilden's explanation.

A short discussion followed the address, in which Mr. TURNER and Mr. WARMINGTON took part.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. Tilden and the meeting terminated.

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### STUDENTS' SOCIAL EVENING.

A social evening, preceded by a tea, was held in the Common Room, on *Friday, November 16th*. Tea was taken in the Physics Laboratory, by the kindness of Dr. Poynting and the German Society, who waived a prior claim to the room. An amusing and varied programme was given, including songs, readings, and solos by Professor Allen and Messrs. Warmington and Howard. Mr. Sproat was accompanist. In the interval a boxing match of three rounds was spiritedly contested by Messrs. Minshull and Rubra. A successful evening was concluded by a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman (Mr. Neal), and to the following gentlemen who contributed to the evening's amusement:—Messrs. Cope, Tylden-Wright, Sapey, Kirton, McKenzie, C. F. M. Ward, and Minshull.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

*Our Magazine* as a literary production has no great claim to attention, the original articles not being strong and chiefly of the "useful information" style. But as the necessary organ of so active a community as the North London Collegiate School for Girls, it perhaps more nearly approaches perfection of type than any similar production.

*Laurel Leaves* also, while willing to stake its literary reputation on reprinted articles read before the Discussion Society, shows internal evidence of being a useful mouthpiece for the girls of the Edgbaston High School.

*The School Magazine* (Uppingham). The November and December numbers are before us. Therefrom readers may glean useful information concerning "Turkey Carpets," "The Fig Trade in Smyrna," "Falconry," &c. A wealth of school news also is lavished before the reader; and poems, original and transcribed, find a place. Both numbers well maintain the character of the Uppingham production.

A poem, by J. S. A., entitled "The Grave of Ophelia," and an article on "Irish Bulls" give to the last number of *The Institute Magazine* more originality than its predecessors have displayed.

*The Marlburian* in the October and November numbers does not quite maintain the high standard of literary merit to which it has heretofore accustomed us. Its treatment of school affairs is as strong as ever.

*The Central Literary Magazine* is fairly good, opening with a disquisition on "The Genius of Tennyson." Mr. J. W. Tonks tilts at "Donnelly and his Disciples." There is a sonnet we cannot praise, while the rest of this number is readable but commonplace.

We have also received the *Reptonian*, the *Clewer House School Magazine*, and *King Edward's School Chronicle* for December.

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## GERMAN SOCIETY.

A meeting of the German Society was held on *December 14th*, when a comedy, *Jedem das Seine*, was performed very successfully. The part of the somewhat managing *Louise*, who wished to take all her husband's affairs into her own hands, was charmingly played by Miss Stamps, and Mr. Johnstone was equally successful as her much-enduring spouse. Miss Kannreuther was a delightful *Lady's Maid*, while Miss Johnson proved the wide range of her histrionic talent by the very natural and unaffected manner in which she played the part of the *Cook*. Messrs. Kannreuther and Rainford were so completely metamorphosed, both by their disguise and the excellence of their acting, that it was difficult to recognise them.

Pianoforte solos were kindly given by the Misses J. Pearson and M. Deane; and Miss Alice Keep contributed to the evening's amusement by two songs from Schubert, "Adieu" and "Was ist Sylvia?" which were very much appreciated by the audience, who also greatly enjoyed Miss F. Wooton's song.

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*COLLEGE NOTES.*

We have much pleasure in announcing the following successes in the recent examination of the University of London for degrees :—

B.A. First Division :—G. J. BRANSON, W. WALLIS EXELL, A. H. REYNOLDS.

Second Division :—W. B. AINSWORTH, H. T. C. S. LEDSAM.

Honours Division :—2nd Class Honours in English, 7th in all England, G. J. BRANSON.

3rd Class Honours in English, 17th in all England, H. T. C. S. LEDSAM.

B.Sc. Second Division :—JOHN BARCLAY, 3rd Class Honours in Chemistry.

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Our readers will unite with us in the regret with which we bid farewell to Mr. LANGFORD, who has left us to enter another sphere of labour in London. We take this opportunity of wishing him all prosperity in his new work.

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At the same time we have much pleasure in announcing the appointment of Mr. J. F. Newman as Demonstrator to the Engineering Department, a post which was temporarily filled by Mr. Langford.

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All members of the Union will rejoice to hear that the cessation of the dramatic performance, with which we were threatened, has been averted. At the beginning of the present term it became generally known that, owing to the opposition of the Fire Insurance Company, it would be impossible to hold the performance within the College walls as heretofore. Owing to the strong feeling of disappointment caused by this announcement, it was decided that the performance should take place outside the College, and we are happy to state that the Assembly Rooms in Hagley Road have been secured for this purpose, for the evening of the 23rd of January. The play selected for representation is *The Honeymoon*, by Tobin, which, as far as we know, has never yet been represented in Birmingham, and which will, therefore, be especially attractive and interesting.

The subscription list is now open, and it is earnestly requested that subscriptions should be sent in at once, in order to enable the Dramatic Sub-Committee to begin work. Every half-crown subscribed entitles to one ticket for the performance, but Members of the Union will only be required to subscribe eighteenpence for their personal admission.

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We hope that many students, past and present, will take advantage of the advantageous terms on which back numbers of the Magazine may now be obtained, and of which full particulars are given on the last page of the present number. Each set consists of thirty-three Magazines, and forms an interesting record of College life from the beginning of 1883.

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The Editor apologizes for the following misprints in the last number of the magazine :—

p. 93, l. 8 of "Bailey's Festus"	for "the poems"	read "the great poems"
p. 94, l. 24 " " " "	" " " " "twenty-four"	" " "twenty-three"
p. 99, l. 4 " " " "	" " " " "metropolis"	" " "metropolis"
p. 100, l. 33 " " " "	" " " " "Diety"	" " "Deity"
p. 101, l. 2 " " " "	" " " " "fiend"	" " "fund"
p. 101, l. 27 " Union Report.. ... "	" " " " "Zuickham"	" " "Zwickham"
p. 103, l. 9 " " " "	" " " " "Travailleurs de Mer"	read "Travailleurs de la Mer"
p. 103, l. 16 " " " "	" " " " "Molesworth"	read "Moulsford"
p. 103, l. 25 " " " "	" " " " "Bearkeller"	" " "Bierkeller"
p. 104, l. 8 " " " "	" " " " "Mr. W. R. Jorden"	read "Mr. W. R. Jordan"

### CORRESPONDENCE.

**NOTE.**—All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be written on one side of the paper only, and be fully signed; names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Madam,—I shall be much obliged if you will find room in your valuable paper for this letter. On Friday, November 21st, a meeting of the male students took place in the Common Room, to appoint a new committee. To this meeting came some students whose conduct was simply disgraceful, and who seemed to have come merely for the purpose of creating a disturbance. They succeeded with a vengeance, for, after squabbling and scuffling for some time, the meeting finally broke up in disorder. It is only fair to say that many of us protested against these proceedings, and are extremely indignant that such scenes should occur. The result of this is, that we are proving that we are unfit to have the use of a Common Room, and if we lose it we cannot complain.

I am, madam, your very obedient servant,  
"IRATUS."

### THE STUDENTS' COMMON ROOM.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Madam,—Will you kindly give us space in your valuable paper to lend publicity to a scheme for altering the basis of management of the Common Room?

It has appeared to us, as the Committee of the Common Room, that the present system is open to very considerable improvement.

In the first place, it seems most obviously unjust that students, who do not *use or support* the Common Room, should have the right of attending meetings for the transaction of Common Room business, and of voting on questions in which they have no interest or concern.

Secondly, we think the present financial arrangements most unsatisfactory. No definite Common Room Fund exists, except that belonging to the Newspaper Club, and should any small expenses arise, such as repairing some accidental damage, a special fund has to be started for the purpose.

We propose to submit to the students some such scheme as the following, should we find it to have a fair chance of being passed by the Academic Board and Council :—

1. That a Students' Club be formed in connection with the Common Room, having a definite subscription (we may suggest 1s. per term); and that *only* those students who pay this subscription should have a vote at general meetings called for the purpose of electing the committee or other general business.

2. That this Club be open to all students, including medical students, and that its committee have the full powers of the present Common Room Committee, and include the present Newspaper Club. Further details would at this stage be premature. We may, however, point out that this scheme does not in any way aim at excluding from use of the room those students who may not belong to the Club, but merely at securing that only those who support the Common Room have a voice in its management.

It should be added that precisely such a rule is in force as regards Queen's College Common Room, where none but those who subscribe to the Newspaper Club are allowed to vote at a general meeting.

The justice of this rule will be obvious, and the further advantages of our scheme will be easily perceived. The financial affairs will be placed on a firm basis, which will secure the provision of various accommodations, and constant friction will be obviated.

Thanking you for inserting this letter,

We are, Madam, your obedient servants,

E. TYLDEN-WRIGHT, Chairman.	
E. A. WARMINGTON,	} Hon. Secs.
DRYDEN STREAD,	
THOMAS F. WOOLEY,	} Common Room Committee.
H. BOAM,	
A. EMERY,	
W. B. MCKENZIE,	

### NOTICE.

It has been decided to offer complete sets of the *Magazine* from the commencement, for 2s. 6d. a set (thirty-three numbers, originally costing 6d. each). Single copies of any issue may be obtained at the price of 3d. per number.

The next number of the *Magazine* will be published early in February. All contributions should reach the Editor before the last day of January.

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